OLIVER CROMWELL'S

LETTERS AND SPEECHES:

WITH ELUCIDATIONS.

BY

THOMAS CARLYLE.

IN FIVE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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OLIVER CROMWELL'S

LETTERS AND SPEECHES.

PART FOURTH.

SECOND CIVIL WAR.

1648.

LETTERS LIX.—LXII.

About the beginning of May 1648, the general Presbyterian-Royalist discontent announces itself by tumults in Kent, tumults at Colchester, tumults and rumours of tumult far and near; portending, on all sides, that a new Civil War is at hand. The Scotch Army of Forty-thousand is certainly voted; certainly the King is still prisoner at Carisbrook; factious men have yet made no bargain with him: certainly there will and should be a new War? So reasons Presbyterian Royalism everywhere. Headlong discontented Wales in this matter took the lead.

Wales has been full of confused discontent all Spring; this or the other confused Colonel Poyer, full of brandy and Presbyterian texts of Scripture, refusing to disband till his arrears

be better paid, or indeed till the King be better treated. To whom other confused Welsh Colonels, as Colonel Powel, Major-General Laughern, join themselves. There have been tumults at Cardiff, tumults here and also there; open shooting and fighting. Drunken Colonel Poyer, a good while ago, in March last, seized Pembroke; flatly refuses to obey the Parliament's Order when Colonel Fleming presents the same.—Poor Fleming, whom we saw some time ago soliciting promotion:[1] he here, attempting to defeat some insurrectionary party of this Poyer's 'at a Pass' (name of the Pass not given), is himself defeated, forced into a Church, and killed.[2] Drunken Poyer, in Pembroke strong Castle, defies the Parliament and the world: new Colonels, Parliamentary and Presbyterian-Royalist, are hastening towards him, for and against. Wales, smoking with confused discontent all Spring, has now, by influence of the flaming Scotch comet or Army of Forty-thousand, burst into a general blaze. 'The gentry are all for the King; the common people understand nothing, and follow the gentry.' Chepstow Castle too has been taken 'by a stratagem.' The country is all up or rising: 'the smiths have all fled, cutting their bellows before they went;' impossible to get a horse shod, —never saw such a country![3] On the whole, Cromwell will have to go. Cromwell, leave being asked of Fairfax, is on the 1st of May ordered to go; marches on Wednesday the 3d. Let him march swiftly!

Horton, one of the Parliamentary Colonels, has already, while Cromwell is on march, somewhat tamed the Welsh humour, by a good beating at St. Fagan's: St. Fagan's Fight, near Cardiff, on the 8th of May, where Laughern, hastening towards Poyer and Pembroke, is broken in pieces. Cromwell marches by Monmouth, by Chepstow (11th May); takes Chepstow Town; attacks the Castle, Castle will not surrender,—he leaves Colonel Ewer to do the Castle, who, after four weeks, does it. Cromwell, by Swansea and Carmarthen, advances towards Pembroke; quelling disturbance, rallying force, as he goes; arrives at Pembroke in some ten days more; and, for want of artillery, is like to have a tedious siege of it.[4]

[1] Letter XXXVII. vol. i. p. 223. [2] Rushworth, vii. 1097. [3] Ibid.
[4] Abundant details lie scattered in Rushworth, vii.: Poyer and Pembroke Castle, in March, p. 1033; Fleming killed (1st May), p. 1097; Chepstow surprised ('beginning of May'), p. 1109,—retaken (29th May), p. 1130; St. Fagan's Fight (8th May), p. 1110; Cromwell's March, pp. 1121-8.

LETTER LIX.

HERE is his first Letter from before the place: a rugged rapid despatch, with some graphic touches in it, and rather more of hope than the issue realised. Guns of due quality are not to be had. In the beginning of June,[5] 'Hugh Peters' went across to Milford Haven, and from the Lion, a Parliament Ship riding there, got 'two drakes, two demi-culverins, and two whole culverins,' and safely conveyed them to the Leaguer; with which new implements an instantaneous essay was made, and a 'storming' thereupon followed, but without success.—Of 'the Prince,' Prince Charles and his revolted ships, of the 'victory in Kent' and what made it needful, we shall have to speak anon.

'*To the Honourable William Lenthall, Esquire, Speaker of the House of Commons: These.*'

SIR, Leaguer before Pembroke, 14th June 1648.

All that you can expect from hence is a relation of the state of this Garrison of Pembroke. Which is briefly thus:

They begin to be in extreme want of provision, so as in all probability they cannot live a fortnight without being starved. But we hear that they mutinied about three days since; cried out, "Shall we be ruined for two or three men's pleasure? Better it were we should throw them over the walls." It's certainly reported to us that within four or six days they'll cut Poyer's throat, and come all away to us. Poyer told them, Saturday last, that if relief did not come by Monday night, they should no more believe him, nay they should hang him.

We have not got our Guns and Ammunition from Wallingford as yet; but, however, we have scraped-up a few, which stand us in very good stead. Last night we got two

[5] *Cromwelliana*, p. 40.

little guns planted, which in Twenty-four hours will take away their Mills; and then, as Poyer himself confesses, they are all undone. We made an attempt to storm him, about ten days since; but our ladders were too short, and the breach so as men could not get over. We lost a few men; but I am confident the Enemy lost more. Captain Flower, of Colonel Dean's Regiment, was wounded; and Major Grigg's Lieutenant and Ensign slain; Captain Burges lies wounded, and very sick. I question not, but within a fortnight we shall have the Town; 'and' Poyer hath engaged himself to the Officers of the Town, Not to keep the *Castle* longer than the Town can hold out. Neither indeed can he; for we can take away his water in two days, by beating down a staircase, which goes into a cellar where he hath a well. They allow the men half-a-pound of beef, and as much bread a-day; but it is almost spent.

We much rejoice at what the Lord hath done for you in Kent. Upon our thanksgiving[6] for that victory, which was both from Sea and Leaguer, Poyer told his men, that it was the Prince, 'Prince Charles and his revolted Ships,' coming with relief. The other night they mutinied in the Town. Last night we fired divers houses; which 'fire' runs up the Town still: it much frights them. Confident I am, we shall have it in Fourteen days, by starving. I am, Sir, your servant, OLIVER CROMWELL.*

Precisely in about 'Fourteen days' a new attempt was made,[7] not without some promising results, but again ineffectual. 'The Guns are not come from Bristol, for want of wind;' and against hunger and short scaling-ladders Poyer is stubborn. Three days after this Letter to Lenthall, some three weeks since the siege began, here is another, to Major Saunders.

[6] By Cannon-volleys.

* Rushworth, vii. 1159: read in the House, 20th June 1648 (*Commons Journals* v. 608).

[7] Rushworth, vii. 1175.

LETTER LX.

OF this Major, afterwards Colonel, Thomas Saunders, now lying at Brecknock, there need little be said beyond what the Letter itself says. He is 'of Derbyshire,' it seems; sat afterwards as a King's-Judge, or at least was nominated to sit; continued true to the Cause, in a dim way, till the very Restoration; and withdrew then into total darkness.

This Letter is endorsed in Saunders's own hand, 'The 'Lord General's order for taking Sir Trevor Williams, and 'Mr. Morgan, Sheriff of Monmouthshire.' Of which two Welsh individuals, except that Williams had been appointed Commander-in-chief of the Parliament's forces in Monmouthshire some time ago, and Morgan High Sheriff there,[8] both of whom had now revolted, we know nothing, and need know nothing. The Letter has come under cover enclosing another Letter, of an official sort, to one 'Mr. Rumsey' (a total stranger to me); and is superscribed *For Yourself.*

'*To Major Thomas Saunders, at Brecknock: These.*'

SIR, 'Before Pembroke,' 17th June 1648.

I send you this enclosed by itself, because it's of greater moment. The other you may communicate to Mr. Rumsey as far as you think fit and I have written. I would not have him or other honest men be discouraged that I think it not fit, at present, to enter into contests; it will be good to yield a little, for public advantage: and truly that is my end; wherein I desire you to satisfy them.

I have sent, as my Letter mentions, to have you remove out of Brecknockshire; indeed, into that part of Glamorganshire which lieth next Monmouthshire. For this end: We have plain discoveries that Sir Trevor Williams, of Llangibby,[9] about two miles from Usk, in the County of Monmouth, was very deep in the plot of betraying Chepstow

[8] 10th January 1645-6, Williams; 17th November 1647, Morgan: *Commons Journals*, in diebus.

[9] He writes 'Langevie;' 'Munmouth' too.

Castle; so that we are out of doubt of his guiltiness thereof. I do hereby authorise you to seize him; as also the High Sheriff of Monmouth, Mr. Morgan, who was in the same plot.

But, because Sir Trevor Williams is the more dangerous man by far, I would have you seize him first, and the other will easily be had. To the end you may not be frustrated and that you be not deceived, I think fit to give you some characters of the man, and some intimations how things stand. He is a man, as I am informed, full of craft and subtlety; very bold and resolute; hath a House at Llangibby well stored with arms, and very strong; his neighbours about him very Malignant, and much for him,—who are apt to rescue him if apprehended, much more to discover anything which may prevent it. He is full of jealousy; partly out of guilt, but much more because he doubts some that were in the business have discovered him, which indeed they have,—and also because he knows that his Servant is brought hither, and a Minister to be examined here, who are able to discover the whole plot.

If you should march directly into that Country and near him, it's odds he either fortify his House, or give you the slip: so also, if you should go to his House, and not find him there; or if you attempt to take him, and miss to effect it; or if you make any known inquiry after him,—it will be discovered.

Wherefore, 'as' to the first, you have a fair pretence of going out of Brecknockshire to quarter about Newport and Caerleon, which is not above four or five miles from his House. You may send to Colonel Herbert, whose House lieth in Monmouthshire; who will certainly acquaint you where he is. You are also to send to Captain Nicholas, who is at Chepstow, to require him to assist you, if he 'Williams' should get into his House and stand upon his guard. Samuel Jones, who is Quartermaster to Colonel Herbert's troop, will

be very assisting to you, if you send to him to meet you at your quarters; both by letting you know where he is, and also in all matters of intelligence. If there shall be need, Captain Burges's troop, now quartered in Glamorganshire, shall be directed to receive orders from you.

You perceive by all this that we are, it may be, a little too much solicitous in this business;[10]—it's our fault; and indeed such a temper causeth us often to overact business. Wherefore, without more ado, we leave it to you; and you to the guidance of God herein; and rest, yours,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

'P.S.' If you seize him, bring,—and let him be brought with a strong guard,—to me. If Captain Nicholas should light on him at Chepstow, do you strengthen him with a strong guard to bring him.—If you seize his person, disarm his House; but let not his arms be embezzled. If you need Captain Burges's troop, it quarters between Newport and Chepstow.*

Saunders, by his manner of endorsing this Letter, seems to intimate that he took his two men; that he keeps the Letter by way of voucher. Sir Trevor Williams by and by[11] compounds as a Delinquent,—retires then into 'Langevie House' in a diminished state, and disappears from History. Of Sheriff Morgan, except that a new Sheriff is soon appointed, we have no farther notice whatever.[12]

LETTER LXI.

SINCE Cromwell quitted London, there have arisen wide commotions in that central region too; the hope of the Scotch Army and the certainty of this War in Wales excite all unruly

[10] See infra, vol. v., in Appendix, No. 11.
* Harris, p. 495; and Forster, iv. 239.
[11] *Commons Journals.*
[12] Note to Colonel Hughes, 26th June 1648, in Appendix, No. 11.

things and persons. At Pembroke lately we heard the cannons fire, both from Leaguer and Ships, for a 'victory in Kent:' concerning which and its origins and issues, take the following indications.

May 16th, Came a celebrated 'Surrey Petition:' highflying armed cavalcade of Freeholders from Surrey, with a Petition craving in very high language that Peace be made with his Majesty: they quarrelled with the Parliament's Guard in Westminster Hall, drew swords, had swords drawn upon them; 'the Miller of Wandsworth was run through with a halbert,' he and others; and the Petitioners went home in a slashed and highly indignant condition. Thereupon, *May 24th*, armed meeting of Kentish-men on Blackheath; armed meeting of Essex-men; several armed meetings, all in communication with the City Presbyterians: Fairfax, ill of the gout, has to mount,—in extremity of haste, as a man that will quench fire among smoking flax.

June 1st. Fairfax, at his utmost speed, smites fiercely against the centre of this Insurrection; drives it from post to post; drives it into Maidstone 'about 7 in the evening,' 'with as hard fighting as I ever saw;' tramples it out there. The centre-flame once trampled out, the other flames, or armed meetings, hover hither and thither; gather at length, in few days, all at Colchester in Essex; where Fairfax is now besieging them, with a very obstinate and fierce resistance from them. This is the victory in Kent, these are the 'glorious successes God has vouchsafed you,' which Oliver alludes to in this Letter.

We are only to notice farther that Lambert is in the North; waiting, in very inadequate strength, to see the Scots arrive. Oliver in this Letter signifies that he has reinforced him with some 'horse and dragoons,' sent by 'West Chester,' which we now call Chester, where 'Colonel Dukinfield' is Governor. The Scots are indubitably coming: Sir Marmaduke Langdale (whom Oliver, we may remark, encountered in the King's left wing at *Naseby Fight*) has raised new Yorkshiremen, has seized Berwick, seized Carlisle, and joined the Scots; it is becoming an openly Royalist affair. In Lancashire a certain Sir Richard Tempest, very forward in his Royalism, goes suddenly blazing abroad 'with 1,000 horse and many knights and gentlemen,' threatening huge peril; but is, in those very hours, courageously set upon by Colonel Robert Lilburn with what

little compact force there is, and at once extinguished:—an acceptable service on the part of Colonel Robert; for which let him have thanks from Parliament, and reward of 1,000*l.*[13]

Very desirable, of course, that Oliver had done with Pembroke, and were fairly joined with Lambert. But Pembroke is strong; Poyer is stubborn, hopes to surrender 'on conditions;' Oliver, equally stubborn, though sadly short of artillery and means, will have him 'at mercy of the Parliament,' so signal a rebel as him. Fairfax's Father, the Lord Ferdinando, died in March last;[14] so that the General's title is now changed:

To his Excellency the Lord Fairfax, General of the Parliament's Army: These.

SIR, Before Pembroke, 28th June 1648.

I have some few days since despatched horse and dragoons for the North. I sent them by the way of West Chester; thinking it fit to do so in regard of this enclosed Letter which I received from Colonel Dukinfield;—requiring them to give him assistance in the way. And if it should prove that a present help would not serve the turn, then I ordered Captain Pennyfeather's troop to remain with the Governor 'Dukinfield;' and the rest immediately to march towards Leeds,—and to send to the Committee of York, or to him that commands the forces in those parts, for directions whither they should come, and how they shall be disposed of.

The number I sent are six troops: four of horse, and two of dragoons; whereof three are Colonel Scroop's,—and Captain Pennyfeather's troop, and the other two dragoons. I could not, by the judgment of the Colonels here, spare more, nor send them sooner, without manifest hazard to these parts. Here is, as I have formerly acquainted your Excellency, a very desperate Enemy; who, being put out of all hope of mercy, are resolved to endure to the uttermost

[13] Whitlocke, pp. 312, 313; *Commons Journals* (5th July 1648), v. 624; &c.
[14] 13th March 1647-8 (Rushworth, vii. 1030).

extremity; being very many 'of them' gentlemen of quality, and men thoroughly resolved. They have made some notable sallies upon Lieutenant-Colonel Reade's quarter,[15] to his loss. We are forced to keep divers posts, or else they would have relief, or their horse break away. Our foot about them are Four-and-twenty hundred; we always necessitated to have some in garrisons.

The Country, since we sat down before this place, have made two or three insurrections; and are ready to do it every day: so that,—what with looking to them, and disposing our horse to that end, and to get us in provisions, without which we should starve, this country being so miserably exhausted and so poor, and we no money to buy victuals,—indeed, whatever may be thought, it's a mercy we have been able to keep our men together in the midst of such necessity, the sustenance of the foot for most part being but bread and water. Our guns, through the unhappy accident at Berkley, not yet come to us;—and indeed it was a very unhappy thing they were brought thither; the wind having been always so cross, that since they were recovered from sinking, they could not 'come to us;' and this place not being to be had without fit instruments for battering, except by starving.[16] And truly I believe the Enemy's straits do increase upon them very fast, and that within a few days an end will be put to this business;—which surely might have been before, if we had received things wherewith to have done it. But it will be done in the best time.[17]

I rejoice much to hear of the blessing of God upon your Excellency's endeavours. I pray God that this Nation, and those that are over us, and your Excellency and all we that

[15] Reade had been intrusted with the Siege of Tenby: that had ended June 2d *Commons Journals*, v. 588); and Reade is now assisting at Pembroke.

[16] 'Without *either* fit instruments for battering *except* by starving.' Great haste, and considerable stumbling in the grammar in this last sentence! After 'starving,' a mere comma; and so on.

[17] God's time is the best.

are under you, 'may discern' what the mind of God may be in all this, and what our duty is. Surely it is not that the poor Godly People of this Kingdom should still be made the object of wrath and anger; nor that our God would have our necks under a yoke of bondage. For these things that have lately come to pass have been the wonderful works of God; breaking the rod of the oppressor, as in the day of Midian,—not with garments much rolled in blood, but by the terror of the Lord; who will yet save His people and confound His enemies, as on that day. The Lord multiply His grace upon you, and bless you, and keep your heart upright; and then, though you be not conformable to the men of this world nor to their wisdom, yet you shall be precious in the eyes of God, and He will be to you a horn and a shield.

My Lord, I do not know that I have had a Letter from any of your Army, of the glorious successes God has vouchsafed you. I pray pardon the complaint made. I long to 'be' with you. I take leave; and rest, my Lord, your most humble and faithful servant, OLIVER CROMWELL.

'P.S.' Sir, I desire you that Colonel Lehunt may have a Commission to command a Troop of Horse, the greatest part whereof came from the Enemy to us; and that you would be pleased to send blank Commissions for his inferior officers,—with what speed may be.*

In Rushworth, under date March 24th, is announced that 'Sir W. Constable has taken care to send ordnance and am-'munition from Gloucester, for the service before Pembroke.'[18] 'The unhappy accident at Berkley,' I believe, is the stranding of the 'Frigate,' or Shallop, that carried them. Guns are not to be had of due quality for battering Pembroke. In the mean time, several bodies of 'horse' are mentioned as deserting, or taking quarter and service on the Parliament side.[19] It is

* Sloane MSS. 1519, f. 90. [18] vii. 1036. [19] Rushworth, *Cromwelliana*.

over these that Lehunt is to be appointed Colonel; and to Fairfax as General-in-chief 'of all the Parliament's Forces raised or to be raised,' it belongs to give him and his subordinates the due commissions.

July 5th. Young Villiers Duke of Buckingham, son of the assassinated Duke; he with his Brother Francis, with the Earl of Holland, and others who will pay dear for it, started up about Kingston-on-Thames with another open Insurrectionary Armament; guided chiefly by Dutch Dalbier, once Cromwell's instructor, but now gone over to the other side. Fairfax and the Army being all about Colchester in busy Siege, there seemed a good opportunity here. They rode towards Reigate, these Kingston Insurgents, several hundreds strong: but a Parliament Party 'under Major Gibbons' drives them back; following close, comes to action with them between 'Nonsuch Park and Kingston,' where the poor Lord Francis, Brother of the Duke, fell mortally wounded;—drives them across the river 'into Hertfordshire;' into the lion's jaws. For Fairfax sent a Party out from Colchester; overtook them at St. Neot's; and captured, killed, or entirely dissipated them.[20] Dutch Dalbier was hacked in pieces, 'so angry were the soldiers at him.' The Earl of Holland stood his trial afterwards; and lost his head. The Duke of Buckingham got off;—might almost as well have died with poor Brother Francis here, for any good he afterwards did. Two pretty youths, as their Vandyke Portraits in Hampton Court still testify; one of whom lived to become much uglier!

July 8th. Duke Hamilton, with the actual Scotch Army, is 'at Annan' on the Western Border, ready to step across to England. Not quite Forty-thousand; yet really about half that number, tolerably effective. Langdale, with a vanguard of Three-thousand Yorkshiremen, is to be guide; Monro, with a body of horse that had long served in Ulster, is to bring-up the rear. The great Duke dates from Annan, 8th July 1648.[21] Poor old Annan;—never saw such an Army gathered, since the Scotch James went to wreck in Solway Moss, above a hundred years ago![22] Scotland is in a disastrous, distracted condition; overridden by a Hamilton majority in Parliament. Poor Scotland will, with exertion, deliver its 'King from the power of Sectaries;' and is dreadfully uncertain what it will do

[20] Rushworth, vii. 1178, 82. [21] Ibid. vii. 1184. [22] James V. A.D. 1542.

with him when delivered! Perhaps Oliver will save it the trouble.

July 11th. Oliver at last is loose from Pembroke; as the following brief Letter will witness.

LETTER LXII.

To the Honourable William Lenthall, Esquire, Speaker of the House of Commons: These.

SIR, 'Pembroke,' 11th July 1648.

The Town and Castle of Pembroke were surrendered to me this day, being the Eleventh of July; upon the Propositions which I send you here enclosed.[23] What Arms, Ammunition, Victual, Ordnance or other Necessaries of War are in 'the' Town I have not to certify you, —the Commissioners I sent-in to receive the same not being yet returned, nor like suddenly to be; and I was unwilling to defer the giving you an account of this mercy for a day.

The Persons Excepted are such as have formerly served you in a very good Cause; but, being now apostatised, I did rather make election of them than of those who had always been for the King;—judging their iniquity double; because they have sinned against so much light, and against so many evidences of Divine Providence going along with and prospering a just Cause, in the management of which they themselves had a share. I rest, your humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

Drunken Colonel Poyer, Major-General Laughern and certain others, 'persons excepted,' have had to surrender at mercy; a great many more on terms: Pembroke happily is down;—

[23] Given in Rushworth, vii. 1190.

* Copy in Tanner MSS. lxii. 159: printed correctly in *Grey* on the Third Volume of Neal's *Puritans* (Appendix, p. 129), from another source.

and the Welsh War is ended.[24] Cromwell hurries northward: by Gloucester, Warwick; gets '3,000 pairs of shoes' at Leicester; leaves his prisoners at Nottingham (with Mrs. Hutchinson and her Colonel, in the Castle there); joins Lambert among the hills of Yorkshire,[25] where his presence is much needed now.

July 27th. In these tumultuous months the Fleet too, as we heard at Pembroke once,[26] has partially revolted; 'set Colonel Admiral Rainsborough ashore,' in the end of May last. The Earl of Warwick, hastily sent thither, has brought part of it to order again; other part of it has fled to Holland, to the Young Prince of Wales. The Young Prince goes hopefully on board, steers for the coast of England; emits his summons and manifesto from Yarmouth roads, on the 27th of this month. Getting nothing at Yarmouth, he appears next week in the Downs; orders London to join him, or at least to lend him 20,000*l.*[27]

It all depends on Hamilton and Cromwell now. His Majesty from Carisbrook Castle, the revolted Mariners, the London Presbyterians, the Besieged in Colchester, and all men, are waiting anxiously what they Two now will make of it when they meet.

LETTERS LXIII.—LXVI.

PRESTON BATTLE.

THE Battle of Preston or Battle-and-Rout of Preston lasts three days; and extends over many miles of wet Lancashire country,—from 'Langridge Chapel a little on the east of Preston,' southward to Warrington Bridge, and northward also as far as you like to follow. A wide-spread, most confused transaction; the essence of which is, That Cromwell, descending the valley of the Ribble, with a much smaller but prompt and compact force, finds Hamilton flowing southward at Preston in very loose order;

[24] Order, '12th July 1648' (the day after Pembroke), for demolishing the Castle of Haverfordwest: in Appendix, No. 11.

[25] At Barnard Castle, on the 27th July, 'his horse' joined (Rushworth, vii. 1211); he himself not till a fortnight after, at Wetherby farther south.

[26] Antea, p. 4.

[27] Rushworth, vii.: 29th May, p. 1131; 8th June, 11th June, pp. 1145, 1151; 27th July, pp. 1207, 1215, &c.

dashes-in upon him, cuts him in two, drives him north *and* south, into as miserable ruin as his worst enemy could wish.

There are four accounts of this Affair by eye-witnesses, still accessible: Cromwell's account in these Two Letters; a Captain Hodgson's rough brief recollections written afterwards; and on the other side, Sir Marmaduke Langdale's Letter in vindication of his conduct there; and lastly the deliberate Narrative of Sir James Turner ('*alias* Dugald Dalgetty,' say some). As the Affair was so momentous, one of the most critical in all these Wars, and as the details of it are still so accessible, we will illustrate Cromwell's own account by some excerpts from the others. Combining all which, and considering well, some image of this rude old tragedy and triumph may rise upon the reader.

Captain Hodgson, an honest-hearted, pudding-headed Yorkshire Puritan, now with Lambert in the Hill Country, hovering on the left flank of Hamilton and his Scots, saw Cromwell's face at Ripon, much to the Captain's satisfaction. 'The Scots,' says he, 'marched towards Kendal; we towards Ripon, where 'Oliver met us with horse and foot. We were then between 'Eight and Nine thousand: a fine smart Army, fit for action. 'We marched up to Skipton; the Forlorn of the Enemy's 'horse,' Sir Marmaduke's, 'was come to Gargrave; having 'made havoc of the country,—it seems, intending never to come 'there again.' 'Stout Henry Cromwell,' he gave them a check at Gargrave;[1]—and better still is coming.

Here, however, let us introduce Sir James Turner, a stout pedant and soldier-of-fortune, original *Dugald Dalgetty* of the Novels, who is now marching with the Scots, and happily has a turn for taking Notes. The reader will then have a certain ubiquity, and approach Preston on both sides. Of the Scotch Officers, we may remark, Middleton and the Earl of Calendar have already fought in England for the Parliament: Baillie, once beaten by Montrose, has been in many wars, foreign and domestic; he is lefthand cousin to the Reverend Mr. Robert, who heard the Apprentices in Palace-yard bellowing "Justice on Strafford!" long since, in a loud and hideous manner. Neither of the Lesleys is here, on this occasion; they abide at home with the oppressed minority. The Duke, it will be seen,

[1] Hodgson's *Memoirs* (with Slingsby's *Memoirs*, Edinburgh, 1808; a dull authentic Book, left full of blunders, of darkness natural and adscititious, by the Editor), pp. 214-5.

marches in extremely loose order; vanguard and rearguard very far apart,—and a Cromwell attending him on flank!

'At Hornby,' says the learned Sir James alias Dugald, 'a 'day's march beyond Kendal, it was advised, Whether we 'should march to Lancashire, Cheshire, and the Western Coun- 'ties; or if we should go into Yorkshire, and so put ourselves 'in the straight road to London, with a resolution to fight all 'who would oppose us? Calendar was indifferent; Middleton 'was for Yorkshire; Baillie for Lancashire. When my opinion 'was asked, I was for Yorkshire; and for this reason only, 'That I understood Lancashire was a close country, full of 'ditches and hedges; which was a great advantage the English 'would have over our raw and undisciplined musketeers; the 'Parliament's army consisting of disciplined and well-trained 'soldiers, and excellent firemen; while on the other hand, 'Yorkshire was a more open country and full of heaths, where 'we might both make use of our horse, and come sooner to push 'of pike' with our foot. 'My Lord Duke was for Lancashire 'way; and it seems he had hopes that some forces would join 'with him in his march that way. I have indeed heard him 'say, that he thought Manchester his own if he came near it. 'Whatever the matter was, I never saw him tenacious in any- 'thing during the time of his command but in that. We chose 'to go that way, which led us to our ruin.

'Our march was much retarded by most rainy and tem- 'pestuous weather, the elements fighting against us; and by 'staying for country horses to carry our little ammunition. The 'vanguard is constantly given to Sir Marmaduke, upon con- 'dition that he should constantly furnish guides; pioneers for 'clearing the ways; and, which was more than both these, 'have good and certain intelligence of all the Enemy's motions. 'But whether it was by our fault or his neglect, want of intel- 'ligence helped to ruin us; for,'—in fact we were marching in extremely loose order; left hand not aware what the right was doing; van and rear some twenty or thirty miles apart;—far too loose for men that had a Cromwell on their flank!

On the night of Wednesday 16th August 1648, my Lord Duke has got to Preston with the main body of his foot; his horse lying very wide,—ahead of him at Wigan, arear of him, one knows not where, he himself hardly knows where. Sir Marmaduke guards him on the left, 'on Preston Moor, about

Langridge Chapel,' some four miles up the Ribble,—and knows not, in the least, what storm is coming. For Cromwell, this same night, has got across the hills to Clitheroe and farther; this same Wednesday night he lies 'at Stonyhurst,' where now the College of Stonyhurst is,—'a Papist's house, one Sherburn's;' and tomorrow morning there will be news of Cromwell.

'That night,' says Hodgson, 'we pitched our camp at *Stan-'yares* Hall, a Papist's house, one Sherburn's; and the next 'morning a Forlorn of horse and foot was drawn out. And at 'Langridge Chapel our horse' came upon Sir Marmaduke; 'drawn up very formidably. One Major Poundall' (Pownel, you pudding-head!) 'and myself commanded the Forlorn of 'foot. And here being drawn up by the Moorside (a mere 'scantling of us, as yet, not half the number we should have 'been), the General' Cromwell 'comes to us, orders us To 'march. We not having half of our men come up, desired a 'little patience; he gives out the word, "March!"'—not having any patience, he, at this moment! And so the Battle of Preston, the first day of it, is begun. Here is the General's own Report of the business at night. Poor Langdale did not know at first, and poor Hamilton did not know all day, that it was Cromwell who was now upon them.[2] Sir Marmaduke complains bitterly that he was not supported; that they did not even send him powder,—marched away the body of their force as if this matter had been nothing; 'merely some flying party, Ashton and the Lancashire Presbyterians.' Cromwell writes in haste, late at night.

LETTER LXIII.

For the Honourable Committee of Lancashire sitting at Manchester.

(*I desire the Commander of the Forces there to open this Letter, if it come not to their hands.*)

GENTLEMEN, 'Preston,' 17th Aug. 1648.

It hath pleased God, this day, to show His great power by making the Army successful against the common Enemy.

[2] Sir Marmaduke's Letter.

We lay last night at Mr. Sherburn's of Stonyhurst, nine miles from Preston, which was within three miles of the Scots quarters. We advanced betimes next morning towards Preston, with a desire to engage the Enemy; and by that time our Forlorn had engaged the Enemy, we were about four miles from Preston, and thereupon we advanced with the whole Army: and the Enemy being drawn out on a Moor betwixt us and the Town, the Armies on both sides engaged; and after a very sharp dispute, continuing for three or four hours, it pleased God to enable us to give them a defeat; which I hope we shall improve, by God's assistance, to their utter ruin: and in this service your countrymen have not the least[3] share.

We cannot be particular, having not time to take account of the slain and prisoners; but we can assure you we have many prisoners, and many of those of quality; and many slain; and the Army so dissipated 'as I say.' The principal part whereof, with Duke Hamilton, is on south side Ribble and Darwen Bridge, and we lying with the greatest part of the Army close to them; nothing hindering the ruin of that part of the Enemy's Army but the night. It shall be our care that they shall not pass over any ford beneath the Bridge,[4] to go Northward, or to come betwixt us and Whalley.

We understand Colonel-General Ashton's are at Whalley; we have seven troops of horse or dragoons that we believe lie at Clitheroe. This night I have sent order to them expressly to march to Whalley, to join to those companies; that so we may endeavour the ruin of this Enemy. You perceive by this Letter how things stand. By this means the Enemy is broken: and most of their Horse having gone Northwards, and we having sent a considerable party at the

[3] means 'the not least.'
[4] There is such a ford, rideable if tide and rain permit.

very heel of them; and the Enemy having lost almost all his ammunition, and near four-thousand arms, so that the greatest part of the Foot are naked;—therefore, in order to perfecting this work, we desire you to raise your County; and to improve your forces to the total ruin of that Enemy, which way soever they go; and if[5] you shall accordingly do your part, doubt not of their total ruin.

We thought fit to speed this to you; to the end you may not be troubled if they shall march towards you, but improve your interest as aforesaid, that you may give glory to God for this unspeakable mercy. This is all at present from, your very humble servant, OLIVER CROMWELL.*

Commons Journals, Monday 21° *Augusti* 1648: 'The Copy 'of a Letter from Lieutenant-General Cromwell, from Preston, 'of 17° *Augusti* 1648, to the Committee of Lancashire sitting 'at Manchester, enclosed in a Letter from a Member of this 'House from Manchester, of 19° *Augusti* 1648, were this day 'read. *Ordered*, That it be referred to the Committee at Derby 'House to send away a copy of Lieutenant-General Cromwell's 'Letter to the General' Fairfax, 'and to the Lord Admiral' Warwick, to encourage them in their part of the work.—The enclosing 'Letter from the Member of this House at Manchester,' short and insignificant, about 'dispensations,' 'providences,' &c. is also given in the old Pamphlets, and in this Chetham Book now before us. He signs himself 'W. L.;' probably William Langton, the new Member for Preston.

LETTER LXIV.

CROMWELL, on this Thursday Night, does not yet know all the havoc he has made. Listen to stout Sir James from the

[5] 'that' in the Original.—The punctuation and grammar of these sentences might have been improved; but their breathless impetuosity, directness, sincere singleness of purpose, intent on the despatch of business only, would have been obscured in the process.

* *Lancashire during the Civil War* (a Collection of Tracts republished by the Chetham Society, Manchester, 1844), p. 257. The Letter is in many old Pamphlets of the time. Langdale's Letter is also given in this Chetham Book, p. 267.

other side; and pity poor men embarked in a hollow Cause, with a Duke of Hamilton for General!

'Beside Preston in Lancashire,' says the stout Knight, 'Cromwell falls on Sir Marmaduke's flank. The English' of Sir Marmaduke 'imagined it was one Colonel Ashton, a power-'ful Presbyterian, who had got together 3,000 men to oppose 'us, because we came out of Scotland without the General As-'sembly's permission. Mark the quarrel. While Sir Marma-'duke disputes the matter, Baillie, by the Duke's order, marches 'to Ribble Bridge, and passes it with all the foot except two 'brigades.' Never dreaming that Cromwell is upon us! 'This 'was two miles from Preston. By my Lord Duke's command, 'I had sent some ammunition and commanded-men to Sir 'Marmaduke's assistance: but to no purpose; for Cromwell 'prevailed; so that our English first retired, and then fled. It 'must be remembered that, the night before this sad encounter, 'Earl Calendar and Middleton were gone to Wigan, eight miles 'from thence, with a considerable part of the cavalry. Calen-'dar was come back, and was with the Duke,' while the action took place; 'and so was I: but upon the rout of Sir Marma-'duke's people, Calendar got away to Ribble, where he arrived 'safely by a miracle, as I think; for the Enemy was between 'the Bridge and us, and had killed or taken most part of our 'two brigades of foot,' which was all that Baillie had left here.

'The Duke with his guard of horse, Sir Marmaduke with 'many officers, among others myself, got into Preston Town; 'with intention to pass a ford below it, though at that time not 'rideable. At the entry of the Town, the enemy pursued us 'hard. The Duke faced about, and put two troops of them to 'a retreat; but so soon as we turned from them, they again 'turned upon us. The Duke facing the second time, charged 'them, which succeeded well. Being pursued the third time, 'my Lord Duke cried To charge once more for King Charles! 'One trooper refusing, he beat him with his sword. At that 'charge we put the enemy so far behind us, that he could not 'so soon overtake us again. Then Sir Marmaduke and I en-'treated the Duke to hasten to his Army:—and truly here he 'showed as much personal valour as any man could be capable 'of. We swam the Ribble River; and so got to the place where 'Lieutenant-General Baillie had advantageously lodged the foot, 'on the top of a Hill, among very fencible enclosures.

'After Calendar came to the infantry, he had sent 600 'musketeers to defend Ribble Bridge. Very unadvisedly; for 'the way Cromwell had to it was a descent from a hill that 'commanded all the champaign; which was about an English 'quarter of a mile in length between the Bridge and that Hill 'where *our* foot were lodged. So that our musketeers, having 'no shelter, were forced to receive all the musket-shot of Crom-'well's infantry, which was secure within thick hedges; and 'after the loss of many men, were forced to run back to our 'foot. Here Claud Hamilton, the Duke's Lieutenant-Colonel, 'had his arm broke with a musket-bullet.

'The Bridge of Ribble being lost, the Duke called all the 'Colonels together on horseback to advise what was next to be 'done. We had no choice but one of two: Either stay, and 'maintain our ground till Middleton (who was sent for) came 'back with his cavalry; Or else march away that night, and 'find him out. Calendar would needs speak first; whereas by 'the custom of war he should have told his opinion last,—and 'it was, To march away that night so soon as it was dark. 'This was seconded by all the rest, except by Lieutenant-Gene-'ral Baillie and myself. But all the arguments we used,—as, 'the impossibility of a safe retreat from an enemy so powerful 'of horse; in so very foul weather, and extremely deep ways; 'our soldiers exceedingly wet, weary and hungry; the inevit-'able loss of all our ammunition,—could not move my Lord 'Duke by his authority to contradict the shameful resolution 'taken by the major part of his officers.

'After that drumless march was resolved upon, and but few 'horse appointed to stay in rear of the foot, I inquired, What 'should become of our unfortunate Ammunition, since forward 'with us we could not get it? It was not thought fit to blow 'it up that night, lest thereby the Enemy should know of our 'retreat, or rather flight. I was of that opinion too; but for 'another reason: for we could not have blown it up then with-'out a visible mischief to ourselves, being so near it. It was 'ordered it should be done, three hours after our departure, by 'a train: but that being neglected, Cromwell got it all.

'Next morning we appeared at Wigan Moor; half our num-'ber less than we were;—most of the faint and weary soldiers 'having lagged behind; whom we never saw again. Lieu-tenant-General Middleton had missed us,' such excellent order

was in this Army; 'for he came by *another* way to Ribble 'Bridge. It was to be wished he had still stayed with us! He, 'not finding us there, followed our track: but was himself hotly 'pursued by Cromwell's horse; with whom he skirmished the 'whole way till he came within a mile of us. He lost some 'men, and several were hurt, among others Colonel Urrey[6] got 'a dangerous shot on the left side of his head; whereof, though 'he was afterwards taken prisoner, he recovered. In this re-'treat of Middleton's, which he managed well, Cromwell lost 'one of the gallantest officers he had, Major Thornhaugh; who 'was run into the breast with a lance, whereof he died.

'After Lieutenant-General Middleton's coming, we began 'to think of fighting in that Moor: but that was found impos-'sible,—in regard it was nothing large, and was environed with 'enclosures which commanded it, and these we could not main-'tain long, for want of that ammunition we had left behind us. 'And therefore we marched forward with intention to gain 'Warrington, ten miles from the Moor we were in; and there 'we conceived we might face about, having the command of a 'Town, a River, and a Bridge. Yet I conceive there were but 'few of us could have foreseen we might be beaten *before* we 'were masters of any of them.

'It was towards evening and in the latter end of August,' Friday 18th of the month, 'when our horse began to march. 'Some regiments of them were left with the rear of the foot: 'Middleton stayed with these; my Lord Duke and Calendar 'were before.—As I marched with the last brigade of foot 'through the Town of Wigan, I was alarmed, That our horse 'behind me were beaten, and running several ways, and that 'the enemy was in my rear. I faced-about with that brigade; 'and in the Market-place serried the pikes together, shoulder 'to shoulder, to entertain any that might charge: and sent 'orders to the rest of the brigades before, To continue their 'march, and follow Lieutenant-General Baillie who was before 'them. It was then night, but the moon shone bright. A 'regiment of horse of our own appeared first, riding very dis-'orderly. I got them to stop, till I commanded my pikes to 'open, and give way for them to ride or run away, since they 'would not stay. But now my pikemen, being demented (as I 'think we were all), would not hear me: and two of them ran

[6] Sir John Hurry, the famous Turncoat, of whom afterwards.

'full tilt at me,'—poor Dalgetty! 'One of their pikes, which 'was intended for my belly, I griped with my left hand; the 'other ran me nearly two inches into the inner side of my right 'thigh; all of them crying, of me and those horse, "They are 'Cromwell's men!" This was an unseasonable wound; for it 'made me, after that night, unserviceable. This made me for-'get all rules of modesty, prudence and discretion,'—my choler being up, and my blood flowing! 'I rode to the horse, and 'desired them to charge through these foot. They fearing the 'hazard of the pikes, stood: I then made a cry come from be-'hind them, That the enemy was upon them. This encouraged 'them to charge my foot so fiercely, that the pikemen threw 'down their pikes, and got into houses. All the horse galloped 'away, and as I was told afterwards, rode not through but *over* 'our whole foot, treading them down;—and in this confusion 'Colonel Lockhart,'—let the reader note that Colonel,—'was 'trod down from his horse, with great danger of his life.

'Though the Enemy was near, yet I beat drums to gather 'my men together. Shortly after came Middleton with some 'horse. I told him what a disaster I had met with, and what 'a greater I expected. He told me he would ride before, and 'make the horse halt. I marched, however, all that night till 'it was fair day; and then Baillie, who had rested a little, en-'treated me to go into some house and repose on a chair; for 'I had slept none in two nights, and eaten as little. I alighted; 'but the constant alarms of the Enemy's approach made me 'resolve to ride forward to Warrington, which was but a mile; 'and indeed I may say I slept all that way, notwithstanding 'my wound.'

While the wounded Dalgetty rides forward, let us borrow another glimpse from a different source;[7] of bitter struggle still going on a little to the rear of him. 'At a place called Red-'bank,' near Winwick Church, two miles from Warrington, 'the Scots made a stand with a body of pikes, and lined the 'hedges with muskets; who so rudely entertained the pursuing 'Enemy, that they were compelled to stop until the coming-up 'of Colonel Pride's regiment of foot, who, after a sharp dispute, 'put those same brave fellows to the run. They were com-'manded by a little spark in a blue bonnet, who performed the 'part of an excellent commander, and was killed on the spot.'

[7] Heath's *Chronicle*, p. 323.

Does anyone know this little spark in the blue bonnet? No one. His very mother has long ceased to weep for him now. Let him have burial, and a passing sigh from us!—Dugald Turner continues:

'I expected to have found either the Duke or Calendar, or 'both of them, at Warrington: but I did not; and indeed I 'have often been told that Calendar carried away the Duke 'with him, much against his mind. Here did the Lieutenant-'General of the foot meet with an Order, whereby he is required '"To make as good conditions for himself and those under 'him as he could; for the horse would not come back to him, 'being resolved to preserve themselves for a better time." 'Baillie was surprised with this: and looking upon that action 'which he was ordered to do, as full of dishonour, he lost much 'of that patience of which naturally he was master; and be-'seeched any that would to shoot him through the head,'—poor Baillie! 'At length having something composed himself, 'and being much solicited by the officers that were by him, he 'wrote to Cromwell.—I then told him, That so long as there 'was a resolution to fight, I would not go a foot from him; but 'now that they were to deliver themselves prisoners, I would 'preserve my liberty as long as I could: and so took my leave 'of him, carrying my wounded thigh away with me. I met 'immediately with Middleton; who sadly condoled the irre-'coverable losses of the last two days. Within two hours after, 'Baillie and all the officers and soldiers that were left of the 'foot were Cromwell's prisoners. I got my wound dressed that 'morning by my own surgeon; and took from him those things 'I thought necessary for me; not knowing when I might see 'him again;—as indeed I never saw him after.'[8]

This was now the Saturday morning when Turner rode away, 'carrying his wounded thigh with him;' and got up to Hamilton and the vanguard of horse; who rode, aimless or as good as aimless henceforth, till he and they were captured at Uttoxeter, or in the neighbourhood. Monro with the *rear*-guard of horse, 'always a day's march behind,' hearing now what had befallen, instantly drew bridle; paused uncertain; then, in a marauding manner, rode back towards their own country.

Of which disastrous doings let us now read Cromwell's vic-

[8] *Memoirs of his own Life and Times*, by Sir James Turner (Edinburgh, 1829), pp. 63-7.

torious account, drawn-up with more deliberation on the morrow after. 'This Gentleman,' who brings up the Letter, is Major Berry; 'once a Clerk in the Shropshire Iron-works;' now a very rising man. 'He had lived with me,' says Richard Baxter, 'as guest in my own house;' he has now high destinies before him,—which at last sink lower than ever.[9]

To the Honourable William Lenthall, Esquire, Speaker of the House of Commons: These.

SIR, 'Warrington,' 20th Aug. 1648.

I have sent up this Gentleman to give you an account of the great and good hand of God towards you, in the late victory obtained against the Enemy in these parts.

After the conjunction of that Party which I brought with me out of Wales with the Northern Forces about Knaresborough and Wetherby,—hearing that the Enemy was advanced with their Army into Lancashire, we marched the next day, being the 13th of this instant August, to Otley (having cast-off our Train, and sent it to Knaresborough, because of the difficulty of marching therewith through Craven, and to the end we might with more expedition attend the Enemy's motion): and on the 14th to Skipton; the 15th to Gisburne; the 16th to Hodder Bridge over Ribble;[10] where we held a council of war. At which we had in consideration, Whether we should march to Whalley that night, and so on, to interpose between the Enemy and his farther progress into Lancashire and so southward,—which we had some advertisement the Enemy intended, and 'we are' since confirmed that they intended for London it-

[9] Baxter's *Life*, pp. 57, 97, 58, 72.

[10] Over Hodder rather, which is the chief tributary of the Ribble in those upland parts, and little inferior to the main stream in size. Ribble from the Northeast, Hodder from the North, then a few miles farther, Calder from the South: after which Ribble pursues its old direction; draining an extensive hill-tract by means of frequent inconsiderable brooks, and receiving no notable stream on either side till, far down, the Darwen from the East and South falls in near Preston and the united waters, now a respectable River, rush swiftly into the Irish Sea.

self: Or whether to march immediately over the said Bridge, there being no other betwixt that and Preston, and there engage the Enemy,—who we did believe would stand his ground, because we had information that the Irish Forces under Monro lately come out of Ireland, which consisted of Twelve-hundred horse and Fifteen-hundred foot, were on their march towards Lancashire to join them.

It was thought that to engage the Enemy to fight was our business; and the reason aforesaid giving us hopes that our marching on the North side of Ribble would effect it, it was resolved we should march over the Bridge; which accordingly we did; and that night quartered the whole Army in the field by Stonyhurst Hall, being Mr. Sherburn's house, a place nine miles distant from Preston. Very early the next morning we marched towards Preston: having intelligence that the Enemy was drawing together thereabouts from all his out-quarters, we drew out a Forlorn of about two-hundred horse and four-hundred foot, the horse commanded by Major Smithson, the foot by Major Pownel. Our Forlorn of horse marched, within a mile 'to' where the Enemy was drawn up,—in the enclosed grounds by Preston, on that side next us; and there, upon a Moor, about half a mile distant from the Enemy's Army, met with their Scouts and Outguard; and did behave themselves with that valour and courage as made their Guards (which consisted both of horse and foot) to quit their ground; and took divers prisoners; holding this dispute with them until our Forlorn of foot came up for their justification; and by these we had opportunity to bring-up our whole Army.

So soon as our foot and horse were come up, we resolved that night to engage them if we could; and therefore, advancing with our Forlorn, and putting the rest of our Army into as good a posture as the ground would bear (which was totally inconvenient for our horse, being all enclosure

and miry ground), we pressed upon them. The regiments of foot were ordered as followeth. There being a Lane, very deep and ill, up to the Enemy's Army, and leading to the Town, we commanded two regiments of horse, the first whereof was Colonel Harrison's and next was my own, to charge up that Lane; and on either side of them advanced the 'Main'-battle,—which were Lieutenant-Colonel Reade's, Colonel Dean's and Colonel Pride's on the right; Colonel Bright's and my Lord General's on the left; and Colonel Ashton with the Lancashire regiments in reserve. We ordered Colonel Thornhaugh's and Colonel Twistleton's regiments of horse on the right; and one regiment in reserve for the Lane; and the remaining horse on the left: —so that, at last, we came to a Hedge-dispute; the greatest of the impression from the Enemy being upon our left wing, and upon the 'Main'-battle on both sides the Lane, and upon our horse in the Lane: in all which places the Enemy were forced from their ground, after four-hours dispute;— until we came to the Town; into which four troops of my own regiment first entered; and, being well seconded by Colonel Harrison's regiment, charged the Enemy in the Town, and cleared the streets.

There came no band of your foot to fight that day but did it with incredible valour and resolution; among which Colonel Bright's, my Lord General's, Lieutenant-Colonel Reade's and Colonel Ashton's had the greatest work; they often coming to push of pike and to close firing, and always making the Enemy to recoil. And indeed I must needs say, God was as much seen in the valour of the officers and soldiers of these before-mentioned as in any action that hath been performed; the Enemy making, though he was still worsted, very stiff and sturdy resistance. Colonel Dean's and Colonel Pride's, outwinging the Enemy, could not come to so much share of the action; the Enemy shog-

ging[11] down towards the Bridge; and keeping almost all in reserve, that so he might bring fresh hands often to fight. Which we not knowing, and lest we should be outwinged, 'we' placed those two regiments to enlarge our right wing; this was the cause they had not at that time so great a share in that action.

At the last the Enemy was put into disorder; many men slain, many prisoners taken; the Duke, with most of the Scots horse and foot, retreated over the Bridge; where,—after a very hot dispute betwixt the Lancashire regiments, part of my Lord General's, and them, being often at push of pike,—they were beaten from the Bridge; and our horse and foot, following them, killed many and took divers prisoners; and we possessed the Bridge over Darwen 'also,' and a few houses there; the Enemy being driven up within musket-shot of us where we lay that night,[12]—we not being able to attempt farther upon the Enemy, the night preventing us. In this posture did the Enemy and we lie most part of that night. Upon entering the Town, many of the Enemy's horse fled towards Lancaster; in the chase of whom went divers of our horse, who pursued them near ten miles, and had execution of them, and took about five-hundred horse and many prisoners. We possessed in this Fight very much of the Enemy's ammunition; I believe they lost four or five thousand arms. The number of slain we judge to be about a thousand; the prisoners we took were about four-thousand.

In the night the Duke was drawing-off his Army towards Wigan; we were so wearied with the dispute that we did not so well attend the Enemy's going off as might have been; by means whereof the Enemy was gotten at least three miles

[11] *Shog* is from the same root as *shock;* 'shogging,' a word of Oliver's, in such cases signifies moving by pulses, intermittently. Ribble Bridge lay on the Scotch right; Dean and Pride, therefore, who fought on the English right, got gradually less and less to do.

[12] The Darwen between us and them.

with his rear before ours got to them. I ordered Colonel Thornhaugh to command two or three regiments of horse to follow the Enemy, if it were possible to make him stand till we could bring up the Army. The Enemy marched away seven or eight thousand foot and about four-thousand horse; we followed him with about three-thousand foot and two-thousand five-hundred horse and dragoons; and, in this prosecution, that worthy gentleman, Colonel Thornhaugh, pressing too boldly, was slain, being run into the body and thigh and head by the Enemy's lancers.[13] And give me leave to say, he was a man as faithful and gallant in your service as any; and one who often heretofore lost blood in your quarrel, and now his last. He hath left some behind him to inherit a Father's honour; and a sad Widow;—both now the interest of the Commonwealth.

Our horse still prosecuted the Enemy; killing and taking divers all the way. At last the Enemy drew-up within three miles of Wigan; and by that time our Army was come up, they drew-off again, and recovered Wigan before we could attempt anything upon them. We lay that night in the field close by the Enemy; being very dirty and weary, and having marched twelve miles of such ground as I never rode in all my life, the day being very wet. We had some skirmishing, that night, with the Enemy, near the Town; where we took General Van Druske and a Colonel, and killed some principal Officers, and took about a hundred prisoners; where I also received a Letter from Duke Hamilton, for civil usage towards his kinsman Colonel Hamilton,[14] whom

[13] 'Run through with a lancier in Chorley, he wanting his arms,' says Hodgson. For 'arms' read 'armour,' corslet, &c. This is the Colonel Thornhaugh so often mentioned, praised and mourned for, by Mrs. Hutchinson.

[14] Claud Hamilton; see Turner, supra. Who 'Van Druske' is, none knows. 'Colonel Hurry' is the ever-changing Sir John Hurry, sometimes called Urry and Hurrey, who whisks like a most rapid actor of all work, ever on a new side, ever charging in the van, through this Civil-War Drama. The notablest feat he ever did was leading Prince Rupert on that marauding party, from Oxford to High Wycombe, on the return from which Hampden met his death (Clarendon, ii. 351). Hurry had been on the Parliament-side before. He was taken, at last, when Montrose was taken; and hanged out of the way. Of Innes ('Ennis') I know nothing at present.

he left wounded there. We took also Colonel Hurry and Lieutenant-Colonel Innes, sometimes in your service. The next morning the Enemy marched towards Warrington, and we at the heels of them. The Town of Wigan, a great and poor Town, and very Malignant, were plundered almost to their skins by them.

We could not engage the Enemy until we came within three miles of Warrington; and there the Enemy made a stand, at a place near Winwick. We held them in some dispute till our Army came up; they maintaining the Pass with great resolution for many hours; ours and theirs coming to push of pike and very close charges,—which forced us to give ground; but our men, by the blessing of God, quickly recovered it, and charging very home upon them, beat them from their standing; where we killed about a thousand of them, and took, as we believe, about two-thousand prisoners; and prosecuted them home to Warrington Town; where they possessed the Bridge, which had a strong barricado and a work upon it, formerly made very defensive. As soon as we came thither, I received a message from General Baillie, desiring some capitulation. To which I yielded. Considering the strength of the Pass, and that I could not go over the River 'Mersey' within ten miles of Warrington with the Army, I gave him these terms: That he should surrender himself and all his officers and soldiers prisoners of war, with all his arms and ammunition and horses, to me; I giving quarter for life, and promising civil usage. Which accordingly is done: and the Commissioners deputed by me have received, and are receiving, all the arms and ammunition; which will be, as they tell me, about Four-thousand complete arms; and as many prisoners: and thus you have their Infantry totally ruined. What Colonels and Officers are with General Baillie, I have not yet received the list.

The Duke is marching with his remaining Horse, which are about three-thousand, towards Nantwich; where the Gentlemen of the County have taken about five-hundred of them; of which they sent me word this day. The country will scarce suffer any of my men to pass, except they have my hand-'writing;' telling them, They are Scots. They bring in and kill divers of them, as they light upon them. Most of the Nobility of Scotland are with the Duke. If I had a thousand horse that could but trot thirty miles, I should not doubt but to give a very good account of them: but truly we are so harassed and haggled-out in this business, that we are not able to do more than walk 'at' an easy pace after them.—I have sent post to my Lord Grey, to Sir Henry Cholmely and Sir Edward Rhodes, to gather all together, with speed, for their prosecution; as likewise to acquaint the Governor of Stafford therewith.

I hear Monro is about Cumberland with the horse that ran away,[15] and his 'own' Irish horse and foot, which are a considerable body. I have left Colonel Ashton's three regiments of foot, with seven troops of horse (six of Lancashire and one of Cumberland), at Preston; and ordered Colonel Scroop with five troops of horse and two troops of dragoons, 'and' with two regiments of foot (Colonel Lascelles's and Colonel Wastell's), to embody with them; and have ordered them to put their prisoners to the sword if the Scots shall presume to advance upon them, because they cannot bring them off with security.[16]

Thus you have a Narrative of the particulars of the success which God hath given you: which I could hardly at this time have done, considering the multiplicity of business;

[15] Northward from Preston on the evening of the 17th, the Battle-day.

[16] It is to be hoped the Scots under Monro will not presume to advance, for the prisoners here in Preston are about four-thousand! These are not Baillie's Warrington men 'who surrendered on quarter for life:' these are 'at discretion.'

but truly, when I was once engaged in it, I could hardly tell how to say less, there being so much of God in it; and I am not willing to say more, lest there should seem to be any of man. Only give me leave to add one word, showing the disparity of forces on both sides; that so you may see, and all the world acknowledge, the great hand of God in this business. The Scots Army could not be less than twelve-thousand effective foot, well armed, and five-thousand horse; Langdale not less than two-thousand five-hundred foot, and fifteen-hundred horse: in all Twenty-one Thousand;—and truly very few of their foot but were as well armed if not better than yours, and at divers disputes did fight two or three hours before they would quit their ground. Yours were about two-thousand five-hundred horse and dragoons of your old Army; about four-thousand foot of your old Army; also about sixteen-hundred Lancashire foot, and about five-hundred Lancashire horse: in all, about Eight-thousand Six-hundred. You see by computation about two-thousand of the Enemy slain; betwixt eight and nine thousand prisoners; besides what are lurking in hedges and private places, which the Country daily bring in or destroy. Where Langdale and his broken forces are, I know not; but they are exceedingly shattered.

Surely, Sir, this is nothing but the hand of God; and wherever anything in this world is exalted, or exalts itself, God will pull it down; for this is the day wherein He alone will be exalted. It is not fit for me to give advice, nor to say a word what use you should make of this;—more than to pray you, and all that acknowledge God, That they would exalt Him,—and not hate His people, who are as the apple of His eye, and for whom even Kings shall be reproved; and that you would take courage to do the work of the Lord, in fulfilling the end of your Magistracy, in seeking the peace and welfare of this Land,—that all that will live

peaceably may have countenance from you, and they that are incapable and will not leave troubling the Land may speedily be destroyed out of the Land. And if you take courage in this, God will bless you; and good men will stand by you; and God will have glory, and the Land will have happiness by you in despite of all your enemies. Which shall be the prayer of, your most humble and faithful servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

Postscript. We have not, in all this, lost a considerable Officer but Colonel Thornhaugh; and not many soldiers, considering the service: but many are wounded, and our horse much wearied. I humbly crave that some course may be taken to dispose of the Prisoners. The trouble, and extreme charge of the Country where they lie, is more than the danger of their escape. I think they would not go home if they might, without a convoy; they are so fearful of the Country, from whom they have deserved so ill. Ten men will keep a thousand from running away.*

Commons Journals, Wednesday 23d August 1648: '*Ordered*, That the sum of Two-hundred Pounds be bestowed upon 'Major Berry, and the sum of One-hundred Pounds upon Edward Sexby, who brought the very good news of the very 'great Success obtained, by the great mercy of God, against 'the whole Scots Army in Lancashire, and That the said respective sums shall be'—in short, paid directly. Of Major Berry, Richard Baxter's friend, we have already heard. Captain Edward Sexby, here known to us as Captain for the first time,—did we not once see him in another character? One of Three Troopers with a Letter, in the Honourable House, in the time of the Army Troubles?[17] He will again turn up, little to his advantage, by and by. A Day of universal Thanksgiving for this 'wonderful great Success' is likewise ordered; and a printed schedule of items to be thankful for is despatched, 'to the number of 10,000,' into all places.[18]

* Chetham-Society Book, ut supra, pp. 259-267.

[17] Vol. i. p. 242; and Ludlow, i. 189.

[18] *Commons Journals*, v. 685.

LETTER LXV.

LET the following hasty Letter, of the same date with that more deliberate one to Lenthall, followed by another as hasty, terminate the Preston Business. Letters of hot Haste, of Hue-and-Cry; two remaining out of many such, written 'to all the Countries,' in that posture of affairs;—the fruit of which we shall soon see. Colonels 'Cholmely, White, Hatcher, Rhodes,' Country Colonels of more or less celebrity, need not detain us at present.

For the Honourable the Committee at York: These.

'GENTLEMEN,' Warrington, 20th Aug. 1648.

We have quite tired our horses in pursuit of the Enemy: we have killed, taken and disabled all their Foot; and left them only some Horse, with whom the Duke is fled into Delamere Forest, having neither Foot nor Dragooners. They have taken Five-hundred of them,—I mean the Country Forces 'have,' as they send me word this day.

They[19] are so tired, and in such confusion, that if my Horse could but trot after them, I could take them all. But we are so weary, we can scarce be able to do more than walk after them. I beseech you therefore, let Sir Henry Cholmely, Sir Edward Rhodes, Colonel Hatcher, and Colonel White, and all the Countries about you, be sent to, to rise with you and follow them. For they are the miserablest party that ever was: I durst engage myself, with Five-hundred fresh Horse, and Five-hundred nimble Foot, to destroy them all. My Horse are miserably beaten out;—and I have Ten-thousand of them Prisoners.

We have killed we know not what; but a very great number; having done execution upon them above thirty miles together,—besides what we killed in the Two great

[19] The Scots.

Fights, the one at Preston, the other at Warrington 'or Winwick Pass.' The Enemy was Twenty-four-thousand horse and foot; whereof Eighteen-thousand foot and Six-thousand horse: and our number about Six-thousand foot and Three-thousand horse at the utmost.

This is a glorious Day:—God help England to answer His mercies!—I have no more; but beseech you in all your parts to gather into bodies, and pursue. I rest, your most humble servant, OLIVER CROMWELL.

'P.S.' The greatest part, by far, of the Nobility of Scotland are with Duke Hamilton.*

LETTER LXVI.

'*For the Honourable the Committee at York: These.*'

GENTLEMEN, Wigan, 23d Aug. 1648.

I have intelligence even now come to my hands, That Duke Hamilton with a wearied Body of Horse is drawing towards Pontefract; where probably he may lodge himself, and rest his Horse;—as not daring to continue in those Countries whence we have driven him; the Country-people rising in such numbers, and stopping his passage at every bridge.

Major-General Lambert, with a very considerable force, pursues him at the heels. I desire you that you would get together what force you can, to put a stop to any farther designs they may have; and so be ready to join with Major-General Lambert, if there shall be need. I am marching Northward with the greatest part of the Army; where I shall be glad to hear from you. I rest, your very affectionate friend and servant, OLIVER CROMWELL.

* Copy in the possession of W. Beaumont, Esq. Warrington.

I could wish you would draw-out whatever force you have; either to be in his rear or to impede his march. For I am persuaded, if he, or the greatest part of those that are with him be taken, it would make an end of the Business of Scotland.*

This Letter, carelessly printed in the old Newspaper, is without address; but we learn that it 'came to my hands this present afternoon,' 'at York,' 26th August 1648;—whither also truer rumours, truer news, as to Hamilton and his affairs, are on the road.

On Friday 25th, at Uttoxeter in Staffordshire, the poor Duke of Hamilton, begirt with enemies, distracted with mutinies and internal discords, surrenders and ceases; 'very ill, and unable to march.' 'My Lord Duke and Calendar,' says Dalgetty, 'fell out and were at very high words at supper, where 'I was,' the night before; 'each blaming the other for the mis-'fortune and miscarriage of our affairs:' a sad employment! Dalgetty himself went prisoner to Hull; lay long with Colonel Robert Overton, an acquaintance of ours there. 'As we rode 'from Uttoxeter, we made a stand at the Duke's window; and 'he looking out with some kind words, we took our eternal fare-'well of him,'—never saw him more. He died on the scaffold for this business; being Earl of Cambridge, and an *English* Peer as well as Scotch:—the unhappiest of men; one of those 'singularly able men' who, with all their 'ability,' have never succeeded in any enterprise whatever!—

Colchester Siege, one of the most desperate defences, being now plainly without object, terminates on Monday next.[20] Surrender, 'on quarter' for the inferior parties, 'at discretion' for the superior. Two of the latter, Sir Charles Lucas and Sir George Lisle, gallant Officers both, are sentenced and shot on the place. 'By Ireton's instigation,' say some: yes, or without any special instigation; merely by the nature of the case! They who, contrary to Law and Treaty, have again involved

* Newspaper, *Packets of Letters from Scotland and the North*, no. 24 (London, printed by Robert Ibbitson in Smithfield, 29th August 1648).—See, in Appendix, No. 12, Letter of same date to Derby-House Committee, requesting supplies (*Note of 1857*).

[20] 28th August, Rushworth, vii. 1242.

this Nation in blood, do they deserve nothing?—Two more, Goring and Lord Capel, stood trial at Westminster; of whom Lord Capel lost his head. He was 'the first man that rose to complain of Grievances' in November 1640; being then Mr. Capel, and Member for Hertfordshire.

The Prince with his Fleet in the Downs, too, so soon as these Lancashire tidings reached him, made off for Holland; 'entered the Hague in thirty coaches,' and gave-up his military pursuits. The Second Civil War, its back once broken here at Preston, rapidly dies everywhere; is already as good as dead.

In Scotland itself there is no farther resistance. The oppressed Kirk Party rise rather, and almost thank the conquerers. 'Sir George Monro,' says Turner, 'following constantly a whole 'day's march to the rear of us,' finding himself, by this unhappy Battle, cut asunder from my Lord Duke, and brought into contact with Cromwell instead,—'marched straight back to Scot-'land and joined with Earl Lanark's forces,' my Lord Duke's brother. '*Straight* back,' as we shall find, is not the word for this march.

'But so soon as the news of our Defeat came to Scotland,' continues Turner, 'Argyle and the Kirk Party rose in arms; every mother's son; and this was called the "*Whiggamore* Raid:"' 1648,—first appearance of the Whig Party on the page of History, I think! 'David Lesley was at their head, 'and old Leven,' the Fieldmarshal of 1639, 'in the Castle of 'Edinburgh; who *cannonaded* the Royal' Hamilton 'troops when-'ever they came in view of him!'[21]

Cromwell proceeds northward, goes at last to Edinburgh itself, to compose this strange state of matters.

LETTERS LXVII.—LXXIX.

MONRO with the rearward of Hamilton's beaten Army did not march '*straight* back' to Scotland, as Turner told us, but very obliquely back; lingering for several weeks on the South side of the Border; collecting remnants of English, Scotch,

[21] Turner, ubi supra; Guthry's *Memoirs* (Glasgow, 1748), p. 285

and even Irish Malignants, not without hopes of raising a new Army from them,—cruelly spoiling those Northern Counties in the interim. Cromwell, waiting first till Lambert with the forces sent in pursuit of Hamilton can rejoin the main Army, moves Northward, to deal with these broken parties, and with broken Scotland generally. The following Thirteen Letters bring him as far as Edinburgh: whither let us now attend him with such lights as they yield.

LETTER LXVII.

OLIVER ST. JOHN, a private friend, and always officially an important man, always on the Committee of Both Kingdoms, Derby-House Committee, or whatever the governing Authority might be,—finds here a private Note for himself; one part of which is very strange to us. Does the reader look with any intelligence into that poor old prophetic, symbolic Deathbed-scene at Preston? Any intelligence of Prophecy and Symbol in general; of the symbolic Man-child *Mahershalal-hashbaz* at Jerusalem, or the handful of Cut Grass at Preston;—of the opening Portals of Eternity, and what last departing gleams there are in the Soul of the pure and just?—Mahershalal-hashbaz ('Hasten-to-the-spoil,' so-called), and the bundle of Cut Grass are grown somewhat strange to us! Read; and having sneered duly,—consider:

For my worthy Friend Oliver St. John, Esquire, Solicitor-General: These, at Lincoln's Inn.

DEAR SIR, Knaresborough, 1st Sept. '1648.'

I can say nothing; but surely the Lord our God is a great and glorious God. He only is worthy to be feared and trusted, and His appearances particularly to be waited for. He will not fail His People. Let every thing that hath breath praise the Lord!—

Remember my love to my dear brother H. Vane: I pray he make not too little, nor I too much, of outward dispensations:—God preserve us all, that we, in simplicity of our spirits, may patiently attend upon them. Let us all be not

careful what men will make of these actings. They, will they, nill they, shall fulfil the good pleasure of God; and we—shall serve our generations. Our rest we expect elsewhere: that will be durable. Care we not for tomorrow, nor for anything. This Scripture has been of great stay to me: read *Isaiah* Eighth, 10, 11, 14;—read all the Chapter.[1]

I am informed from good hands, that a poor godly man died in Preston, the day before the Fight; and being sick, near the hour of his death, he desired the woman that cooked to him, To fetch him a handful of Grass. She did so; and when he received it, he asked Whether it would wither or not, now it was cut? The woman said, "Yea." He replied, "So should this Army of the Scots do, and come to nothing, so soon as ours did but appear," or words to this effect; and so immediately died.— —

My service to Mr. W. P., Sir J. E., and the rest of our good friends. I hope I do often remember you. Yours,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

My service to Frank Russel and Sir Gilbert Pickering.*

'Sir J. E.,' when he received this salutation, was palpable enough; but has now melted away to the Outline of a Shadow! I guess him to be Sir John Evelyn of Wilts; and, with greater confidence, 'Mr. W. P.' to be William Pierpoint, Earl of Kingston's Son, a man of superior faculty, of various destiny and business, 'called in the Family traditions, *Wise William*,' Ancestor of the Dukes of Kingston (Great-grandfather of that *Lady Mary*, whom as *Wortley Montagu* all readers still know); and much a friend of Oliver, as we shall transiently see.

[1] Yes, the indignant symbolic 'Chapter,' about Mahershalal-hashbaz, and the vain desires of the wicked, is all worth reading; here are the Three Verses referred to, more especially: 'Take counsel together,' ye unjust, 'and it shall come to 'naught: speak the word, and it shall not stand. For God is with us.—Sanctify 'the Lord of Hosts; and let Him be your fear, and let Him be your dread. And He 'shall be for a sanctuary:—but for a stone of stumbling and for a rock of offence to 'both the Houses of Israel; for a gin and for a snare to the inhabitants of Jerusalem! 'And many among them shall stumble and fall, and be broken, and be snared, and 'be taken.' This last verse, we find, is often in the thoughts of Oliver.

* Ayscough MSS. 4107, f. 94; a Copy by Birch.

LETTER LXVIII.

ANOTHER private Letter: to my Lord Wharton; to congratulate him on some 'particular mercy,' seemingly the birth of an heir, and to pour out his sense of these great general mercies. This Philip Lord Wharton is also of the Committee of Derby House, the Executive in those months; it is probable[2] Cromwell had been sending despatches to them, and had hastily enclosed these private Letters in the Packet.

Philip Lord Wharton seems to have been a zealous Puritan, much concerned with Preachers, Chaplains &c. in his domestic establishment; and full of Parliamentary and Politico-religious business in public. He had a regiment of his own raising at Edgehill Fight; but it was one of those that ran away; whereupon the unhappy Colonel took refuge 'in a sawpit,'—says Royalism confidently, crowing over it without end.[3] A quarrel between him and Sir Henry Mildmay, Member for Malden, about Sir Henry's saying, "He Wharton had made his peace at Oxford" in November 1643, is noted in the Commons Journals, iii. 300. It was to him, about the time of this Cromwell Letter, that one Osborne, a distracted King's flunky, had written, accusing Major Rolf, a soldier under Hammond, of attempting to poison Charles in the Isle of Wight.[4]—This Philip's patrimonial estate, *Wharton*, still a Manor-house of somebody, lies among the Hills on the southwest side of Westmoreland; near the sources of the Eden, the Swale rising on the other watershed not far off. He seems, however, to have dwelt at Upper Winchington, Bucks, 'a seat near Great Wycombe.' He lived to be a Privy Councillor to William of Orange.[5] He died in 1696. Take this other anecdote, once a very famous one:

'James Stewart of Blantyre, in Scotland, son of a Treasurer 'Stewart, and himself a great favourite of King James, was a 'gallant youth; came up to London with great hopes: but a 'discord falling out between him and the young Lord Wharton, 'they went out to single combat each against the other; and 'at the first thrust each of them killed the other, and they fell

[2] *Commons Journals*, vi. 6, 5th September.
[3] Wood's *Athenæ*, iii. 177, and in all manner of Pamphlets elsewhere.
[4] Wood, iii. 501; Pamphlets; *Commons Journals*, &c.
[5] Wood, iv. 407, 542; *Fasti*, i. 335; Nicolas's *Synopsis of the Peerage*.

'dead in one another's arms on the place.'[6] The 'place' was Islington fields; the date 8th November 1609. The tragedy gave rise to much ballad-singing and other rumour.[7] Our Philip is that slain Wharton's Nephew.

This Letter has been preserved by Thurloe; four blank spaces ornamented with due asterisks occur in it,—Editor Birch does not inform us whether from tearing-off the Seal, or why. In these blank spaces the conjectural sense, which I distinguish here as usual by commas, is occasionally somewhat questionable.

For the Right Honourable the Lord Wharton: These.

MY LORD, 'Knaresborough,' 2d Sept. 1648.

You know how untoward I am at this business of writing; yet a word. I beseech the Lord make us sensible of this great mercy here, which surely was much more than 'the sense of it' the House expresseth.[8] I trust 'to have, through' the goodness of our God, time and opportunity to speak of it to you face to face. When we think of our God, what are we! Oh, His mercy to the whole society of saints,—despised, jeered saints! Let them mock on. Would we were all saints! The best of us are, God knows, poor weak saints;—yet saints; if not sheep, yet lambs; and must be fed. We have daily bread,[9] and shall have it, in despite of all enemies. There's enough in our Father's house, and He dispenseth it.[10] I think, through these outward mercies, as we call them, Faith, Patience, Love, Hope are exercised and perfected,—yea Christ formed, and grows to a perfect man within us. I know not well how to distin-

6 Scotstarvet's *Staggering State* (Edinb. 1754, a very curious little Book), p. 32.

7 *Bibliotheca Topographica*, no. xlix.

8 The House calls it 'a wonderful great mercy and success,' this Preston victory (*Commons Journals*, v. 680);—and then passes on to other matters, not quite adequately conscious that its life had been saved hereby! What fire was blazing, and how high, in Wales, and then in Lancashire, is known only in perfection to those that trampled it out.

9 Spiritual food, encouragement of merciful Providence, from day to day.

10 There follows here in the Birch edition: 'As our eyes' [seven stars] 'behinde, then wee can' [seven stars] 'we for him:' words totally unintelligible; and not worth guessing at, the original not being here, but only Birch's questionable reading of it.

guish: the difference is only in the subject, 'not in the object;' to a worldly man they are outward, to a saint Christian;—but I dispute not.

My Lord, I rejoice in your particular mercy. I hope that it is so to you. If so, it shall not hurt you; not make you plot or shift for the young Baron to make him great. You will say, "He is God's to dispose of, and guide for;" and there you will leave him.

My love to the dear little Lady, better 'to me' than the child. The Lord bless you both. My love and service to all Friends high and low; if you will, to my Lord and Lady Mulgrave and Will Hill. I am truly, your faithful friend and humblest servant, OLIVER CROMWELL.*

During these very days, perhaps it was exactly two days after, 'on Monday last,' if that mean 4th September,[11]—Monro, lying about Appleby, has a party of horse 'sent into the Bishopric;' firing 'divers houses' thereabouts, and not forgetting to plunder 'the Lord Wharton's tenants' by the road: Cromwell penetrating towards Berwick, yet still at a good distance, scatters this and other predatory parties rapidly enough to Appleby,—as it were by the very wind of him; like a coming mastiff smelt in the gale by vermin. They are swifter than he, and get to Scotland, by their dexterity and quick scent, unscathed. 'Across to Kelso,' about September 8th.[12]

Mulgrave in those years is a young Edmund Sheffield, of whom, except that he came afterwards to sit in the Council of State, and died a few days before the Protector, History knows not much.—'Will Hill' is perhaps William Hill, a Puritan Merchant in London, ruined out of 'a large estate' by lending for the public service; who, this Summer, and still in this very month, is dunning the Lords and Commons, the Lords with rather more effect, to try if they cannot give him some kind of payment, or shadow of an attempt at payment,—he having long lain in jail for want of his money. A zealous religious, and now destitute and insolvent man; known to Oliver;—and suggests himself along with the Mulgraves by the contrast of

* Thurloe, i. 99.

[11] *Cromwelliana*, p. 45.

[12] Rushworth, vii. 1250, 3, 9, 60.

'Friends high and low.' Poor Hill did, after infinite struggling, get some kind of snack at the Bishops' Lands by and by.[13]

The 'young Baron' now born is father, I suppose,—he or his brother is father,[14]—of the far-famed high-gifted half-delirious Duke of Wharton.

On the 8th of September, Cromwell is at Durham,[15] scaring the Monro fraternity before him; and publishes the following

DECLARATION.

WHEREAS the Scottish Army, under the command of James Duke of Hamilton, which lately invaded this Nation of England, is, by the blessing of God upon the Parliament's Forces, defeated and overthrown; and some thousands of their soldiers and officers are now prisoners in our hands; so that by reason of their great number, and want of sufficient guards and watches to keep them so carefully as need requires (the Army being employed upon other duty and service of the Kingdom), divers may escape away; and many, both since and upon the pursuit, do lie in private places in the country:

I thought it very just and necessary to give notice to all, and accordingly do declare, That if any Scottishmen, officers or soldiers, lately members of the said Scottish Army, and taken or escaped in or since the late Fight and pursuit, shall be found straggling in the countries, or running away from the places assigned them to remain in till the pleasure of the Parliament, or of his Excellency the Lord General be known,—It will be accounted a very good and acceptable service to the Country and Kingdom of England, for any person or persons to take and apprehend all such Scottishmen; and to carry them to any Officer having the charge of

[13] *Commons Journals*, vi. 29, 243.

[14] He, Thomas, the one now born; subsequently Marquis, and a man otherwise of distinction; who 'died 12th April 1715, in the 67th year of his age:' Boyer's *Political State of Great Britain* (April 1715, London), p. 305. (*Note to Third Edition:* communicated by Mr. T. Watts of the British Museum.)

[15] *Commons Journals*, vii. 1260.

such prisoners; or, in defect of such Officer, to the Committee or Governor of the next Garrison for the Parliament within the County where they shall be so taken; there to be secured and kept in prison, as shall be found most convenient.

And the said Committee, Officer, or Governor respectively, are desired to secure such of the said prisoners as shall be so apprehended and brought unto them, accordingly. And if any of the said Scottish officers or soldiers shall make any resistance, and refuse to be taken or render themselves, all such persons well-affected to the service of the Parliament and Kingdom of England, may and are desired to fall upon, fight with, and slay such refusers: but if the said prisoners shall continue and remain within the places and guards assigned for the keeping of them, That then no violence, wrong, nor injury be offered to them by any means.

Provided also, and special care is to be taken, That no Scottishman residing within this Kingdom, and not having been a member of the said Army, and also, That none such of the said Scottish prisoners as shall have liberty given them, and sufficient passes to go to any place appointed, may be interrupted or troubled hereby.

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

'Durham,' 8th September 1648.

LETTER LXIX.

FAIRFAX is still at Colchester, arranging the 'ransoms,' and confused wrecks of the Siege there; Cromwell has now reached Berwick,[16] at least his outposts have,—all the Monroes now fairly across the Tweed. 'Lieutenant-Colonel Cowell,' I conclude, was mortally wounded at Preston Battle; and here has the poor Widow been, soliciting and lamenting.

* Newspapers (in *Cromwelliana*, p. 46).

[16] Rushworth, vii. 125.

For his Excellency the Lord Fairfax, General of all the Parliament's Armies: These.

MY LORD, 'Alnwick,' 11th Sept. 1648.

Since we lost Lieutenant-Colonel Cowell, his Wife came to me near Northallerton, much lamenting her loss, and the sad condition she and her children were left in.

He was an honest worthy man. He spent himself in your and the Kingdom's service. He being a great Trader in London, deserted it to serve the Kingdom. He lost much moneys to the State; and I believe few outdid him. He had a great arrear due to him. He left a Wife and three small children but meanly provided for. Upon his deathbed, he commended this desire to me, That I should befriend his to the Parliament or to your Excellency. His Wife will attend you for Letters to the Parliament; which I beseech you to take into a tender consideration.

I beseech you to pardon this boldness to, your Excellency's most humble servant, OLIVER CROMWELL.*

On the 19th June 1649, 'Widow Cowell' is ordered to be paid her Husband's Arrears by the Committee at Haberdashers' Hall.[17] One hopes she received payment, poor woman! 'Upon his deathbed her Husband commended this desire to *me*.'

In the very hours while this Letter is a-writing, 'Monday 11th September 1648,' Monro, now joined with the Earl of Lanark, presents himself at Edinburgh: but the Whiggamore Raid, all the force of the West Country, 6,000 strong, is already there; 'draws out on the crags be-east the Town,' old Leven in the Castle ready to fire withal; and will not let him enter. Lanark and Monro, after sad survey of the inaccessible armed crags, bend westward, keeping well out of the range of Leven's guns,—to Stirling; meet Argyle and the Whiggamores, make some Treaty or Armistice, and admit *them* to be the real 'Com-

* Lansdowne MSS. 1236, fol. 85.

[17] *Commons Journals*, vi. 237.

mittee of Estates,' the Hamilton Faction having ended.[18] Here are Three Letters, Two of one date, directly on the back of these occurrences.

LETTER LXX.

For the Governor of Berwick: These.

SIR, Alnwick, 15th Sept. 1648.

Being come thus near, I thought fit to demand the Town of Berwick to be delivered into my hands, to the use of the Parliament and Kingdom of England, to whom of right it belongeth.

I need not use any arguments to convince you of the justice hereof. The witness that God hath borne against your Army, in their Invasion of those who desired to sit in peace by you, doth at once manifest His dislike of the injury done to a Nation that meant you no harm, but hath been all along desirous to keep amity and brotherly affection and agreement with you.

If you deny me in this, we must make a second appeal to God, putting ourselves upon Him, in endeavouring to obtain our rights, and let Him be judge between us. And if our aim be anything beyond what we profess, He will requite it. If farther trouble ensue upon your denial, we trust He will make our innocency to appear.

I expect your answer to this summons, this day, and rest, your servant, OLIVER CROMWELL.*

Ludovic Lesley, the Scotch Governor of Berwick, returns 'a dilatory answer,' not necessary for us to read. Here is a more important message:

[18] Guthry, pp. 288-97.
* Lords Journals (in *Parliamentary History*, xvii. 485).

LETTER LXXI.

For the Right Honourable the Lord Marquis of Argyle, and the rest of the well-affected Lords, Gentlemen, Ministers and People now in arms in the Kingdom of Scotland: Present.

MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN, 'Near Berwick,' 16th September 1648.

Being (in prosecution of the common Enemy) advanced, with the Army under my command, to the borders of Scotland, I thought fit, to prevent any misapprehension or prejudice that might be raised thereupon, to send your Lordships these Gentlemen, Colonel Bright, Scoutmaster-General Rowe, and Mr. Stapylton, to acquaint you with the reasons thereof: concerning which I desire your Lordships to give them credence. I remain, my Lords, your very humble servant, OLIVER CROMWELL.*

Colonel Bright and Scoutmaster Rowe are persons that often occur, though somewhat undistinguishably, in the Old Pamphlets. Bright, in the end of this month, was sent over, 'from Berwick' apparently, to take possession of Carlisle, now ready to surrender to us.[19] 'Scoutmaster' is the Chief of the Corps of 'Guides,' as soldiers now call them. As to Stapylton or Stapleton, we have to remark that, besides Sir Philip Stapleton, the noted Member for Boroughbridge, and one of the Eleven, who is now banished and dead, there is a Bryan Stapleton now Member for Aldborough; he in January last[20] was Commissioner to Scotland: but this present Stapleton is still another. Apparently, one Robert Stapylton; a favourite Chaplain of Cromwell's; an Army-Preacher, a man of weight and eminence in that character. From his following in the rear of the Colonel and the Scoutmaster, instead of taking precedence in the Lieutenant-General's Letter, as an M.P. would have

* Thurloe, i. 100.

[19] *Cromwelliana*, p. 48.

[20] *Commons Journals*, v. 442; Whitlocke, p. 290.

done, we may infer that this Reverend Robert Stapylton is the Cromwell Messenger,—sent to speak a work to the Clergy in particular.

Scoutmaster Rowe, William Rowe, appears with an enlarged sphere of influence, presiding over the Cromwell spy-world in a very diligent, expert and almost respectable manner, some years afterwards, in the *Milton State-Papers*. His counsel might be useful with Argyle; his experienced eye, at any rate, might take a glance of the Scottish Country, with advantage to an invading General.

Of the Reverend Mr. Stapylton's proceedings on this occasion we have no notice: but he will occur afterwards in these Letters; and two years hence, on Cromwell's second visit to those Northern parts, we find this recorded: 'Last Lord's 'Day,' 29th September 1650, 'Mr. Stapylton preached in the 'High Church' of Edinburgh, while we were mining the Castle! —'forenoon and afternoon, before his Excellency with his Offi- 'cers; where was a great concourse of people; many Scots 'expressing much affection at the doctrine, in their usual way 'of groans.'[21] In their usual way of groans, while Mr. Stapylton held forth: consider that!—Mr. Robert, 'at 10 o'clock at 'night on the 3d September' next year, writes, 'from the other 'side of Severn,' a copious despatch concerning the Battle of Worcester,[22] and then disappears from History.

The following Letter, of the same date, was brought by the same Messengers for the Committee of Estates.

LETTER LXXII.

For the Right Honourable the Committee of Estates for the Kingdom of Scotland: These.

RIGHT HONOURABLE, 'Near Berwick,' 16th Sept. 1648.

Being upon my approach to the borders of the Kingdom of Scotland, I thought fit to acquaint you of the reason thereof.

[21] *Cromwelliana*, p. 92. [22] Ibid. p. 113.

It is well known how injuriously the Kingdom of England was lately invaded by the Army under Duke Hamilton; contrary to the Covenant and 'to' our leagues of amity, and against all the engagements of love and brotherhood between the two Nations. And notwithstanding the pretence of your late Declaration,[23] published to take with the people of this Kingdom, the Commons of England in Parliament Assembled declared the said Army so entering, Enemies to the Kingdom; and those of England who should adhere to them, Traitors. And having[24] received command to march with a considerable part of their Army, to oppose so great a violation of faith and justice,—what a witness God, being appealed to,[25] hath borne, upon the engagement of the two Armies, against the unrighteousness of man, not only yourselves, but this Kingdom, yea and a great part of the known world will, I trust, acknowledge. How dangerous a thing is it to wage an unjust war; much more, to appeal to God the Righteous Judge therein! We trust He will persuade you better by this manifest token of His displeasure; lest His hand be stretched out yet more against you, and your poor People also, if they will be deceived.

That which I am to demand of you is, The restitution of the Garrisons of Berwick and Carlisle into my hands, for the use of the Parliament and Kingdom of England. If you deny me herein, I must make our appeal to God; and call upon Him for assistance, in what way He shall direct us;—wherein we are, and shall be, so far from seeking the harm of the well-affected people of the Kingdom of Scotland, that we profess as before the Lord, That (what difference an Army, necessitated in a hostile way to recover the

[23] To be found in Rushworth; read it not!

[24] The grammar requires 'I having,' but the physiognomy of the sentence requires nothing.

[25] on Preston Moor.

ancient rights and inheritance of the Kingdom under which they serve, can make[26]) we shall use our endeavours to the utmost that the trouble may fall upon the contrivers and authors of this breach, and not upon the poor innocent people, who have been led and compelled into this action, as many poor souls now prisoners to us confess.

We thought ourselves bound in duty thus to expostulate with you, and thus to profess; to the end we may bear our integrity out before the world, and may have comfort in God, whatever the event be.

Desiring your answer, I rest, your Lordships' humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

The troubles of Scotland are coming thick. The 'Engagers,' those that 'engaged' with Hamilton, are to be condemned; then, before long, come 'Resolutioners' and 'Protesters;' and in the wreck of the Hamilton-Argyle discussions, and general cunctations,—all men desiring to say Yes *and* No instead of Yes *or* No,—Royalism and Presbyterianism alike are disastrously sinking.

The Lordships here addressed as 'Committee of Estates' can make no answer, for they do not now exist as *Committee of Estates;*—Argyle and Company are now assuming that character: the shifting of the dresses, which occasions some complexity in those old Letters, is just going on. From Argyle and Company, however, who see in Cromwell their one sure stay, there are already on the road conciliatory congratulatory messages, by Lairds and Majors, 'from Falkirk,' where the Whiggamore Raid and Lanark are making their Armistice or Treaty. Whereupon follows, with suitably vague Superscription, for Argyle and Company:

[26] Means: 'so far as an Army, necessitated to vindicate its country by War, can make a discrimination.' The 'ancient rights and inheritance' are the right to choose our own King or No-King, and so forth.

* Thurloe, i. 100.

LETTER LXXIII.

To the Right Honourable the Earl of Loudon, Chancellor of the Kingdom of Scotland:

To be communicated to the Noblemen, Gentlemen, and Burgesses now in arms,[27] *who dissented in Parliament from the late Engagement against the Kingdom of England.*

RIGHT HONOURABLE, Cheswick,[28] 18th Sept. 1648.

We received yours from Falkirk of the 15th September instant. We have had also a sight of your Instructions given to the Laird of Greenhead and Major Strahan; as also other two Papers concerning the Treaty between your Lordships and the Enemy; wherein your care of the interest of the Kingdom of England, for the delivery of the Towns[29] unjustly taken from them, and 'your' desire to preserve the unity of both Nations, appears. By which also we understand the posture you are in to oppose the Enemies of the welfare and the peace of both Kingdoms; for which we bless God for His goodness to you; and rejoice to see the power of the Kingdom of Scotland in a hopeful way to be invested in the hands of those who, we trust, are taught of God to seek His honour, and the comfort of His people.

And give us leave to say, as before the Lord, who knows the secrets of all hearts, That, as we think one especial end of Providence in permitting the enemies of God and Goodness in both Kingdoms to rise to that height, and exercise

[27] 'The Whiggamore Raid,' as Turner calls it, now making a Treaty with Lanark, Monro, and the other Assignees of the bankrupt Hamilton concern. Expressly addressed, in the next Letter, as 'Committee of Estates,' *they* now.

[28] Cheswick, still a Manorhouse 'of the Family of Strangeways,' lies three or four miles south of Berwick, on the great road to Newcastle and London.

[29] Berwick and Carlisle, which by agreement in 1646-7 were not to be garrisoned except by consent of *both* Kingdoms.

such tyranny over His people, was to show the necessity of Unity amongst those of both Nations, so we hope and pray that the late glorious dispensation, in giving so happy success against your and our Enemies in our victories, may be the foundation of Union of the People of God in love and amity. Unto that end we shall, God assisting, to the utmost of our power endeavour to perform what may be behind on our part: and when we shall, through any wilfulness, fail therein, let this profession rise up in judgment against us, as having been made in hypocrisy,—a severe avenger of which God hath lately appeared, in His most righteous witnessing against the Army under Duke Hamilton, invading us under specious pretences of piety and justice. We may humbly say, we rejoice with more trembling[30] than to dare to do such a wicked thing.

Upon our advance to Alnwick, we thought fit to send a good body of our horse to the borders of Scotland, and thereby a summons to the Garrison of Berwick;[31] to which having received a dilatory answer, I desired a safe-convoy for Colonel Bright and the Scoutmaster-General of this Army to go to the Committee of Estates in Scotland; who, I hope, will have the opportunity to be with your Lordships before this come to your hands,—and, according as they are instructed, will let your Lordships in some measure, as well as we could in so much ignorance of your condition, know our affections to you. And understanding things more fully by yours, we now thought fit to make you this 'present' return.

The command we received, upon the defeat of Duke Hamilton, was, To prosecute this business until the Enemy were put out of a condition or hope of growing into a new Army, and the Garrisons of Berwick and Carlisle were re-

[30] 'Join trembling with your mirth' (Second Psalm). [31] Letter LXX.

duced. Four regiments of our horse and some dragoons, who had followed the Enemy into the south parts,[32] being now come up; and this country not able to bear us, the cattle and old corn thereof having been wasted by Monro and the forces with him; the Governor of Berwick also daily victualling his Garrison from Scotland side; and the Enemy yet in so considerable a posture as by these Gentlemen and your Papers we understand,—still prosecuting their former design, having gotten the advantage of Stirling Bridge, and so much of Scotland at their backs to enable them thereunto; and your Lordships' condition not being such, at present, as may compel them to submit to the honest and necessary things you have proposed to them for the good of both the Kingdoms: we have thought fit, out of the sense of duty to the commands laid upon us by those who have sent us, and to the end we might be in a posture more ready to give you assistance, and not be wanting to what we have made so large professions of, — to advance into Scotland with the Army.[33] And we trust, by the blessing of God, the common Enemy will thereby the sooner be brought to a submission to you: and we thereby shall do what becomes us in order to the obtaining of our Garrisons; engaging ourselves that, so soon as we shall know from you that the Enemy will yield to the things you have proposed to them, and we have our Garrisons delivered to us, we shall forthwith depart out of your Kingdom; and in the meantime be 'even' more tender towards the Kingdom of Scotland, in the point of charge, than if we were in our own Kingdom.

If we shall receive from you any desire of a more speedy advance, we shall readily yield compliance therewith;—desiring also to hear from you how affairs stand. This being

[32] Uttoxeter and thereabouts.

[33] Neither does the sentence end even here! It is dreadfully bad composition; yet contains a vigorous clear sense in it.

the result of a Council of War, I present it to you as the expression of their affections and of my own; who am, my Lords, your most humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

Cheswick, where Oliver now has his head-quarter, lies, as we said, some three or four miles south of Berwick, on the English side of Tweed. Part of his forces crossed the River, I find, next day; a stray regiment had without order gone across the day before.—The 'Laird of Greenhead,' Sir Andrew Ker, is known in the old Scotch Books; still better, Major Strahan, who makes a figure on his own footing by and by. The Anti-Hamilton or Whiggamore Party are all inclined to Cromwell; inclined, and yet averse: wishing to say "Yes *and* No:" if that were possible!—

The answer to this Letter immediately follows in *Thurloe;* but it is not worth giving. The intricate longwindedness of mere Loudons, Argyles and the like, on such subjects, at this time of day is not tolerable to either gods or men. "We, Loudon, Argyle and Company, are very sensible how righteously 'God who judgeth the Earth' has dealt with Hamilton and his followers; an intolerable, unconscionable race of men, tending towards mere ruin of religion, and 'grievously oppressive' to us. We hope all things from you, respectable Lieutenant-General. We have sent influential persons to order the giving-up of Berwick and Carlisle instantly; and hope these Garrisons will obey them. We rest, — Humbly devoted, — Argyle, Loudon and Company."

Influential Persons: 'Friday last, the 22d September, the 'Marquis of Argyle, the Lord Elcho, Sir John Scot and others 'came as Commissioners from the Honest Party in Scotland 'to the Laird of Mordington's House at Mordington, to the 'Lieutenant-General's quarters, two miles within Scotland. 'That night the Marquis of Argyle sent a trumpet to Berwick,'[34] —Berwick made delays, needed to send to the Earl of Lanark first. Lanark, it is to be hoped, will consent. Meanwhile the Lieutenant-General opens his parallels, diligently prepares to besiege, if necessary. Among these influential Persons, a quick

* Thurloe, i. 101.

[34] Rushworth, vii. 1282.

reader notices 'Sir John Scot,'—and rejoices to recognise him, in that dim transient way, for the 'Director of the Chancery,' and Laird of *Scotstarvet* in Fife, himself in rather a *staggering state*[35] at present, worthy old gentleman!

PROCLAMATION.

WHEREAS we are marching with the Parliament's Army into the Kingdom of Scotland, in pursuance of the remaining part of the Enemy who lately invaded the Kingdom of England, and for the recovery of the Garrisons of Berwick and Carlisle:

These are to declare, That if any Officer or Soldier under my command shall take or demand any money; or shall violently take any horses, goods or victual, without order; or shall abuse the people in any sort,—he shall be tried by a Council of War: and the said person so offending shall be punished, according to the Articles of War made for the government of the Army in the Kingdom of England, which punishment is death.

Each Colonel, or other chief Officer in every regiment, is to transcribe a copy of this; and to cause the same to be delivered to each Captain in his regiment: and every said Captain of each respective troop and company is to publish the same to his troop or company; and to take a strict course that nothing be done contrary hereunto.

Given under my hand, this 20th September 1648.

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

[35] *Scot of Scotstarvet's Staggering State of Scots Statesmen* is the strange Title of his strange little Book: not a Satire at all, but a Homily on Life's Nothingness, enforced by examples; gives in brief compass, not without a rude Laconic geniality, the cream of Scotch Biographic History in that age, and unconsciously a curious self-portrait of the Writer withal.

* Newspapers in *Cromwelliana*, p. 40.

LETTER LXXIV.

For the Right Honourable the Committee of Estates of the Kingdom of Scotland, at Edinburgh: These.

RIGHT HONOURABLE, Norham, 21st Sept. 1648.

We perceive that there was, upon our advance to the Borders, the last Lord's Day,[36] a very disorderly carriage by some horse; who, without order, did steal over the Tweed, and plundered some places in the Kingdom of Scotland: and since that, some stragglers have been alike faulty; to the wrong of the inhabitants, and to our very great grief of heart.

I have been as diligent as I can to find out the men that have done the wrong, and I am still in the discovery thereof; and I trust there shall be nothing wanting on my part that may testify how much we abhor such things: and to the best of my information I cannot find the least guilt of the fact[37] to lie upon the regiments of this Army, but upon some of the Northern horse, who have not been under our discipline and government, until just that we came into these parts.

I have commanded those forces away back again into England; and I hope the exemplarity of justice will testify for us our great detestation of the fact.[38] For the remaining regiments, which are of our old forces, we may engage for them their officers will keep them from doing any such things: and we are confident that, saving victual, they shall not take anything from the inhabitants; and in that also they shall be so far from being their own carvers, as that they shall submit to have provisions ordered and proportioned by the consent, and with the direction, of the Committees and

[36] 21st Sept. 1648 is Thursday; last Sunday is 17th.
[37] 'fait.' [38] 'fait.'

Gentlemen of the Country, and not otherwise, if they[39] please to be assisting to us therein.

I thought fit, for the preventing of misunderstanding, to give your Lordships this account; and rest, my Lords, your most humble servant, OLIVER CROMWELL.*

'Upon our entrance into Scotland, a regiment lately raised 'in the Bishopric of Durham, under Colonel Wren, behaved 'themselves rudely; which as soon as the Lieutenant-General 'of this Army' Cromwell 'had notice of, he caused it to ren- 'dezvous on Tweed banks; and the Scottish people having 'challenged several horses taken from them by that Regiment, 'the Lieutenant-General caused the said horses to be restored 'back, and the plunderers to be cashiered. A Lieutenant that 'countenanced such deeds was delivered into the Marshal's 'hands; and the Colonel himself, conniving at them, and not 'doing justice upon the offenders when complaints were brought 'in to him, was taken from the head of his Regiment, and 'suspended from executing his place, until he had answered at 'a Council of War for his negligence in the performance of 'his duty. This notable and impartial piece of justice did 'take very much with the people; and the Regiment is ordered 'back into Northumberland,'[40]—as we see.

The answer of 'Loudon *Cancellarius*' to this Letter from Norham is given in the old Newspapers.[41] The date is Edinburgh, 28th of September 1648. Loudon of course is very thankful for such tenderness and kind civilities; thankful especially that the Honourable Lieutenant-General has come so near, and by the dread of him forced the Malignants at Stirling Bridge to come to terms, and leave the Well-affected at peace. A very great blessing to us 'the near distance of your forces at this time,'—though once (*you ken varry weel*, and Whitlocke kens,) we considered you an incendiary, and I, O Honourable Lieutenant-General, would so fain have had you extinguished,—not knowing what I did!

[39] these Committees.

* Thurloe, i. 103 (From the Public Records of Scotland, in the Laigh Parliament-House at Edinburgh).

[40] Perfect Diurnal, October 2d to 9th (in *Cromwelliana*, p. 47).

[41] *Cromwelliana*, p. 47.

Norham lies on the South shore of the Tweed, some seven miles above Berwick:

'Day set on Norham's castled steep.'[42]

Cromwell went across to Mordington, and met the 'Influential Persons,' on the morrow. As the following Letter, taking a comprehensive survey of the matter, will abundantly manifest.

LETTER LXXV.

'To the Honourable William Lenthall, Speaker of the House of Commons: These.'

SIR, Berwick, 2d Oct. 1648.

I have formerly represented to the Committee at Derby House,[43] how far I have prosecuted your business in relation to the Commands I did receive from them. To wit: That I have sent a party of horse with a Summons to Berwick; and a Letter to the Committee of Estates, which I supposed did consist of the Earl of Lanark and his participants; and a Letter of kindness and affection to the Marquis of Argyle, and the Well-affected Party in arms at 'or about' Edinburgh, with credence to Colonel Bright and Mr. William Rowe, Scoutmaster of the Army, To let them know upon what grounds and with what intentions we came into their Kingdom: And how that, in the mean time, the Marquis of Argyle and the rest at Edinburgh had sent Sir Andrew Ker, Laird of Greenhead, and Major Strahan to me, with a Letter, and papers of Instructions, expressing their good affection to the Kingdom of England, and disclaiming the late Engagement;—together with my Answer to the said Letters and papers. Duplicates of all which I sent to the Committee at Derby House, and therefore forbear to trouble

[42] Scott's *Marmion*.

[43] Long Letter, dated 20th September, recapitulating what is already known to us here. Appendix, No. 13.

you with the things themselves.—I think now fit to give you an account, what farther progress has been made in your business.

The two 'Scotch' Armies being drawn up, the one under Lanark and Monro at Stirling, and the other under the Earl of Leven and Lieutenant-General Lesley betwixt that and Edinburgh; the heads of these two Armies being upon treaties concerning their own affairs; and I having given, as I hoped, sufficient satisfaction concerning the justice of your cause, and the clearness of my intentions in entering that Kingdom,—'I' did, upon Thursday 21st September, and two days before, the Tweed being fordable, march over Tweed at Norham into Scotland, with four regiments of horse and some dragoons, and six regiments of foot; and there quartered; my head-quarters being at the Lord Mordington's House.

Where hearing that the Marquis of Argyle, the Lord Elcho, and some others, were coming to me from the Committee of Estates assembled at Edinburgh,—I went, on Friday 22d September, some part of the way to wait upon his Lordship. Who, when he was come to his quarters, delivered me a Letter, of which the enclosed is a copy,[44] signed by the Lord Chancellor, by warrant of the Committee of Estates. And after some time spent in giving and receiving mutual satisfaction concerning each other's integrity and clearness,—wherein I must be bold to testify, for that noble Lord the Marquis, the Lord Elcho, and the other Gentlemen with him, that I have found nothing in them 'other' than what becomes Christians and men of honour,—the next day it was resolved, that the command of the Committee of Estates to the Governor of Berwick, for rendering the Town, should be sent to him, by the Lord Elcho and Colonel Scot. Which accordingly was done. But he, pretending that he

[44] Conceivable by us here.

had not received the command of that place from those hands that now demanded it of him, desired liberty to send to the Earl of Lanark; engaging himself *then* to give his positive answer, and intimating it should be satisfactory.

Whilst these things were in transacting, I ordered Major-General Lambert to march towards Edinburgh, with six regiments of horse and a regiment of dragoons. Who accordingly did so; and quartered in East Lothian, within six miles of Edinburgh; the foot lying in his rear at Copperspath and thereabouts.[45]

Upon Friday 29th September, came an Order from the Earl of Lanark, and divers Lords of his Party, requiring the Governor of Berwick to march out of the Town; which accordingly he did, on Saturday the last of September;—at which time I entered; and have placed a Garrison there for your use. The Governor would fain have capitulated for the English 'who were with him;' but we, having the advantage upon him, would not hear of it: so that they are submitted to your mercy, and are under the consideration of Sir Arthur Haselrig; who, I believe, will give you a good account of them; and who hath already turned out the Malignant Mayor, and put an honest man in his room.

I have also received an Order for Carlisle; and have sent Colonel Bright, with horse and foot to receive it; Sir Andrew Ker and Colonel Scot being gone with him to require observance of the Order; there having been a Treaty and an agreement betwixt the two parties in Scotland, To disband all forces, except fifteen-hundred horse and foot under the Earl of Leven, which are to be kept to *see* all remaining forces disbanded.

Having some other things to desire from the Committee of Estates at Edinburgh for your service, I am myself going

[45] What follows now is published as a fragment in the Newspapers.

thitherward this day; and so soon as I shall be able to give you a farther account thereof, I shall do it. In the mean time, I make it my desire that the Garrison of Berwick (into which I have placed a regiment of foot, which shall be attended also by a regiment of horse) may be provided for; and that Sir Arthur Haselrig may receive commands to supply it with guns and ammunition from Newcastle; and be otherwise enabled by you to furnish this Garrison with all other necessaries, according as a place of that importance will require. Desiring that these mercies may beget trust and thankfulness to God the only author of them, and an improvement of them to His glory and the good of this poor Kingdom, I rest, your most humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

LETTER LXXVI.

FOLLOWS here a small Note, enclosing a duplicate of the above Letter, for Fairfax; written chiefly to enforce the request as to Haselrig and Berwick,—'Hasleridge' and 'Barwick,' as Oliver here spells. Haselrig is Governor of Newcastle; a man of chief authority in those Northern regions.—Fairfax, who has been surveying, regulating, and extensively dining in Townhalls, through the Eastern Counties, is now at St. Albans,[46] — the Army's head-quarters for some time to come.

For his Excellency the Lord General Fairfax, at St. Albans: These.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR EXCELLENCY, Berwick, 2d Oct. 1648.

I received your late Commissions, with your directions how they shall be disposed; which I hope I shall pursue to your satisfaction.

* Tanner MSS. (in Cary's *Memorials*, ii. 18); Newspapers (*Cromwelliana*, p. 48).
[46] Since 16th September, Rushworth, vii. 1271.

I having sent an account to the House of Commons, am bold (being straitened in time) to present you with a Duplicate thereof, which I trust will give you satisfaction. I hope there is a very good understanding between the Honest Party of Scotland and us here; better than some would have. — Sir, I beg of your Excellency to write to Sir A. Haselrig to take care of Berwick; he having at Newcastle all things necessary for the Garrison 'here,' which is left destitute of all, and may be lost if this be not 'done.' I beg of your Lordship a Commission to be speeded to him. I have no more at present; but rest, my Lord, your most humble servant, OLIVER CROMWELL.*

In these weeks, once more, there is an intensely interesting Treaty going on in the Isle of Wight; Treaty of Forty days with the King; solemn Parliamentary Commissioners on one hand, Majesty with due Assistants on the other, very solemnly debating and negotiating day after day, for forty days and longer, in the Town of Newport there.[47] The last hope of Presbyterian Royalism in this world. Not yet the last hope of his Majesty; who still, after all the sanguinary ruin of this year, feels himself a tower of strength; inexpugnable in his divine right, which no sane man can question; settlement of the Nation impossible without him. Happily, at any rate, it is the last of the Treaties with Charles Stuart, — for History begins to be weary of them. Treaty which came to nothing, as all the others had done. Which indeed could come only to nothing; his Majesty not having the smallest design to abide by it; his Majesty eagerly consulting about 'escape' all the while, — escape to Ormond who is now in Ireland again, escape somewhither, anywhither; — and considering the Treaty mainly as a piece of Dramaturgy, which must be handsomely done in the interim, and leave a good impression on the Public.[48] Such is the Treaty of Forty Days; a mere torpor on the page of History; which

* Sloane MSS. 1519, f. 92.

[47] Warwick, pp. 321-9; Rushworth, vii. &c. &c. Began 18th September; was lengthened out by successive permissions to the 18th, 25th, and even 27th of November.

[48] His own Letters (in Wagstaff's *Vindication of the Royal Martyr*, in Carte's *Ormond*, &c.); see Godwin, ii. 608-23.

the reader shall conceive for himself *ad libitum*. The Army, from head-quarters at St. Albans, regards him and it with a sternly watchful eye; not participating in the hopes of Presbyterian Royalism at all;—and there begin to be Army Councils held again.

As for Cromwell, he is gone forward to Edinburgh; reaches Seaton, the Earl of Winton's House, which is the head-quarters of the horse, a few miles east of Edinburgh, on Tuesday evening. Next day, Wednesday 4th October 1648, come certain Dignitaries of the Argyle or Whiggamore Party, and escort him honourably into Edinburgh; 'to the Earl of Murrie's House in the Cannigate' (so, in good Edinburgh Scotch, do the old Pamphlets spell it); 'where a strong guard,' an English Guard, 'is 'appointed to keep constant watch at the Gate;' and all manner of Earls and persons of Whiggamore quality come to visit the Lieutenant-General; and even certain Clergy come, who have a leaning that way.[49]—The Earl of Moray's House, Moray House, still stands in the Canongate of Edinburgh, well known to the inhabitants there. A solid spacious mansion, which, when all bright and new two-hundred years ago, must have been a very adequate lodging. There are remains of noble gardens; one of the noble state-rooms, when I last saw it, was an extensive Paper Warehouse. There is no doubt but the Lieutenant-General did lodge here; Guthry seeming to contradict this old Pamphlet, turns out to confirm it.[50]

The Lieutenant-General has received certain Votes of Parliament,[51] sanctioning what he has done in reference to these Scotch Parties, and encouraging and authorising him to do more. Of which circumstance, in the following official Document, he fails not to avail himself, on the morrow after his arrival.

[49] True Account of the great Expressions of Love from the Noblemen &c. of Scotland unto Lieutenant-General Cromwell and his Officers; In a Letter to a Friend (London, 1648; King's Pamphlets, small 4to, no. 392, § 26, dated with the pen 23d October): Abridged in Rushworth, vii. 1295.

[50] Guthry's *Memoirs*, p. 297. For a description of the place, see *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*, 21st January 1837.

[51] *Commons Journals*, 28th September 1648.

LETTER LXXVII.

For the Right Honourable the Committee of Estates for the Kingdom of Scotland: These.

RIGHT HONOURABLE, Edinburgh, 5th Oct. 1648.

I shall ever be ready to bear witness of your Lordships' forwardness to do right to the Kingdom of England, in restoring the Garrisons of Berwick and Carlisle; and having received so good a pledge of your resolutions to maintain amity and a good understanding between the Kingdoms of England and Scotland, it makes me not to doubt but that your Lordships will farther grant what in justice and reason may be demanded.

I can assure your Lordships, That the Kingdom of England did foresee that wicked design of the Malignants in Scotland to break all engagements of faith and honesty between the Nations, and to take from the Kingdom of England the Towns of Berwick and Carlisle. And although they could have prevented the loss of those considerable Towns, without breach of the Treaty, by laying forces near unto them; yet such was the tenderness of the Parliament of England not to give the least suspicion of a breach with the Kingdom of Scotland, that they did forbear to do anything therein. And it is not unknown to your Lordships, when the Malignants had gotten the power of your Kingdom, how they protected and employed our English Malignants, though demanded by our Parliament; and possessed themselves of those Towns;—and with what violence and unheard-of cruelties they raised an Army, and began a War, and invaded the Kingdom of England; and endeavoured, to the uttermost of their power, to engage both Kingdoms in a perpetual Quarrel, and what blood they have spilt in our Kingdom, and what great loss and prejudice was brought

upon our Nation, even to the endangering the total ruin thereof.

And although God did, by a most mighty and strong hand, and that in a wonderful manner, destroy their designs; yet it is apparent that the same ill-affected spirit still remains; and that divers Persons of great quality and power, who were either the Contrivers, Actors, or Abettors of the late unjust War made upon the Kingdom of England, are now in Scotland; who undoubtedly do watch for all advantages and opportunities to raise dissensions and divisions between the Nations.

Now forasmuch as I am commanded, To prosecute the remaining part of the Army that invaded the Kingdom of England, wheresoever it should go, to prevent the like miseries: And considering that divers of that Army are retired into Scotland, and that some of the heads of those Malignants were raising new forces in Scotland to carry on the same design; and that they will certainly be ready to do the like upon all occasions of advantage: And forasmuch as the Kingdom of England hath lately received so great damage by the failing of the Kingdom of Scotland in not suppressing Malignants and Incendiaries as they ought to have done; and in suffering Persons to be put in places of great trust in the Kingdom, who by their interest in the Parliament and the Countries, brought the Kingdom of Scotland so far as they could, by an unjust Engagement, to invade and make War upon their Brethren of England:

'Therefore,' my Lords, I hold myself obliged, in prosecution of my Duty and Instructions, to demand, That your Lordships will give assurance in the name of the Kingdom of Scotland, that you will not admit or suffer any that have been active in, or consenting to, the said Engagement against England, or have lately been in arms at Stirling

or elsewhere in the maintenance of that Engagement, to be employed in any public Place or Trust whatsoever. And this is the least security I can demand. I have received an Order from both Houses of the Parliament of England,[52] which I hold fit to communicate to your Lordships; whereby you will understand the readiness of the Kingdom of England to assist you who were dissenters from that Invasion; and I doubt not but your Lordships will be as ready to give such farther satisfaction as they in their wisdoms shall find cause to desire. Your Lordships' most humble servant, OLIVER CROMWELL.*

This was presented on Thursday to the Dignitaries sitting in the Laigh Parliament-House in the City of Edinburgh. During which same day came 'the Lord Provost to pay his respects' at Moray House; came 'old Sir William Dick,' an old Provost nearly ruined by his well-affected Loans of Money in these Wars, 'and made an oration in name of the rest;' —came many persons, and quality carriages, making Moray House a busy place that day; 'of which I hope a good fruit will appear.'

Loudon Cancellarius and Company, from the Laigh Parliament-House, respond with the amplest assent next day:[53] and on the morrow, Saturday, all business being adjusted, and Lambert left with two horse-regiments to protect the Laigh Parliament-House from Lanarks and Malignants, — 'when we were 'about to come away, several coaches were sent to bring up 'the Lieutenant-General, the Earl of Leven' Governor of the Castle and Scotch Commander-in-chief, 'with Sir Arthur Ha-'selrig and the rest of the Officers, to Edinburgh Castle; where 'was provided a very sumptuous banquet,' old Leven doing the honours, 'my Lord Marquis of Argyle and divers other Lords 'being present to grace the entertainment. At our departure, 'many pieces of ordnance and a volley of small shot was given 'us from the Castle; and some Lords convoying us out of the

[52] Votes of September 28th; *Commons Journals*, vi. 37: 'received the day we entered Edinburgh' (Rushworth, ubi supra).

* King's Pamphlets, small 4to, no. 392, § 19: Printed by order of Parliament.

[53] Ibid.

'City, we there parted.' The Lord Provost had defrayed us, all the while, in the handsomest manner. We proceeded to Dalhousie, the Seat of the Ramsays, near Dalkeith: on the road towards Carlisle and home,—by Selkirk and Hawick, I conclude. Here we stay till Monday morning, and leave orders, and write Letters.

LETTER LXXVIII.

A PRIVATE Note in behalf of 'this Bearer, Colonel Robert Montgomery,' now hastening up to Town; with whom we shall make some farther acquaintance, in another quarter, by and by. Doubtless the request was complied with.

For the Honourable William Lenthall, Esquire, Speaker of the Honourable House of Commons: These.

SIR, Dalhousie, 8th Oct. 1648.

Upon the desire of divers Noblemen and others of the Kingdom of Scotland, I am bold to become a suitor to you on the behalf of this Gentleman, the Bearer, Colonel Robert Montgomery; son-in-law[54] to the Earl of Eglinton. Whose faithfulness to you in the late troubles may render him worthy of a far greater favour than I shall, at this time, desire for him: for I can assure you, that there is not a Gentleman of that Kingdom that appeared more active against the late Invaders of England than himself.

Sir, it is desired that you would please to grant him an Order for Two-thousand of the common Prisoners that were of Duke Hamilton's Army. You will have very good security that they shall not for the future trouble you: he will ease you of the charge of keeping them, as speedily as any other way you can dispose of them; besides their being in a friend's hands, so as there need be no fear of their being ever employed against you.

[54] Mistake of the Lieutenant-General's for 'son;'—'youngest son,' say the Peerage Books.

Sir, what favour you shall please to afford the Gentleman will very much oblige many of your friends of the Scottish Nation; and particularly your most humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

LETTER LXXIX.

THE next, of Monday, is on public business; deliberately looking before and after.

To the Honourable William Lenthall, Esquire, Speaker of the Honourable House of Commons: These.

SIR, Dalhousie, 9th Oct. 1648.

In my last, wherein I gave you an account of my despatch of Colonel Bright to Carlisle, after the rendition of Berwick, I acquainted you with my intentions to go to the head-quarters of my horse at the Earl of Winton's, within six miles of Edinburgh; that from thence I might represent to the Committee of Estates what I had farther to desire in your behalf.

The next day after I came thither, I received an invitation from the Committee of Estates to come to Edinburgh; they sending to me the Lord Kirkcudbright and Major-General Holborn for that purpose; with whom I went the same day, being Wednesday 4th of this instant October. We fell into consideration, What was fit farther to insist upon. And being sensible that the late Agreement between the Committee of Estates and the Earls of Crawford, Glencairn, and Lanark, did not sufficiently answer my instructions, which were, To disenable them from being in power to raise new troubles to England:—therefore I held it my duty, Not to be satisfied with the mere disbanding of them; but considering their power and interest, I thought it neces-

* Tanner MSS. (in Cary, ii. 32.)

sary to demand concerning them and all their abettors, according to the contents of the Paper[55] here enclosed.

Wherein,—having received that very day your Votes for giving farther assistance 'to the Well-affected in Scotland,' I did in the close thereof acquaint them with the same; reserving such farther satisfaction to be given by the Kingdom of Scotland, as the Parliament of England should in their wisdom see cause to desire. The Committee of Estates 'had' sent the Earl of Cassilis, Lord Warriston, and two Gentlemen more to me, To receive what I had to offer unto them;—which upon Thursday I delivered. Upon Friday I received by the said persons this enclosed Answer,[56] which is the Original itself.

Having proceeded thus far as a Soldier, and I trust, by the blessing of God, not to your disservice; and having laid the business before you, I pray God direct you to do farther as may be for His glory, the good of the Nation wherewith you are intrusted, and the comfort and encouragement of the Saints of God in both Kingdoms and all the World over. I do think the affairs of Scotland are in a thriving posture, as to the interest of honest men: and 'Scotland is' like to be a better neighbour to you now than when the great pretenders to the Covenant and Religion and Treaties,—I mean Duke Hamilton, the Earls of Lauderdale, Traquair, Carnegy, and their confederates,—had the power in their hands. I dare 'be bold to' say that that Party, with their pretences, had not only, through the treachery of some in England (who have cause to blush), endangered the whole State and Kingdom of England; but also 'had' brought Scotland into such a condition, as that no honest man who had the fear of God, or a conscience of Religion, 'and' the *just* ends of the Covenant and Treaties, could have a being in that Kingdom. But God, who is not to be mocked or deceived,

[55] Letter LXXVII. [56] Already referred to; antea, p. 66.

and is very jealous when His Name and Religion are made use of to carry on impious designs, hath taken vengeance of such profanity,—even to astonishment and admiration. And I wish from the bottom of my heart, it may cause all to tremble and repent, who have practised the like, to the blasphemy of His Name, and the destruction of His People; so as they may never presume to do the like again! And I think it is not unseasonable for me to take the humble boldness to say thus much at this time.

All the Enemy's Forces in Scotland are now disbanded. The Committee of Estates have declared against all of that Party's sitting in Parliament.[57] Good Elections are 'already' made in divers places; of such as dissented from and opposed the late wicked Engagement: and they are now raising a force of about 4,000 Horse and Foot;—which until they can complete, they have desired me to leave them two Regiments of Horse and two Troops of Dragoons. Which accordingly I have resolved, conceiving I had warrant by your late Votes so to do; and have left Major-General Lambert to command them.

I have received, and so have the Officers with me, many honours and civilities from the Committee of Estates, the City of Edinburgh, and Ministers; with a noble entertainment;—which we may not own as done to us, but as 'done to' your servants. I am now marching towards Carlisle; and I shall give you such farther accounts of your affairs as there shall be occasion. I am, Sir, your humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

Cromwell, at Carlisle on the 14th, has received delivery of the Castle there, for which good news let the Messenger have 100*l.*[58] Leaving all in tolerable order in those regions, the

[57] The Scotch Parliament, which is now getting itself elected.
* King's Pamphlets, small 4to, no. 392, § 19; see *Commons Journals*, vi. 54.
[58] *Commons Journals*, 20th October 1648.

Lieutenant-General hastens into Yorkshire to Pontefract or Pomfret Castle ;[59] a strong place which had been surprised in the beginning of the year, and is stubbornly defended ;—surrender being a very serious matter now ; the War itself being contrary to Law and Treaty, and as good as Treason, think some.

LETTERS LXXX.—LXXXVI.

THE Governor of Pontefract Castle is one Morris, once the Earl of Strafford's servant ; a desperate man : this is the Lieutenant-General's summons to him.

LETTER LXXX.

For the Governor of Pontefract Castle.

SIR, 'Pontefract,' 9th Nov. 1648.

Being come hither for the reduction of this place, I thought fit to summon you to deliver your Garrison to me, for the use of the Parliament. Those gentlemen and soldiers with you may have better terms than if you should hold it to extremity. I expect your answer this day, and rest, your servant, OLIVER CROMWELL.*

Governor Morris stiffly refuses ; holds-out yet a good while,—and at last loses his head at York assizes by the business.[1] Royalism is getting desperate ; has taken to highway robbery ; is assassinating, and extensively attempting to assassinate.[2] Two weeks ago, Sunday 29th October, a Party sallied from this very Castle of Pontefract ; rode into Doncaster in disguise, and there, about five in the afternoon, getting into Colonel Rainsborough's lodging, stabbed him dead :—murder, or a very questionable kind of homicide !

[59] Appendix, No. 14.
* Newspapers (*Cromwelliana*, p 48) ; Rushworth, vii. 1325.
[1] *State Trials.* [2] Rushworth, vii. 1279 &c., 1315.

LETTER LXXXI.

As to Pontefract and Governor Morris, here are some pertinent suggestions, 'propositions,' the old Pamphlet calls them, sent 'in a Letter from Lieutenant-General Cromwell and his Officers;' which are 'read in the House,' and straightway acted upon, to a certain extent:—had they been acted upon in full, that business might have ended sooner.

For the Right Honourable the Committee of Lords and Commons sitting at Derby House: These present.

MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN, Knottingley, near Pontefract, 15th Nov. 1648.

So soon as I came into these parts, I met with an earnest desire from the Committee of this County to take upon me the charge here, for the reducing of the Garrison of Pontefract. I received also commands from my Lord General to the same effect.—I have had sight of a Letter to the House of Commons; wherein things are so represented, as if the Siege were at such a pass that the prize were already gained. In consideration whereof, I thought fit to let you know what the true state of this Garrison is; as also the condition of the country, that so you may not think demands for such things as would be necessary unreasonable.

My Lords, the Castle hath been victualled with Two-hundred and twenty or forty fat cattle, within these three weeks; and they have also gotten in, as I am credibly informed, salt enough for them and more. So that I apprehend they are victualled for a twelvemonth. The men within are resolved to endure to the utmost extremity; expecting no mercy, as indeed they deserve none. The place is very well known to be one of the strongest inland Garrisons in the Kingdom; well watered; situated upon a rock in every part of it, and therefore difficult to mine. The walls very

thick and high, with strong towers; and if battered, very difficult of access, by reason of the depth and steepness of the graft. The County is exceedingly impoverished; not able to bear free-quarter; nor well able to furnish provisions, if we had moneys. The work is like to be long, if materials be not furnished answerable. I therefore think it my duty to represent unto you as followeth: viz.—

That moneys be provided for Three complete regiments of Foot, and Two of Horse;—'and indeed' that money be provided for all contingencies which are in view, too many to enumerate. That Five-hundred Barrels of powder, 'and' Six good Battering-guns, with Three-hundred shot to each Gun, be speedily sent down to Hull:—we desire none may be sent less than demi-cannons. We desire also some match and bullet. And if it may be, we should be glad that two or three of the biggest Mortar-pieces with shells may likewise be sent.

And although the desires of such proportions may seem costly, yet I hope you will judge it good thrift; especially if you consider that this place hath cost the Kingdom some hundred-thousands of pounds already. And for aught I know, it may cost you one more, if it be trifled withal; besides the dishonour of it, and what other danger may be emergent, by its being in such hands. It's true, here are some two or three great guns in Hull, and hereabouts; but they are unserviceable: and your Garrisons in Yorkshire are very much unsupplied at this time.

I have not as yet drawn any of our Foot to this place; only I make use of Colonel Fairfax's and Colonel Malevrier's Foot regiments; and keep the rest of the guards with the Horse;—purposing to bring-on some of our Foot tomorrow. The rest,—these parts being not well able to bear them,—are a little dispersed in Lincoln and Nottingham

Shires, for some refreshment; which after so much duty they need, and a little expect.

And indeed I would not satisfy myself nor my duty to you and them, To put the poor men, at this season of the year, to lie in the field: before we be furnished with shoes, stockings and clothes, for them to cover their nakedness,—which we hear are in preparation, and would[3] be speeded:—and until we have deal-boards to make them courts-of-guard, and tools to cast-up works to secure them.

These things I have humbly represented to you; and waiting for your resolution and command, I rest, your most humble servant, OLIVER CROMWELL.*

Due *Orders* of the House in consequence, dated Saturday 18th November, can be read in the same old Pamphlet;[4]—most prompt *Orders*, giving if not 'Five-hundred Barrels of powder,' yet 'Two-hundred-and-fifty;' a middle term, or compliance halfway, which perhaps is as much as one could expect! Pontefract did not surrender till the end of March next.[5]

Meanwhile, the Royal Treaty in Newport comes to no good issue, and the Forty Days are now done; the Parliament by small and smaller instalments prolongs it, still hoping beyond hope for a good issue. The Army, sternly watchful of it from St. Albans, is presenting a Remonstrance, That a good issue lies not in it; that a good issue must be sought elsewhere than in *it*. By bringing Delinquents to justice; and the CHIEF DELINQUENT, who has again involved this Nation in blood! To which doctrine, various petitioning Counties and Parties, and a definite minority in Parliament and England generally, testify their stern adherence, at all risks and hazards whatsoever.

LETTER LXXXII.

JENNER Member for Cricklade, and Ashe Member for Westbury; these two, sitting I think in the Delinquents' Com-

[3] Old for 'should.' * King's Pamphlets, small 4to, no. 394, § 24.
[4] See also *Commons Journals*, vi. 81.
[5] '22d March' (*Commons Journals*, vi. 174).

mittee at Goldsmiths' Hall,—seem inclined for a milder course. Wherein the Lieutenant-General does by no means agree with the said Jenner and Ashe; having had a somewhat closer experience of the matter than they!

'Colonel Owen' is a Welsh Delinquent; I find he is a Sir John Owen,—the same Sir John who seized my Lord Archbishop's Castle of Conway, in that violent manner long since.[6] A violent man, now got into trouble enough; of whom there arises life-and-death question by and by. 'The Governor of Nottingham' is Colonel Hutchinson, whom we know. Sir Marmaduke Langdale we also know,—and 'presume you have heard what is become of him?' Sir Marmaduke, it was rigorously voted on the 6th of this month, is one of the 'Seven that shall be excepted from pardon;' whom the King himself, if he bargain with us, shall never forgive.[7] He escaped afterwards from Nottingham Castle, by industry of his own.

To the Honourable my honoured Friends Robert Jenner and John Ashe, Esquires, 'at London:' These.

GENTLEMEN, Knottingley, near Pontefract, 20th Nov. 1648.

I received an Order from the Governor of Nottingham, directed to him from you, To bring up Colonel Owen, or take bail for his coming up to make his composition, he having made an humble Petition to the Parliamen for the same.

If I be not mistaken, the House of Commons did vote all those 'persons' Traitors that did adhere to, or bring in, the Scots in their late Invading of this Kingdom under Duke Hamilton. And not without very clear justice; this being a more prodigious Treason than any that had been perfected before; because the former quarrel was that Englishmen might rule over one another; this to vassalise us to a foreign Nation. And their fault who have appeared in this Summer's business is certainly double to theirs who were in the first, because it is the repetition of the same offence

[6] Antea, vol. i. p. 256. [7] *Commons Journals*, vi. 70.

against all the witnesses that God has borne,[8] by making and abetting a Second War.

And if this be their justice,[9] and upon so good grounds, I wonder how it comes to pass that so eminent actors should so easily be received to compound. You will pardon me if I tell you how contrary this is to some of your judgments at the rendition of Oxford: though we had the Town in consideration,[10] and 'our' blood saved to boot; yet Two Years perhaps was thought too little to expiate their offence.[11] But now, when you have such men in your hands, and it will cost you nothing to do justice; now after all this trouble and the hazard of a Second War, — for a little more money[12] all offences shall be pardoned!

This Gentleman was taken with Sir Marmaduke Langdale, in their flight together: — I presume you have heard what is become of *him*. Let me remember you, that out of the 'same' Garrison was fetched not long since (I believe while we were in heat of action) Colonel Humphrey Mathews, than whom this Cause we have fought for has not had a more dangerous enemy;—and he not guilty only of being an enemy, but he apostatised from your Cause and Quarrel; having been a Colonel, if not more, under you, and 'then' the desperatest promoter of the Welsh Rebellion amongst them all! And how near you were brought to ruin thereby, all men that know anything can tell;[13] and this

[8] From Naseby downwards, God, in the battle-whirlwind, seemed to speak and witness very audibly.

[9] House of Commons's.

[10] Town as some recompense.

[11] Sentence unintelligible to the careless reader. so hasty is it, and over-crowded with meaning in the original. 'Give me leave to tell you that, if it were contrary to 'some of your judgments, that at the rendition of Oxford, though we had the Town 'in consideration, and blood saved to boot; yet Two Years perhaps,' &c.—Oxford was surrendered 20th-24th June 1646 (vol. i. p. 218); the Malignants found there were to have a composition, not exceeding Two-Years revenue for estates of inheritance (Rushworth, vi. 280-5),—which the victorious Presbyterian Party, belike Jenner and Ashe among the rest, had exclaimed against as too lenient a procedure. Very different now, when the new Malignants, though a *doubly* criminal set, are bone of their own bone!

[12] Goldsmiths' Hall has a true feeling for Money; a dimmer one for Justice, it seems!

[13] Witness Chepstow, St. Fagan's, Pembroke:—'this man' is Mathews.

man was taken away by composition, by what order I know not.

Gentlemen, though my sense does appear more severe than perhaps you would have it, yet give me leave to tell you I find a sense among the Officers concerning such things as 'the treatment of' those men, to amazement;—which truly is not so much to see their blood made so cheap, as to see such manifest witnessings of God, so terrible and so just, no more reverenced.

I have directed the Governor to acquaint the Lord-General herewith; and rest, Gentlemen, your most obedient servant, 'OLIVER CROMWELL.'*

Here is a sour morsel for Jenner and Ashe; different from what they were expecting! It is to be hoped they will digest this piece of admonition, and come forth on the morrow two sadder and two wiser men. For Colonel Owen, at all events, there is clearly no outlook, at present, but sitting reflective in the strong-room of Nottingham Castle, whither his bad Genius has led him. May escape beheading on this occasion; but very narrowly. He 'was taken with Sir Marmaduke in their flight together:' one of the confused Welshmen discomfited in June and July last, who had fled to join Hamilton, and be worse discomfited a second time. The House some days ago had voted that 'Sir John Owen,' our 'Colonel Owen,' should get off with 'banishment;' likewise that Lord Capel, the Earl of Holland, and other capital Delinquents should be 'banished;' and even that James Earl of Cambridge (James Duke of Hamilton) should be '*fined* 100,000*l*.' Such votes are not unlikely to produce 'a sense amongst the Officers,' who had to grapple with these men, as with devouring dragons lately, life to life. Such votes—will need to be rescinded.[14] Such, and some others! For indeed the Presbyterian Party has rallied in the House during the late high blaze of Royalism; and got a Treaty set on foot as we saw, and even got the Eleven brought back again.—

* Sloane MSS. 1519, fol. 94.

[14] Passed, 10th November 1648 (*Commons Journals*, vi. 3); repealed, 13th December (with a Declaration; *Somers Tracts*, v. 167).

Jenner and Ashe are old stagers, having entered Parliament at the beginning. They are frequently seen in public business; assiduous subalterns. Ashe sat afterwards in Oliver's Parliaments.[15] Of this Ashe I will remember another thing: once, some years ago, when the House was about thanking some Monthly-fast Preacher, Ashe said pertinently, "What is the use of thanking a Preacher who spoke so low that nobody could hear him?"[16]

Colonel Humphrey Mathews, we are glad to discover,[17] was one of the persons taken in Pembroke Castle by Oliver himself in July last: brought along with him, on the march towards Preston, and left, as the other Welsh Prisoners were, at Nottingham;—out of which most just durance some pragmatical official, Ashe, Jenner, or another, 'by what order I know not,' has seen good to deliver him; him, 'the desperatest promoter of the Welsh Rebellion amongst them all.' Such is red-tape even in a Heroic Puritanic Age! No wonder 'the Officers have a sense of it,' amounting even 'to amazement.' Our blood that we have shed in the Quarrel, this you shall account as nothing, since you so please; but these 'manifest witnessings of God, so terrible and so just,'—are they not witnessings of God; are they mere sports of chance? Ye wretched infidel red-tape mortals, what will or can become of you? By and by, if this course hold, it will appear that 'you are no Parliament;' that you are a nameless unbelieving rabble, with the mere title of Parliament, who must go about your business elsewhither, with soldiers' pikes in your rearward!—

This Lieutenant-General is not without temper, says Mr. Maidston: 'temper exceeding fiery, as I have known; yet the 'flame of it kept down for most part, or soon allayed;—'and naturally compassionate towards objects in distress, even 'to an effeminate measure. Though God had made him a 'heart wherein was left little room for any fear but what was 'due to God Himself, yet did he exceed in tenderness towards 'sufferers,'[18]—yes, and in rigour against infidel quacks and godless detestable persons, which is the opposite phasis of that, he was by no means wanting!

[15] *Parliamentary History*, xxi. 3.
[16] D'Ewes MSS. p. 414.
[17] *Cromwelliana*, pp. 41, 42.
[18] Maidston's Letter to Winthrop (Thurloe, i. 766).

LETTER LXXXIII.

'ALL the Regiments here have petitioned my Lord Gene-'ral against the Treaty' at Newport, 'and for Justice and a 'Settlement of the Kingdom. They desired the Lieutenant-'General to recommend their Petition; which he hath done in 'the Letter following;'—which is of the same date, and goes in the same bag with that to Jenner and Ashe, just given.

For his Excellency the Lord General Fairfax, 'at St. Albans: These.'

MY LORD, Knottingley, 20th Nov. 1648.

I find in the Officers of the Regiments a very great sense of the sufferings of this poor Kingdom; and in them all a very great zeal to have impartial Justice done upon Offenders. And I must confess, I do in all, from my heart, concur with them; and I verily think and am persuaded they are things which God puts into our hearts.

I shall not need to offer anything to your Excellency: I know, God teaches you; and that He hath manifested His presence so to you as that you will give glory to Him in the eyes of all the world. I held it my duty, having received these Petitions and Letters, and being 'so' desired by the framers thereof,—to present them to you. The good Lord work His will upon your heart, enabling you to it; and the presence of Almighty God go along with you! Thus prays, my Lord, your most humble and faithful servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

This same day, Monday 20th November 1648, the Army from St. Albans, by Colonel Ewer and a Deputation, presents its humble unanimous 'Remonstrance' to the House; craving that the same be taken 'into speedy and serious consideration.'[19] It is indeed a most serious Document; tending to the dread

* Rushworth, vii. 1339.

[19] *Commons Journals*, vi. 81; Remonstrance itself in Rushworth, vii. 1330.

Unknown! Whereupon ensue 'high debates,' Whether we shall take it into consideration? Debates to be resumed this day week. The Army, before this day week, moves up to Windsor; will see a little what consideration there is. Newport Treaty is just expiring; Presbyterian Royalism, on the brink of desperate crisis, adds still two days of life to it.

LETTER LXXXIV.

THE Army came to Windsor on Saturday the 25th; on which same day Oliver, from Knottingley, is writing a remarkable Letter, the last of the series, to Hammond in the Isle of Wight, who seems to be in much strait about 'that Person' and futile Treaty, now under his keeping there.

First, however, read this Note, of like date, on a local matter: one of many Notes which a vigilant Lieutenant-General, be where he may, has to importune the Governing Powers with. Hull Garrison and Governor Overton, like most garrisons and persons, are short of pay. Grocers' Hall, Haberdashers' Hall, or some section of the Finance Department, ought absolutely to take thought of it.

For my noble Friend Thomas St. Nicholas, Esquire: 'These, at London.'

SIR, Knottingley, 25th Nov. 1648.

I suppose it's not unknown to you how much the Country is in arrear to the Garrison of Hull;—as likewise how probable it is that the Garrison will break, unless some speedy course be taken to get them money; the soldiers at the present being ready to mutiny, as not having money to buy them bread; and without money the stubborn Townspeople will not trust them for the worth of a penny.

Sir, I must beg of you that, as you tender the good of the Country, so far as the security of that Garrison is mo-

tioned, you would give your assistance to the helping of them to their money which the Country owes them. The Governor will apply himself to you, either in person or by letter. I pray you do for him herein as in a business of very high consequence. I am the more earnest with you, as having a very deep sense how dangerous the event may be, of their being neglected in the matter of their pay. I rest upon your favour herein;—and subscribe myself, Sir, your very humble servant, OLIVER CROMWELL.*

Hull Garrison does not 'break:' doubtless St. Nicholas, a chief Clerk, of weight in his department, did what he could. A Kentish man this St. Nicholas, if any one could be supposed to care what he was; came to be Recorder of Canterbury, and even refractory Member for Canterbury;[20] has his seat, for the present, in the Grocers'-Hall region, among the budgets or 'bottomless bags,' as Independency Walker calls them. And now for the remarkable Letter contemporaneous with this:

LETTER LXXXV.

To Colonel Robert Hammond: These.

'Knottingley, near Pontefract,'
25th Nov. 1648.

DEAR ROBIN,

No man rejoiceth more to see a line from thee than myself. I know thou hast long been under trial. Thou shalt be no loser by it. All 'things' must work for the best.

Thou desirest to hear of my experiences. I can tell thee: I am such a one as thou didst formerly know, having a body of sin and death; but I thank God, through Jesus Christ our Lord there is no condemnation, though much infirmity; and I wait for the redemption. And in this poor

* Kimber's (anonymous) *Life of Cromwell* (4th edition, London, 1741), p. 92: Not given in the 1st edition; no notice whence.

[20] Whitlocke, September 1656 (2d edition, p. 642); *Parliamentary History*, xxi. 8; and *Commons Journals*, vii. 650, 730.

condition I obtain mercy, and sweet consolation through the Spirit. And find abundant cause every day to exalt the Lord, and abase flesh,—and herein[21] I have some exercise.

As to outward dispensations, if we may so call them: we have not been without our share of beholding some remarkable providences, and appearances of the Lord. His presence hath been amongst us, and by the light of His countenance we have prevailed.[22] We are sure, the goodwill of Him who dwelt in the Bush has shined upon us; and we can humbly say, We know in whom we have believed; who can and will perfect what remaineth, and us also in doing what is well-pleasing in His eyesight.

I find some trouble in your spirit; occasioned first, not only by the continuance of your sad and heavy burden, as you call it, but 'also' by the dissatisfaction you take at the ways of some good men whom you love with your heart, who through this principle, That it is lawful for a lesser part, if in the right, to force 'a numerical majority' &c.

To the first: Call not your burden sad or heavy. If your Father laid it upon you, He intended neither. He is the Father of lights, from whom comes every good and perfect gift; who of His own will begot us, and bade us count it all joy when such things befall us; they being for the exercise of faith and patience, *whereby in the end we shall be made perfect* (James i.).

Dear Robin, our fleshly reasonings ensnare us. These make us say, "heavy," "sad," "pleasant," "easy." Was there not a little of this when Robert Hammond, through dissatisfaction too, desired retirement from the Army, and thought of quiet in the Isle of Wight?[23] Did not God find him out there? I believe he will never forget this.—And now I perceive he is to seek again; partly through his sad

[21] 'and in the latter respect at least.'
[22] At Preston, &c.
[23] 6th September of the foregoing Year.

and heavy burden, and partly through his dissatisfaction with friends' actings.

Dear Robin, thou and I were never worthy to be door-keepers in this Service. If thou wilt seek, seek to know the mind of God in all that chain of Providence, whereby God brought thee thither, and that Person to thee; how, before and since, God has ordered him, and affairs concerning him: and then tell me, Whether there be not some glorious and high meaning in all this, above what thou hast yet attained? And, laying aside thy fleshly reason, seek of the Lord to teach thee what that is; and He will do it. I dare be positive to say, It is not that the wicked should be exalted, that God should so appear as indeed He hath done.[24] For there is no peace to *them*. No, it is set upon the hearts of such as fear the Lord, and we have witness upon witness, That it shall go ill with them and their partakers. I say again, seek that spirit to teach thee; which is the spirit of knowledge and understanding, the spirit of counsel and might, of wisdom and of the fear of the Lord. That spirit will close thine eyes and stop thine ears, so that thou shalt not judge by them; but thou shalt judge for the meek of the Earth, and thou shalt be made able to do accordingly. The Lord direct thee to that which is well-pleasing in His eyesight.

As to thy dissatisfaction with friends' actings upon that supposed principle, I wonder not at that. If a man take not his own burden well, he shall hardly others'; especially if involved by so near a relation of love and Christian brotherhood as thou art. I shall not take upon me to satisfy; but I hold myself bound to lay my thoughts before so dear a friend. The Lord do His own will.

You say: "God hath appointed authorities among the

[24] For other purposes that God has so manifested Himself as, in these transactions of ours, He has done.

"nations, to which active or passive obedience is to be "yielded. This resides in England in the Parliament. "Therefore active or passive resistance" &c.

Authorities and powers are the ordinance of God. This or that species is of human institution, and limited, some with larger, others with stricter bands, each one according to its constitution. 'But' I do not therefore think the Authorities may do *anything*,[25] and yet such obedience be due. All agree that there are cases in which it is lawful to resist. If so, your ground fails, and so likewise the inference. Indeed, dear Robin, not to multiply words, the query is, Whether ours be such a case? This ingenuously is the true question.

To this I shall say nothing, though I could say very much; but only desire thee to see what thou findest in thy own heart to two or three plain considerations. *First*, Whether *Salus Populi* be a sound position?[26] *Secondly*, Whether in the way in hand,[27] really and before the Lord, before whom conscience has to stand, this be provided for; —or if the whole fruit of the War is not like to be frustrated, and all most like to turn to what it was, and worse? And this, contrary to Engagements, explicit Covenants with those[28] who ventured their lives upon those Covenants and Engagements, without whom perhaps, in equity, relaxation ought not to be? *Thirdly*, Whether this Army be not a lawful Power, called by God to oppose and fight against the King upon some stated grounds; and being in power to such ends, may not oppose one Name of Authority, for those ends, as well as another Name,—since it was not the outward Authority summoning them that by *its* power made the quarrel lawful, but the quarrel was lawful in itself? If

[25] Whatsoever they like.

[26] 'The safety of the people the supreme law:' is that a true doctrine or a false one?

[27] By this Parliamentary Treaty with the King.

[28] Us soldiers.

so, it may be, acting will be justified *in foro humano.* — But truly this kind of reasonings may be but fleshly, either with or against: only it is good to try what truth may be in them. And the Lord teach us.

My dear Friend, let us look into providences; surely they mean somewhat. They hang so together; have been so constant, so clear, unclouded. Malice, swoln malice against God's people, now called "Saints," to root-out their name;—and yet they, 'these poor Saints,' getting arms, and therein blessed with defence and more!—I desire, he that is for a principle of suffering[29] would not too much slight this. I slight not him who is so minded: but let us beware lest fleshly reasoning see more safety in making use of this principle than in acting! Who acts, if he resolve not through God to be willing to part with all? Our hearts are very deceitful, on the right and on the left.

What think you of Providence disposing the hearts of so many of God's people this way,—especially in this poor Army, wherein the great God has vouchsafed to appear! I know not one Officer among us but is on the increasing hand.[30] And let me say, it is after much patience,—here in the North. We trust, the same Lord who hath framed our minds in our actings is with us in this also. And all contrary to a natural tendency, and to those comforts *our* hearts could wish to enjoy as well as others. And the difficulties probably to be encountered with, and the enemies:—not few; even all that is glorious in this world. Appearance of united names, titles and authorities 'all against us;'—and yet not terrified, 'we;' only desiring to fear our great God, that we do nothing against His will. Truly this is our condition.[31]

[29] Passive obedience.

[30] Come or coming over to this opinion.

[31] The incorrect original, rushing on in an eager ungrammatical manner, were it not that common readers might miss the meaning of it, would please me better; at any rate I subjoin it here as somewhat characteristic: 'And let me say it is here in

And to conclude. We in this Northern Army were in a waiting posture; desiring to see what the Lord would lead us to. And a Declaration[32] is put out, at which many are shaken:—although we could perhaps have wished the stay of it till after the Treaty, yet seeing it is come out, we trust to rejoice in the will of the Lord, waiting His farther pleasure.—Dear Robin, beware of men; look up to the Lord. Let Him be free to speak and command in thy heart. Take heed of the things I fear thou hast reasoned thyself into; and thou shalt be able through Him, without consulting flesh and blood, to do valiantly for Him and His people.

Thou mentionest somewhat as if, by acting against such opposition as is like to be, there will be a tempting of God. Dear Robin, tempting of God ordinarily is either by acting presumptuously in carnal confidence, or in unbelief through diffidence: both these ways Israel tempted God in the wilderness, and He was grieved by them. Not the encountering 'of' difficulties, therefore, makes us to tempt God; but the acting before and without faith.[33] If the Lord have in any measure persuaded His people, as generally He hath, of the lawfulness, nay of the *duty*,—this persuasion prevailing upon the heart is faith; and acting thereupon is acting in faith; and the more the difficulties are, the more the faith. And it is most sweet that he who is not persuaded have patience towards them that are, and judge not: and this will free thee from the trouble of others' actings, which, thou sayest, adds to thy grief. Only let me offer two or three things, and I have done.

Dost thou not think this fear of the Levellers (of whom

'the North after much patience, we trust the same Lord who hath framed our minds 'in our actings, is with us in this also. And this contrary to a natural tendency, and 'to those comforts our hearts could wish to enjoy with others. And the difficulties 'probably to be encountered with, and the enemies, not few, even all that is glorious 'in this world, with appearance of united names, titles and authorities, and yet not 'terrified, only' &c.

[32] Remonstrance of the Army, presented by Ewer on Monday last.

[33] Very true, my General,—then, now, and always!

there is no fear) "that they would destroy Nobility," '&c.' has caused some to take up corruption, and find it lawful to make this ruining hypocritical Agreement, on one part?[34] Hath not this biased even some good men? I will not say, the thing they fear will come upon them; but if it do, they will themselves bring it upon themselves. Have not some of our friends, by their passive principle (which I judge not, only I think it liable to temptation as well as the active, and neither of them good but as we are led into them of God, and neither of them to be reasoned into, because the heart is deceitful),—been occasioned to overlook what is just and honest, and to think the people of God may have as much or more good the one way than the other? Good by this Man,—against whom the Lord hath witnessed; and whom thou knowest! Is this so in their hearts; or is it reasoned, forced in?[35]

Robin, I have done. Ask we our hearts, Whether we think that, after all, these dispensations, the like to which many generations cannot afford,—should end in so corrupt reasonings of good men; and should so hit the designings of bad? Thinkest thou, in thy heart, that the glorious dispensations of God point out to this? Or to teach His people to trust in Him, and to wait for better things,—when, it may be, better are sealed to many of their spirits?[36] And I, as a poor looker-on, I had rather live in the hope of that spirit 'which believes that God doth so teach us,' and take my share with *them*, expecting a good issue, than be led away with the others.

This trouble I have been at, because my soul loves thee, and I would not have thee swerve, or lose any glorious

[34] Hollow Treaty at Newport.

[35] I think it is 'reasoned'-in, and by bad arguments too, your Excellency! The inner heart of the men, in real contact with the inner heart of the matter, had little to do with all that:—alas, *was* there ever any such 'contact' with the real truth of any matter, on the part of such men!

[36] Already indubitably sure to many of them.

opportunity the Lord puts into thy hand. The Lord be thy counsellor. Dear Robin, I rest thine,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

Colonel Hammond, the ingenuous young man whom Oliver much loves, did not receive this Letter at the Isle of Wight, whither it was directed; young Colonel Hammond is no longer there. On Monday the 27th, there came to him Colonel Ewer, he of the Remonstrance; Colonel Ewer with new force, with an Order from the Lord General and Army-Council that Colonel Hammond do straightway repair to Windsor, being wanted at head-quarters there. A young Colonel, with dubitations such as those of Hammond's, will not suit in that Isle at present. Ewer, on the Tuesday night, a night of storm and pouring rain, besets his Majesty's lodgings in the Town of Newport (for his Majesty is still on parole there), with strange soldiers, in a strange state of readiness, the smoke of their gun-matches poisoning the air of his Majesty's apartment itself;—and on the morrow morning at eight of the clock, calls out his Majesty's coach; moves off with his Majesty in grim reticence and rigorous military order, to Hurst Castle, a small solitary stronghold on the opposite beach yonder.[37]

For, at London, matters are coming rapidly to a crisis. The resumed Debate, "Shall the Army Remonstrance be taken into consideration?" does not come out affirmative; on the contrary, on Thursday the 30th, it comes out negative by a Majority of Ninety: "No, we will not take it into consideration."—"No?" The Army at Windsor, thereupon, spends again 'a Day in Prayer.' The Army at Windsor has decided on the morrow that it will march to London;—marches, arrives accordingly, on Saturday December 2d; quarters itself in Whitehall, in St. James's; 'and other great vacant Houses in the 'skirts of the City and Villages about, no offence being given 'anywhere.'[38] In the drama of Modern History one knows not any graver, more noteworthy scene;—earnest as very Death and Judgment. They have decided to have Justice, these men; to see God's Justice done, and His judgments executed on this Earth. The abysses where the thunders and the splendours

* Birch, p. 101; ends the volume.
[37] Colonel Cook's *Narrative*, in Rushworth, vii. 1344.
[38] Rushworth, vii. 1350.

are bred,—the reader sees them again laid bare; and black Madness lying close to the Wisdom which is brightest and highest:—and owls and godless men who hate the lightning and the light, and love the mephitic dusk and darkness, are no judges of the actions of heroes! 'Shedders of blood?' Yes, blood is occasionally shed. The healing Surgeon, the sacrificial Priest, the august Judge pronouncer of God's oracles to men, these and the atrocious Murderer, are alike shedders of blood; and it is an owl's eye that, except for the *dresses* they wear, discerns no difference in these!—Let us leave the owl to his hootings; let us get on with our Chronology and swift course of events.

On *Monday 4th December*, the House, for the last time, takes 'into farther debate' the desperate question, Whether his Majesty's concessions in that Treaty of Newport are a ground of settlement?—debates it all Monday; has debated it all Friday and Saturday before. Debates it all Monday, 'till five o'clock next morning;' at five o'clock next morning, decides it, Yea. By a Majority of Forty-six,—One-hundred and twenty-nine to Eighty-three,—it is at Five o'clock on Tuesday morning decided, Yea, they are a ground of settlement. The Army Chiefs and the Minority consult together, in deep and deepest deliberation, through that day and night; not, I suppose, without Prayer; and on the morrow morning this is what we see:

Wednesday 6th December 1648, 'Colonel Rich's regiment 'of horse and Colonel Pride's regiment of foot were a guard to 'the Parliament; and the City Trainbands were discharged' from that employment.[39] Yes, they were! Colonel Rich's horse stand ranked in Palaceyard, Colonel Pride's foot in Westminster Hall and at all entrances to the Commons House, this day: and in Colonel Pride's hand is a written list of names, names of the chief among the Hundred and twenty-nine; and at his side is my Lord Grey of Groby, who, as this Member after that comes up, whispers or beckons, "He is one of them: he cannot enter!" and Pride gives the word, "To the Queen's Court;" and Member after Member is marched thither, Forty-one of them this day; and kept there in a state bordering on rabidity, asking, By what Law? and ever again, By what Law? Is there a colour or faintest shadow of Law, to be found in any of the

[39] Rushworth, vii. 1353:—see Whitlocke (2d edition, p. 360), Walker's *Independency*, &c.

Books, Yearbooks, Rolls of Parliament, Bractons, Fletas, Cokes upon Lyttleton, for this? Hugh Peters visits them; has little comfort, no light as to the Law; confesses, "It is by the Law of Necessity; truly, by the Power of the Sword."

It must be owned the Constable's baton is fairly down, this day; overborne by the Power of the Sword, and a Law not to be found in any of the Books. At evening the distracted Forty-one are marched to Mr. Duke's Tavern hard-by, a 'Tavern called Hell;' and very imperfectly accommodated for the night. Sir Symonds D'Ewes, who has ceased taking notes long since; Mr. William Prynne, louder than any in the question of Law; Waller, Massey, Harley, and other remnants of the old Eleven, are of this unlucky Forty-one; among whom too we count little Clement Walker 'in his gray suit with his little stick,'[40]—asking in the voice of the indomitablest terrier or Blenheim cocker, "By what Law? I ask again, By what Law?" Whom no mortal will ever be able to answer. Such is the far-famed Purging of the House by Colonel Pride.

This evening, while the Forty-one are getting lodged in Mr. Duke's, Lieutenant-General Cromwell came to Town. Pontefract Castle is not taken; he has left Lambert looking after that, and come up hither to look after more important things.

The Commons on Wednesday did send out to demand 'the Members of this House' from Colonel Pride; but Pride made respectful evasive answer;—could not, for the moment, comply with the desires of the Honourable House. On the Thursday Lieutenant-General Cromwell is thanked; and *Pride's Purge* continues: new men of the Majority are seized; others scared away need no seizing;—above a Hundred in all;[41] who are sent into their countries, sent into the Tower; sent out of our way, and trouble us no farther. The Minority has now become Majority; there is now clear course for it, clear resolution there has for some time back been in it. What its resolution was, and its action that it did in pursuance thereof, 'an action not done in a corner, but in sight of all the Nations,' and of God who made the Nations, we know, and the whole world knows!—

[40] List in Rushworth, p. 1355.
[41] List in *Somers Tracts*, vi. 37;—very incorrect, as all the Lists are.

LETTER LXXXVI.

DUTCH Dorislaus, the learned Doctor, late Judge-Advocate, employed in many weighty things, and soon to be employed in the weightiest, wants now a very small accommodation which is in the gift of certain Cambridge people. A busy Lieutenant-General, while the world-whirlwind is piping loud, has to write for him this small Note withal:

To the Right Worshipful the Master and Fellows of Trinity Hall in Cambridge: These.

GENTLEMEN, 'London,' 18th Dec. 1648.

I am given to understand that by the late decease of Dr. Duck, his Chamber hath become vacant in the Doctors Commons 'here;'—to which Dr. Dorislaus now desireth to be your tenant: who hath done service unto the Parliament from the beginning of these Wars, and hath been constantly employed by the Parliament in many weighty affairs; and especially of late, beyond the seas, with the States General of the United Provinces.

If you please to prefer him before any other, paying rent and fine to your College, I shall take it as a courtesy at your hands; whereby you will oblige, your assured friend and servant, OLIVER CROMWELL.*

Whether Dorislaus got Duck's Chamber, we shall not ask; being, some three weeks hence, employed as Advocate in the King's Trial, and shortly after assassinated at the Hague for that work,[42] it proved to be of no importance to Dorislaus. The loud world-whirlwind pipes as before.

* Trinity-Hall MSS.: in *Cambridge Portfolio* (London, 1840), ii. 390.
[42] Antea, vol. i. p. 260; Wood, iii. 666-8.

DEATH-WARRANT.

THE Trial of Charles Stuart falls not to be described in this place; the deep meanings that lie in it cannot be so much as glanced at here. Oliver Cromwell attends in the High Court of Justice at every session except one; Fairfax sits only in the first. Ludlow, Whalley, Walton, names known to us, are also constant attendants in that High Court, during that long-memorable Month of January 1649. The King is thrice brought to the Bar; refuses to plead, comports himself with royal dignity, with royal haughtiness, strong in his divine right; 'smiles' contemptuously, 'looks with an austere countenance;'—does not seem, till the very last, to have fairly believed that they would dare to sentence him. But they were men sufficiently provided with daring; men, we are bound to see, who sat there as in the Presence of the Maker of all men, as executing the judgments of Heaven above, and had not the fear of any man or thing on the Earth below. Bradshaw said to the King, "Sir, "you are not permitted to issue out in these discoursings. This "Court is satisfied of its authority. No Court will bear to hear "its authority questioned in that manner."—"Clerk, read the "Sentence!"—

And so, under date Monday 29th January 1648-9, there is this stern Document to be introduced; not specifically of Oliver's composition; but expressing in every letter of it the conviction of Oliver's heart, in this, one of his most important appearances on the stage of earthly life.

To Colonel Francis Hacker, Colonel Huncks, and Lieutenant-Colonel Phayr, and to every of them.

At the High Court of Justice for the Trying and Judging of Charles Stuart, King of England, 29th January 1648.

WHEREAS Charles Stuart, King of England, is and standeth convicted, attainted and condemned of High Treason and other high Crimes; and Sentence upon Saturday last was pronounced against him by this Court, To be put to death by the severing of his head from his body; of which Sentence execution yet remaineth to be done:

These are therefore to will and require you to see the said Sentence executed, in the open Street before Whitehall, upon the morrow, being the Thirtieth day of this instant month of January, between the hours of Ten in the morning and Five in the afternoon, with full effect. And for so doing, this shall be your warrant.

And these are to require all Officers and Soldiers, and others the good People of this Nation of England, to be assisting unto you in this service.

Given under our hands and seals,

JOHN BRADSHAW.
THOMAS GREY, 'LORD GROBY.'
OLIVER CROMWELL.
('and Fifty-six others.')*

"*Tetræ belluæ, ac molossis suis ferociores,* Hideous monsters, more ferocious than their own mastiffs!" shrieks Saumaise;[43] shrieks all the world, in unmelodious soul-confusing diapason of distraction,—happily at length grown very faint in our day. The truth is, no modern reader can conceive the then atrocity, ferocity, unspeakability of this fact. First, after long reading in the old dead Pamphlets does one see the magnitude of it. To be equalled, nay to be preferred think some, in point of horror, to 'the Crucifixion of Christ.' Alas, in these irreverent times of ours, if all the Kings of Europe were cut in pieces at one swoop, and flung in heaps in St. Margaret's Churchyard on the same day, the emotion would, in strict arithmetical truth, be small in comparison! We know it not, this atrocity of the English Regicides; shall never know it. I reckon it perhaps the most daring action any Body of Men to be met with in History ever, with clear consciousness, deliberately set themselves to do. Dread Phantoms, glaring supernal on you, —when once they are quelled and their light snuffed out, none knows the terror of the Phantom! The Phantom is a poor paper-lantern with a candle-end in it, which any whipster dare now beard.

* Rushworth, vii. 1426; Nalson's *Trial of King Charles* (London, 1684); Phelpes's *Trial of* &c. &c.

[43] Salmasii *Defensio Regia* (Sumptibus regiis, 1650), p. 6.

A certain Queen in some South-Sea Island, I have read in Missionary Books, had been converted to Christianity; did not any longer believe in the old gods. She assembled her people; said to them, "My faithful People, the gods do *not* dwell in that burning-mountain in the centre of our Isle. That is not God; no, that is a common burning-mountain,—mere culinary fire burning under peculiar circumstances. See, I will walk before you to that burning-mountain; will empty my wash-bowl into it, cast my slipper over it, defy it to the uttermost, and stand the consequences!"—She walked accordingly, this South-Sea Heroine, nerved to the sticking-place; her people following in pale horror and expectancy: she did her experiment; —and, I am told, they have truer notions of the gods in that Island ever since! Experiment which it is now very easy to *repeat*, and very needless. Honour to the Brave who deliver us from Phantom-dynasties, in South-Sea Islands and in North!

This action of the English Regicides did in effect strike a damp like death through the heart of Flunkyism universally in this world. Whereof Flunkyism, Cant, Cloth-worship, or whatever ugly name it have, has gone about incurably sick ever since; and is now at length, in these generations, very rapidly dying. The like of which action will not be needed for a thousand years again. Needed, alas—not till a new genuine Hero-worship has arisen, has perfected itself; and had time to degenerate into a Flunkyism and Cloth-worship again! Which I take to be a very long date indeed.

Thus ends the Second Civil War. In Regicide, in a Commonwealth and Keepers of the Liberties of England. In punishment of Delinquents, in abolition of Cobwebs;—if it be possible, in a Government of Heroism and Veracity; at lowest, of Anti-Flunkyism, Anti-Cant, and the *endeavour* after Heroism and Veracity.

PART FIFTH.

CAMPAIGN IN IRELAND.

1649.

LETTERS LXXXVII.—XCVI.

On *Tuesday 30th January* 1648-9, it is ordered in the Commons House, 'That the Post be stayed until tomorrow morning, ten of the clock;' and the same afternoon, the King's Execution having now taken place, Edward Dendy, Sergeant-at-Arms, with due trumpeters, pursuivants and horse-troops, notifies, loud as he can blow, at Cheapside and elsewhere, openly to all men, That whosoever shall proclaim a new King, Charles Second or another, without authority of Parliament, in this Nation of England, shall be a Traitor and suffer death. For which service, on the morrow, each trumpeter receives 'ten shillings' of the public money, and Sergeant Dendy himself—shall see what he will receive.[1] And all Sheriffs, Mayors of Towns and such-like are to do the same in their respective localities, that the fact be known to everyone.

After which follow, in Parliament and out of it, such debatings, committee-ings, consultings towards a Settlement of this Nation, as the reader can in a dim way sufficiently fancy for himself on considering the two following facts.

First, That on *February 13th*, Major Thomas Scott, an honourable Member whom we shall afterwards know better, brings in his Report or Ordinance for a Council of State, to be henceforth the Executive among us; which Council, to the

[1] *Commons Journals*, vi. 126; Scobell's *Acts and Ordinances* (London, 1658, 1657), ii. 3.

number of Forty-one Persons, is thereupon nominated by Parliament; and begins its Sessions at Derby House on the 17th. Bradshaw, Fairfax, Cromwell, Whitlocke, Harry Marten, Ludlow, Vane the Younger, and others whom we know, are of this Council.

Second, That, after much adjustment and new-modelling, new Great Seals, new Judges, Sergeant's-maces, there comes out, on *May 19th*, an emphatic Act, brief as Sparta, in these words: 'Be it declared and enacted by this present Parliament, and 'by the authority of the same: That the People of England, 'and of all the dominions and territories thereunto belonging, 'are and shall be, and are hereby constituted, made, established 'and confirmed to be, A COMMONWEALTH OR FREE-STATE; 'and shall from henceforth be governed as a Commonwealth 'and Free-State,—by the Supreme Authority of this Nation 'the Representatives of the People in Parliament, and by such 'as they shall appoint and constitute officers and ministers 'under them for the good of the People; and that without any 'King or House of Lords.'[2]—What modelling and consulting has been needed in the interim, the reader shall conceive.

Strangely enough, among which great national transactions the following small family-matters again turn up; asserting that they too had right to happen in this world, and keep memory of themselves,—and show how a Lieutenant-General's mind, busy pulling-down Idolatrous Kingships and setting-up Religious Commonwealths, has withal an idle eldest Son to marry!—

There occurred 'a stick,' as we saw some time ago,[3] in this Marriage-Treaty: but now it gathers life again;—and, not to agitate the reader's sympathies overmuch, we will say at once that it took effect this time; that Richard Cromwell was actually wedded to Dorothy Mayor, at Hursley, on Mayday 1649;[4] and, one point fairly settled at last!—But now mark farther how Anne, second daughter of the House of Hursley, came to be married not long after to 'John Dunch of Pusey in Berkshire;' which Dunch of Pusey had a turn for collecting Letters. How Dunch, groping about Hursley in subsequent years, found 'Seventeen Letters of Cromwell,' and collected them, and laid

[2] Scobell, ii. 30; *Commons Journals*, 19th May.
[3] Letter LVI. vol. i. p. 279.
[4] Noble, i. 188.

them up at Pusey; how, after a century or so, Horace Walpole, likewise a collector of Letters, got his eye upon them; transcribed them, imparted them to dull Harris.[5] From whom, accordingly, here they still are and continue. This present fascicle of Pen is drawn principally from the Pusey stock; the remainder will introduce themselves in due course.

LETTER LXXXVII.

COLONEL NORTON, 'dear Dick,' was purged out by Pride; lazy Dick and lazy Frank Russel were both purged out, or scared away, and are in the lists of the Excluded. Dick, we infer, is now somewhat estranged from Cromwell; probably both Dick and Frank: Frank returned; Dick too, though in a fitful manner. And so, there being now no 'dear Norton' on the spot, the Lieutenant-General applies to Mr. Robinson, the pious Preacher at Southampton, of whom we transiently heard already; —a priest and counsellor, and acting as such, to all parties.

For my very loving Friend Mr. Robinson, Preacher at Southampton: These.

SIR, 'London,' 1st February 1648.

I thank you for your kind Letter. As to the business you mention, I desire to use this plainness with you.

When the last overture was, between me and Mr. Mayor, by the kindness of Colonel Norton,—after the meeting I had with Mr. Mayor at Farnham, I desired the Colonel (finding, as I thought, some scruples in Mr. Mayor), To know of him whether his mind was free to the thing or not. Colonel Norton gave me this account, That Mr. Mayor, by reason of some matters as they then stood, was not very free thereunto. Whereupon I did acquiesce, submitting to the providence of God.

Upon your reviving of the business to me, and your

[5] Harris, p. 504.

Letter, I think fit to return you this answer, and to say in plainness of spirit to you: That, upon your testimony of the Gentlewoman's worth, and the common report of the piety of the Family, I shall be willing to entertain the renewing of the motion, upon such conditions as may be to mutual satisfaction. Only I think that a speedy resolution will be very convenient to both parties. The Lord direct all to His glory.

I desire your prayers therein; and rest, your very affectionate friend, OLIVER CROMWELL.*

'February 1st,'—it is Thursday; the King was executed on Tuesday: Robinson at Southampton, I think, must have been writing at the very time.

On Tuesday night last, a few hours after the King's Execution, Marquis Hamilton had escaped from Windsor, and been retaken in Southwark next morning, Wednesday morning. 'Knocking at a door,' he was noticed by three troopers; who questioned him, detected him;[6] and bringing him to the Parliament Authorities, made 40*l.* apiece by him. He will be tried speedily, by a new High Court of Justice; he and others.

PASS.

To all Officers and Soldiers, and all Persons whom these may concern.

WHEREAS John Stanley of Dalegarth, in the county of Cumberland, Esquire, hath subscribed to his Composition, and paid and secured his Fine, according to the direction of Parliament:

These are to require you to permit and suffer him and his servants quietly to pass into Dalegarth above-said, with

* Harris, p. 504; one of the seventeen Letters found at Pusey.
[6] *Cromwelliana*, p. 51.

their horses and swords, and to forbear to molest or trouble him or any of his Family there; without seizing or taking away any of his horses, or other goods or estate whatsoever; and to permit and suffer him or any of his Family, at any time, to pass to any place, about his or their occasions; without offering any injury to him or any of his Family, either at Dalegarth, or in his or their travels: As you will answer your contempt at your utmost perils.

Given under my hand and seal this 2d of February 1648.

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

Oliver's seal of 'six quarterings' is at the top. Of course only the seal and signature are specially his: but this one Pass may stand here as the sample of many that were then circulating,—emblem of a time of war, distress, uncertainty and danger, which then was.

The 2d of February is Friday. Yesterday, Thursday, there was question in the House of 'many Gentlemen from the North-'ern Counties, who do attend about Town to make their com-'positions,' and of what is to be done with them.[7] The late business that ended in Preston Fight had made many new delinquents in those parts; whom now we see painfully with pale faces dancing attendance in Goldsmiths' Hall,—not to say knocking importunately at doors in the gray of the morning, in danger of their life! Stanley of Dalegarth has happily got his composition finished, his Pass signed by the Lieutenant-General; and may go home, with subdued thankfulness, in a whole skin. Dalegarth Hall is still an estate or farm, in the southern extremity of Cumberland; on the Esk river, in the Ravenglass district: not far from that small Lake which Tourists go to see under the name of *Devock Water*. Quiet life to Stanley there!

* Jefferson's *History and Antiquities of Allerdale Ward, Cumberland* (Carlisle, 1842), p. 284.

[7] *Commons Journals*, in die.

LETTER LXXXVIII.

For my very worthy Friend Richard Mayor, Esquire: These.

SIR, 'London,' 12th February 1648.

I received some intimations formerly, and by the last return from Southampton a Letter from Mr. Robinson, concerning the reviving of the last year's motion touching my Son and your Daughter. Mr. Robinson was also pleased to send enclosed in his a Letter from you, bearing date the 5th of this instant February, wherein I find your willingness to entertain any good means for the completing of that business.

From whence I take encouragement to send my Son to wait upon you; and by him to let you know, That my desires are, if Providence so dispose, very full and free to the thing,—if, upon an interview, there prove also a freedom in the young persons thereunto. What liberty you will give herein, I wholly submit to you.

I thought fit, in my Letter to Mr. Robinson, to mention somewhat of expedition; because indeed I know not how soon I may be called into the field, or other occasions may remove me from hence; having for the present some liberty of stay in London. The Lord direct all to His glory. I rest, Sir, your very humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

Thomas Scott is big with the Council of State at present; he produces it in the House tomorrow morning, 13th February; and the List of actual Councillors, as we said, is voted the next day.

There is also frequent debate about Ireland[8] in these days,

* Harris, p. 505; one of the Pusey seventeen.
[8] *Cromwelliana*, 14th February, &c.

and what is to be done for relief of it; the Marquis of Ormond, furnished with a commission from the Prince, who now calls himself Charles II., reappeared there last year; has, with endless patience and difficulty, patched-up some kind of alliance with the Papists, Nuncio Papists and Papists of the Pale; and so far as numbers go, looks very formidable. One does not know how soon one 'may be called into the field.' However, there will several things turn up to be settled first.

ORDER.

On the Saturday 17th February 1648-9, more properly on Monday 19th, the Council of State first met, to constitute itself and begin despatch of business.[9] Cromwell seems to have been their first President. At first it had been decided that they should have no constant President; but after a time, the inconveniences of such a method were seen into, and Bradshaw was appointed to the office.

The Minute-book of this Council of State, written in the clear old hand of Walter Frost, still lies complete in the State-Paper Office; as do the whole Records of the Committee of Both Kingdoms, of the Committee of Sequestrations in Goldsmiths' Hall, and many other Committees and officialities of the Period. By the long labour of Mr. Lemon, these waste Documents, now gathered into volumes, classed, indexed, methodised, have become singularly accessible. Well read, the thousandth or perhaps ten-thousandth part of them well excerpted, and the nine-hundred-and-ninety-nine parts well forgotten, much light for what is really English History might still be gathered there. Alas, if the Half-million of money, or but the twentieth part of it, wasted in mere stupidities upon the old-parchment Record Commission, had been expended upon wise labours here!—But to our '*Order*.'

Sir Oliver Fleming, a most gaseous but indisputable historical Figure, of uncertain genesis, uncertain habitat, glides through the old Books as 'Master of the Ceremonies,'—master of one knows not well what. In the end of 1643 he clearly is

[9] *Commons Journals*, vi. 146.

nominated 'Master of the Ceremonies' by Parliament itself;[10] and glides out and in ever after, presiding over 'Dutch Ambassadors,' 'Swedish Ambassadors' and suchlike, to the very end of the Protectorate. A Blessed Restoration, of course, relieved him from his labours. He, for the present, wants to see some Books in the late Royal Library of St. James's. This scrap of paper still lies in the British Museum:

To the Keeper of the Library of St. James's.

THESE are to will and require you, upon sight hereof, to deliver unto Sir Oliver Fleming, or to whom he shall appoint, two or three such Books as he shall choose, of which there is a double copy in the Library: to be by him disposed 'of' as there shall be direction given him by the Council. Of which you are not to fail, and for which this shall be your warrant.

Given at the Council of State, this 22d day of February 1648.

In the name, and signed by Order of the Council of State appointed by Authority of Parliament,

OLIVER CROMWELL
(*Præses pro tempore*).*

There is already question of selling the late King's goods, crown-jewels, plate, and 'hangings,' under which latter title, we suppose, are included his Pictures, much regretted by the British connoisseur at present. They did not come actually to market till July next.[11]

LETTER LXXXIX.

REVEREND Mr. Stapylton, of whom we heard once before in Edinburgh, has been down at Hursley with Mr. Richard;

[10] 2d November 1643, *Commons Journals*, iii. 299.
* Additional Ayscough MSS. 12,098.
[11] Scobell, Part ii. 46, the immense Act of Parliament for sale of them.

Miss Dorothy received them with her blushes, with her smiles; the elder Mayors with 'many civilities:' and the Marriage-treaty, as Mr. Stapylton reports, promises well.

For my very worthy Friend Richard Mayor, Esquire: These.

SIR, 'London,' 26th February 1648.

I received yours by Mr. Stapylton; together with an account of the kind reception and the many civilities afforded 'to' them,[12]—especially to my Son, in the liberty given him to wait upon your worthy Daughter. The report of whose virtue and godliness has so great a place in my heart, that I think fit not to neglect anything, on my part, which may consummate a close of the business, if God please to dispose the young ones' hearts thereunto, and other suitable ordering 'of' affairs towards mutual satisfaction appear in the dispensation of Providence.

For which purpose, and to the end matters may be brought to as near an issue as they are capable of,—not being at liberty, by reason of public occasions, to wait upon you, nor your health, as I understand, permitting it,—I thought fit to send this Gentleman, Mr. Stapylton, instructed with my mind, to see how near we may come to an understanding one of another therein. And although I could have wished the consideration of things had been between us two, it being of so near concernment,—yet Providence for the present not allowing, I desire you to give him credence on my behalf.

Sir, all things which yourself and I had in conference, at Farnham, do not occur to my memory, through multiplicity of business intervening. I hope I shall with a very free heart testify my readiness to that which may be expected from me.

[12] To Richard Cromwell and him.

I have no more at present: but desiring the Lord to order this affair to His glory and the comfort of His servants, I rest, Sir, your humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

LETTER XC.

THIS Thursday 8th March 1648-9, they are voting and debating in a thin House, hardly above sixty there, Whether Duke Hamilton, Earl Holland, Lords Capel, Goring, and Sir John Owen, — our old friend 'Colonel Owen' of Nottingham Castle, Jenner and Ashe's old friend,[13]—are to die or to live?

They have been tried in a new High Court of Justice, and all found guilty of treason, of levying war against the Supreme Authority of this Nation. Shall they be executed; shall they be respited? The House, by small Majorities, decides *against* the first three; decides in favour of the last; and as to Goring, the votes are equal, — the balance-tongue trembles, "Life or Death!" Speaker Lenthall says, Life.[14]

Meanwhile, small private matters also must be attended to.

For my very worthy Friend Richard Mayor, Esquire: These.

SIR, 'London,' 8th March 1648.

Yours I have received; and have given further instructions to this Bearer, Mr. Stapylton, to treat with you about the business in agitation between your Daughter and my Son.

I am engaged[15] to you for all your civilities and respects already manifested. I trust there will be a right understanding between us, and a good conclusion: and though I cannot particularly remember the things spoken of at Farnham to which your Letter seems to refer me, yet I doubt not

* Harris, p. 505; one of the Pusey seventeen: Signature only is in Cromwell's hand.

[13] Letter LXXXII. p. 74. [14] *Commons Journals*, vi. 159. [15] obliged.

but I have sent the offer of such things now as will give mutual satisfaction to us both. My attendance upon public affairs will not give me leave to come down unto you myself; I have sent unto you this Gentleman with my mind.

I salute Mrs. Mayor, though unknown, with the rest of your Family. I commit you, with the progress of the Business, to the Lord; and rest, Sir, your assured friend to serve you, OLIVER CROMWELL.*

On the morrow morning, poor versatile Hamilton, poor versatile Holland, with the Lord Capel who the first of all in this Parliament rose to complain of Grievances, meet their death in Palaceyard. The High Court was still sitting in Westminster Hall as they passed through 'from Sir Robert Cotton's house.' Hamilton lingered a little, or seemed to linger, in the Hall; still hopeful of reprieve and fine of 100,000*l.*: but the Earl of Denbigh, his brother-in-law, a Member of the Council of State, stept up to him; whispered in his ear;—the poor Duke walked on. That is the end of all his diplomacies; his Scotch Army of Forty-thousand, his painful ridings to Uttoxeter, and to many other places, have all issued here. The Earl of Lanark will now be Duke of Hamilton in Scotland: may a better fate await him!

The once gay Earl of Holland has been 'converted' some days ago, as it were for the nonce,—poor Earl! With regard to my Lord Capel again, who followed last in order, he behaved, says Bulstrode, 'much after the manner of a stout Roman. He 'had no Minister with him, nor showed any sense of death 'approaching; but carried himself all the time he was upon the 'scaffold with that boldness and resolution as was to be ad-'mired. He wore a sad-coloured suit, his hat cocked-up, and 'his cloak thrown under one arm; he looked towards the 'people at his first coming up, and put off his hat in manner 'of a salute; he had a little discourse with some gentlemen, 'and passed up and down in a careless posture.'[16] Thus died Lord Capel, the first who complained of Grievances: in seven-years time there are such changes for a man; and the first acts of his Drama little know what the last will be!—

* Harris, p. 506; one of the seventeen.

[16] Whitlocke, p. 380 (the *first* of the *two* pages 380 which there are).

This new High Court of Justice is one of some Seven or Eight that sat in those years, and were greatly complained of by Constitutional persons. Nobody ever said that they decided contrary to evidence; but they were not the regular Judges. They took the Parliament's law as good, without consulting Fleta and Bracton about it. They consisted of learned Sergeants and other weighty persons nominated by the Parliament, usually in good numbers, for the occasion.

Some weeks hence, drunken Poyer of Pembroke and the confused Welsh Colonels are tried by Court Martial; Poyer, Powel, Laughern are found to merit death. Death however shall be executed only upon one of them; let the other two be pardoned: let them draw lots which two. 'In two of the lots 'was written, *Life given by God;* the third lot was a blank. 'The Prisoners were not willing to draw their own destiny; but 'a child drew the lots, and gave them: and the lot fell to 'Colonel Poyer to die.'[17] He was shot in Covent Garden; died like a soldier, poor confused Welshman; and so ended.

And with these executions, the chief Delinquents are now got punished. The Parliament lays up its axe again; willing to pardon the smaller multitude, if they will keep quiet henceforth.

LETTER XCI.

For my worthy Friend Dr. Love, Master of Benet College, 'Cambridge:' These.

SIR, 'London,' 14th March 1648.

I understand one Mrs. Nutting is a suitor unto you, on the right of her Son, about the renewing of a Lease which holds of your College. The old interest I have had makes me presume upon your favour. I desire nothing but what is just; leaving that to your judgment; and beyond which I neither now nor at any time shall move. If I do, denial shall be most welcome and accepted by, Sir, your affectionate servant, OLIVER CROMWELL.*

[17] Whitlocke, 21st April 1649.

* Lansdown MSS. 1236, fol. 83.

This is not the Christopher Love who preached at Uxbridge during the Treaty there in 1644; who is now a minister in London, and may again come before us; this is a Cambridge 'Dr. Love,' of whom I know nothing. Oliver, as we may gather, had befriended him in the old Cambridge days; nothing hard had befallen him during the reform of that University in 1644. Probably in Baker's Manuscripts it might be ascertained in what year he graduated, where he was born, where buried; but nothing substantial is ever likely to be known of him,—or is indeed necessary to be known. 'Mrs. Nutting' and he were evidently children of Adam, breathing the vital air along with Oliver Cromwell; and Oliver, on occasion, endeavoured to promote justice and kindness between them; and they remain two 'shadows of small Names.'[18]

Yesterday, Tuesday 13th March, there was question in the Council of State about 'modelling of the forces that are to go to Ireland;' and a suggestion was made, by Fairfax probably, who had the modelling to do, that they would model much better if they knew first under what Commander they were to go.[19] It is thought Lieutenant-General Cromwell will be the man.

On which same evening, furthermore, one discerns in a faint but an authentic manner, certain dim gentlemen of the highest authority, young Sir Harry Vane to appearance one of them, repairing to the lodging of one Mr. Milton, 'a small house in Holborn which opens backwards into Lincoln's Inn Fields;' to put an official question to him there! Not a doubt of it they saw Mr. John this evening. In the official Book this yet stands legible:

'*Die Martis*, 13° *Martii* 1648.' 'That it is referred to the 'same Committee,' Whitlocke, Vane, Lord Lisle, Earl of Denbigh, Harry Marten, Mr. Lisle, 'or any two of them, to speak 'with Mr. Milton, to know, Whether he will be employed as 'Secretary for the Foreign Languages? and to report to the 'Council.'[20] I have authority to say, that Mr. Milton, thus unexpectedly applied to, consents; is formally appointed on Thursday next; makes his proof-shot, 'to the Senate of Ham-

[18] Cooper's *Annals*, iii. 491; Masters's *History of Corpus-Christi College* (Cambridge, 1753), pp. 143-54.—Mrs. Nutting, it appears, succeeded (Cambridge MS. *penes me*).

[19] *Order-Book of the Council of State* (in the State-Paper Office), i. 86.

[20] Ibid.; Todd's *Life of Milton* (London, 1826), pp. 96, 108-123.

burgh,'[21] about a week hence;—and gives, and continues to give, great satisfaction to that Council, to me, and to the whole Nation now, and to all Nations! Such romance lies in the State-Paper Office.

Here, however, is another Letter on the Hursley Business, of the same date as Letter XCI.; which must also be read. I do not expect many readers to take the trouble of representing before their minds the clear condition of 'Mr. Ludlow's lease,' of 'the 250*l.*,' 'the 150*l.*' &c. in this abstruse affair: but such as please to do so, will find it all very straight at last. We observe, Mr. Mayor has a decided preference for 'my ould land;' land that I inherited, or bought by common contract, instead of getting it from Parliament for Public Services! In fact, Mr. Mayor seems somewhat of a sharp man: but neither has he a dull man to deal with,—though a much *bigger* one

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LETTER XCII.

'*For my worthy Friend Richard Mayor, Esquire, at Hursley: These.*'

SIR, 'London,' 14th March 1648.

I received your Paper by the hands of Mr. Stapylton. I desire your leave to return my dissatisfaction therewith. I shall not need to premise how much I have desired (I hope upon the best grounds) to match with you. The same desire still continues in me, if Providence see it fit. But I may not be so much wanting to myself nor family as not to have some equality of consideration towards it.[22]

I have two young Daughters to bestow, if God give them life and opportunity. According to your Offer, I have nothing for them; nothing at all in hand. If my Son die,

[21] *Senatus Populusque Anglicanus Amplissimo Civitatis Hamburgensis Senatui, Salutem.* (In Milton's *Literæ Senatus Anglicani*, this *first* Letter to the Hamburgers is not given.)

[22] 'it' is not the family, but the match.

what consideration is there to me? And yet a jointure parted with 'on my side.' If she die, there is 'on your side' little 'money parted with;' 'even' if you have an heir male, 'there is' but 3,000*l.*, 'and' without time ascertained.[23]

As for these things 'indeed,' I doubt not but, by one interview between you and myself, they might be accommodated to mutual satisfaction; and in relation to these, I think we should hardly part, or have many words, so much do I desire a closure with you. But to deal freely with you: the settling of the Manor of Hursley, as you propose it, sticks so much with me, that either I understand you not, or else it much fails my expectation. As you offer it, there is 400*l. per annum* charged upon it. For the 150*l.* to your Lady, for her life, as a jointure, I stick not at that: but the 250*l. per annum* until Mr. Ludlow's Lease expires, the tenor whereof I know not, and so much of the 250*l. per annum* as exceeds that Lease in annual value for some time also after the expiration of the said Lease,[24]—give such a maim to the Manor of Hursley as indeed renders the rest of the Manor very inconsiderable.

Sir, if I concur to deny myself in point of present moneys, as also in the other things mentioned, as aforesaid, I may and do expect the Manor of Hursley to be settled without any charge upon it, after your decease, saving your Lady's jointure of 150*l. per annum*,—which if you should think fit to increase, I should not stand upon it. Your own Estate is best known to you: but surely your personal Estate, being free for you to dispose, will, with some small matter of addition, beget a nearness of equality,—if I hear well

[23] See Letter LVI. vol. i. p. 279.

[24] 'Ludlow's Lease,' &c. is not very plain. The 'tenor of Ludlow's Lease' is still less known to us than it was to the Lieutenant-General! Thus much is clear: 250+150=400 pounds are to be paid off Hursley Manor by Richard and his Wife, which gives a sad 'maim' to it. When Ludlow's Lease falls in, there will be some increment of benefit to the Manor; but we are to derive no advantage from that, we are still to pay the surplus 'for some time after.'

from others. And if the difference were not very considerable, I should not insist upon it.

What you demand of me is very high in all points. I am willing to settle as you desire in everything; saving for maintenance 400*l.* *per annum*, 300*l.* *per annum*.[25] I would have somewhat free, to be thanked by them for. The 300*l.* *per annum* of my old land[26] for a jointure, after my Wife's decease, I shall settle; and in the mean time 'a like sum' out of other lands at your election: and truly, Sir, if that be not good, neither will any lands, I doubt. I do not much distrust, your principles in other things have acted[27] you towards confidence. You demand in case my Son have none issue male but only daughters, then the 'Cromwell' Lands in Hantshire, Monmouth- and Gloucestershire to descend to these daughters, or else 3,000*l.* apiece. The first would be most unequal; the latter 'also' is too high. They will be well provided for by being inheritrixes of their Mother; and I am willing 'that' 2,000*l.* apiece be charged upon those lands 'for them.'

Sir, I cannot but with very many thanks acknowledge your good opinion of me and of my Son; as also your great civilities towards him; and your Daughter's good respects, —whose goodness, though known to me only at a distance and by the report of others, I much value. And indeed that causeth me so cheerfully to deny myself as I do in the point of moneys, and so willingly to comply in other things. But if I should not insist as above, I should in a greater measure than were meet deny both my own reason and the advice of my friends; which I may not do. Indeed, Sir, I have not closed with a far greater Offer of estate; but

[25] Means, in its desperate haste: 'except that instead of 400*l.* per annum for maintenance, we must say 300*l.*'

[26] Better than Parliament-land, thinks Mayor! Oliver too prefers it for his Wife; but thinks all land will have a chance to go, if that go.

[27] actuated or impelled.

chose rather to fix here: I hope I have not been wanting to Providence in this.

I have made myself plain to you. Desiring you will make my Son the messenger of your pleasure and resolution herein as speedily as with conveniency you may, I take leave, and rest, your affectionate servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

I desire my service may be presented to your Lady and Daughters.*

On the morrow, which is Thursday the 15th, day also of John Milton's nomination to be Secretary, Lieutenant-General Cromwell was nominated Commander for Ireland; satisfactory appointments both.

LETTER XCIII.

THE Lieutenant-General is in hot haste today; sends a brief Letter 'by your Kinsman,' consenting to almost everything.—Mayor, as we saw before, decidedly prefers 'my ould land' to uncertain Parliamentary land. Oliver (see last Letter) offered to settle the 300*l.* of jointure upon his old land, after his Wife's decease; he now agrees that half of it, 150*l.*, shall be settled directly out of the old land, and the other half out of what Parliamentary land Mayor may like best.—The Letter breathes haste in every line; but hits, with a firm knock, in Cromwell's way, the essential nails on their head, as it hurries on.

'Your Kinsman,' who carries this Letter, turns out by and by to be a Mr. Barton; a man somewhat particular in his ways of viewing matters; unknown otherwise to all men. The Lieutenant-General getting his Irish Appointment confirmed in Parliament, and the conditions of it settled,[28] is naturally very busy.

* Harris, p. 507; Dunch's Pusey seventeen.

[28] *Cromwelliana*, p. 54; *Commons Journals*, &c.

For my worthy Friend Richard Mayor, Esquire, at Hursley: These.

SIR, 'London,' 25th March 1649.

You will pardon the brevity of these lines; the haste I am in, by reason of business, occasions it. To testify the earnest desire I have to see a happy period to this Treaty between us, I give you to understand,

That I agree to 150*l.* *per annum* out of the 300*l.* *per annum* of my *old* land for your Daughter's jointure, and the other 150*l.* where you please. 'Also' 400*l.* for present maintenance where you shall choose; either in Hantshire, Gloucester- or Monmouthshire. Those lands 'to be' settled upon my Son and his *heirs male* by your Daughter; and in case of *daughters*, only 2,000*l.* a-piece to be charged upon those lands.

'On the other hand,' 400*l.* *per annum* free,[29] to raise portions for my two daughters. I expect the Manor of Hursley to be settled upon your Daughter and her heirs, the heirs of her body. Your Lady a jointure of 150*l.* *per annum* out of it. For compensation to your younger Daughter, I agree to leave it in your power, after your decease, to charge it with as much as will buy-in the Lease of the Farm at Allington[30] by a just computation. I expect, so long as they 'the young couple' live with you, their diet, as you expressed; or in case of voluntary parting 'from you,' 150*l.* *per annum*. 'You are to give' 3,000*l.* in case you have a Son;[31] to be paid in two years next following. In case your Daughter die without issue,—1,000*l.* within six months 'of the marriage.'

Sir, if this satisfy, I desire a speedy resolution. I should

[29] Means, 'shall be settled on Richard and his Wife, that I may be left free.'

[30] 'Ludlow's Lease,' I fancy. Anne Mayor, 'your younger Daughter,' married Dunch of Pusey; John Dunch, to whom we owe these seventeen Letters. See also Letter 27th August 1657.

[31] Grandson, *i.e.*: in the next sentence 'die' means more properly *live*.

the rather desire so because of what your Kinsman can satisfy you in. The Lord bless you and your Family, to whom I desire my affections and service may be presented. I rest, your humble servant, OLIVER CROMWELL.*

Your Kinsman can in part satisfy you what a multiplicity of business we are in: modelling the Army for Ireland;—which indeed is a most delicate dangerous operation, full of difficulties perhaps but partly known to your Kinsman!

For, in these days, John Lilburn is again growing very noisy; bringing out Pamphlets, *England's New Chains Discovered,* in several Parts. As likewise *The Hunting of the Foxes from Triploe Heath to Whitehall by Five Small Beagles,*[32]—the tracking out of Oliver Cromwell and his Grandees, onward from their rendezvous at Royston or Triploe, all the way to their present lodgment in Whitehall and the seat of authority. 'Five small Beagles,' Five vociferous petitionary Troopers, of the Levelling species, who for their high carriage and mutinous ways have been set to 'ride the wooden horse' lately. Do military men of these times understand the wooden horse? He is a mere triangular ridge or roof of wood, set on four sticks, with absurd head and tail superadded; and you ride him bare-backed, in face of the world, frequently with muskets tied to your feet,—in a very uneasy manner! To Lieutenant-Colonel Lilburn and these small Beagles it is manifest we are getting into *New Chains,* not a jot better than the old; and certainly *Foxes* ought to be hunted and tracked. Three of the Beagles, the best-nosed and loudest-toned, by names Richard Overton, William Walwyn, Thomas Prince,—these, with Lieutenant-Colonel Lilburn, huntsman of the pack, are shortly after this lodged in the Tower;[33] 'committed to the Lieutenant,' to be in mild but safe keeping with that officer. There is, in fact, a very dangerous leaven in the Army, and in the Levelling Public at present, which thinks with itself: God's enemies having been fought down, chief Delinquents all punished, and the Godly Party made triumphant, why does not some Millennium arrive?

* Harris, p. 508; one of the seventeen.
[32] Given in *Somers Tracts,* vi. 44-60.
[33] 27th March, 11th April 1649 (*Commons Journals,* in diebus).

LETTER XCIV.

'COMPENSATION,' here touched upon, is the 'compensation to your younger Daughter' mentioned in last Letter; burden settled on Hursley Manor, 'after your decease,' 'to buy-in the Lease of Allington Farm.' Mayor wants it another way; which 'seems truly inconvenient,' and in brief cannot be.

For my worthy Friend Richard Mayor, Esquire, at Hursley: These.

SIR, 'London,' 30th March 1649.

I received yours of the 28th instant. I desire the matter of compensation may be as in my last to you. You propose another way; which seems to me truly inconvenient.

I have agreed to all other things, as you take me, and that rightly, repeating particulars in your Paper. The Lord dispose this great Business (great between you and me) for good.

You mention to send by the Post on Tuesday.[34] I shall speed things here as I may. I am designed for Ireland, which will be speedy. I should be very glad to see things settled before I go, if the Lord will. My service to all your Family. I rest, Sir, your affectionate servant,

'OLIVER CROMWELL.'*

LETTER XCV.

WHO the Lawyer, or what the 'arrest' of him is, which occasions new expense of time, I do not know. On the whole, one begins to wish Richard well wedded; but the settlements do still a little stick, and we must have patience.

[34] The 30th of March is Friday; Tuesday is the 3d of April.
* Harris, p. 508.

For my worthy Friend Richard Mayor, Esquire, at Hursley: These.

SIR, 'London,' 6th April 1649.

I received your Papers enclosed in your Letter; although I know not how to make so good use of them as otherwise might have been, to have saved expense of time, if the arrest of your Lawyer had not fallen out at this time.

I conceive a draught, to your satisfaction, by your own Lawyer, would have saved much time; which to me is precious. I hope you will send some 'one' up, perfectly instructed. I shall endeavour to speed what is to be done on my part; not knowing how soon I may be sent down towards my charge for Ireland. And I hope to perform punctually with you.

Sir, my Son had a great desire to come down and wait upon your Daughter. I perceive he minds that more than to attend to business here.[35] I should be glad to see him settled, and all things finished before I go. I trust not to be wanting therein. The Lord direct all our hearts into His good pleasure. I rest, Sir, your affectionate servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

My service to your Lady and Family.*

There is much to be settled before I can 'be sent down to my charge for Ireland.' The money is not yet got;—and the Army has ingredients difficult to model. Next week, a Parliamentary Committee, one of whom is the Lieutenant-General, and another is Sir Harry Vane, have to go to the City, and try if they will lend us 120,000*l.* for this business. Much speaking in the Guildhall there, in part by Cromwell.[36] The City will lend; and now, if the Army were once modelled, and ready to march——?—

[35] The dog!

[36] 12th April 1649, Newspapers (in *Cromwelliana*, p. 55).

* Harris, p. 509.

LETTER XCVI.

HERE, at any rate, is the end of the Marriage-treaty,—not even Mr. Barton, with his peculiar ways of viewing matters, shall now delay it long.

For my worthy Friend Richard Mayor, Esquire: These.

SIR, 'London,' 15th April 1649.

Your Kinsman Mr. Barton and myself, repairing to our Counsel, for the perfecting of this Business so much concerning us, did, upon Saturday this 15th of April, draw our Counsel to a meeting: where, upon consideration had of my Letter to yourself expressing my consent to particulars, which 'Letter' Mr. Barton brought to your Counsel Mr. Hales of Lincoln's Inn;[37]—upon the reading that which expresseth the way of your settling Hursley, your Kinsman expressed a sense of yours contrary to the Paper in my hand, as also to that under your hand of the 28th of March, which was the same as mine as to that particular.

In[38] that which I myself am to do, I know nothing of doubt, but do agree it all to your Kinsman's satisfaction. Nor is there much material difference 'between us,' save in this,—wherein both my Paper sent by you to your Counsel, and yours of the 28th, do in all literal and all equitable construction agree, viz.: To settle an Estate in fee-simple upon your Daughter, after your decease; which Mr. Barton affirms *not* to be your meaning,—although he has not (as to me) formerly made this any objection; nor can the words bear

[37] 'Hales' is the future Judge Hale.

[38] A mere *comma* here, instead of new paragraph; greatly obscuring the sense:—'as to that particular, and I know nothing of doubt in that which I am to doe, but doe agree itt all,' &c.

it; nor have I anything more considerable in lieu of what I part with than this. And I have appealed to yours or any Counsel in England, whether it be not just and equal that I insist thereupon.

And this misunderstanding,—if it be yours, as it is your Kinsman's,—put a stop to the Business; so that our Counsel could not proceed, until your pleasure herein were known. Wherefore it was thought fit to desire Mr. Barton to have recourse to you to know your mind; he alleging he had no authority to understand that expression so, but the contrary; —which was thought not a little strange, even by your own Counsel.

I confess I did apprehend we should be incident to mistakes, treating at such a distance;—although I may take the boldness to say, there is nothing expected from me but I agree to it to your Kinsman's sense to a tittle.

Sir, I desired to know what commission your Kinsman had to help this doubt by an expedient;—who denied to have any; but did think it were better for you to part with some money, and keep the power in your own hand as to the land, to dispose thereof as you should see cause. Whereupon an overture was made, and himself and your Counsel desired to draw it up; the effect whereof this enclosed Paper contains. And although I should not like change of agreements, yet to show how much I desire the perfecting of this Business, if you like thereof (though this be far the worse bargain), I shall submit thereunto; your Counsel thinking that things may be settled this way with more clearness and less intricacy. There is mention made of 900*l.* *per annum* to be reserved: but it comes to but about 800*l.*; my lands in Glamorganshire being but little above 400*l.* *per annum*; and the 'other' 400*l.* *per annum* out of my Manor in Gloucester- and Monmouthshire. I wish a clear understanding may be between us; truly I would not willingly mistake.

Desiring to wait upon Providence in this Business, I rest, Sir, your affectionate friend and servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

I desire my service may be presented to your Lady and Daughters.*

This is the last of the Marriage-treaty. Mr. Barton, whom 'no Counsel in England' could back, was of course disowned in his over-zeal; the match was concluded; solemnised 1st May 1649.[39]

Richard died 12th July 1712, at Cheshunt, age 86;[40] his Wife died 5th January 1675-6, at Hursley, and is buried there,—where, even after Richard's Deposition, and while he travelled on the Continent, she had continued to reside. In pulling down the old Hursley House, above a century since, when the Estate had passed into other hands, there was found in some crevice of the old walls a rusty lump of metal, evidently an antiquity; which was carried to the new Proprietor at Winchester; who sold it as 'a Roman weight,' for what it would bring. When scoured, it turned out,—or is said by vague Noble, quoting vague 'Vertue,' 'Hughes's Letters,' and '*Ant. Soc.*' (Antiquarian Society), to have turned out,—to be the Great Seal of the Commonwealth.[41] If the Antiquaries still have it, let them be chary of it.

THE LEVELLERS.

WHILE Miss Dorothy Mayor is choosing her wedding-dresses, and Richard Cromwell is looking forward to a life of Arcadian felicity now near at hand, there has turned up for Richard's Father and other parties interested, on the public side of things, a matter of very different complexion, requiring to be instantly dealt with in the interim. The matter of the class called Levellers; concerning which we must now say a few words.

In 1647, as we saw, there were Army Adjutators; and among some of them wild notions afloat, as to the swift attain-

* Harris, p. 509. [39] Noble, i. 188. [40] Ibid. i. 176, 188.
[41] Ibid. i. 195. Bewildered Biography of the Mayors, 'Majors or Maijors,' ibid. ii. 436-40.

ability of Perfect Freedom civil and religious, and a practical Millennium on this Earth; notions which required, in the Rendezvous at Corkbush-field, 'Rendezvous of Ware' as they oftenest call it, to be very resolutely trodden out. Eleven chief mutineers were ordered from the ranks in that Rendezvous; were condemned by swift Court-Martial to die; and Trooper Arnald, one of them, was accordingly shot there and then; which extinguished the mutiny for that time. War since, and Justice on Delinquents, England made a Free Commonwealth, and suchlike, have kept the Army busy: but a deep republican leaven, working all along among these men, breaks now again into very formidable development. As the following brief glimpses and excerpts may satisfy an attentive reader who will spread them out, to the due expansion, in his mind. Take first this glimpse into the civil province; and discern, with amazement, a whole submarine world of Calvinistic Sansculottism, Five-point Charter and the Rights of Man, threatening to emerge almost two centuries before its time!

'The Council of State,' says Whitlocke,[1] just while Mr. Barton is boggling about the Hursley Marriage-settlements, 'has 'intelligence of certain *Levellers* appearing at St. Margaret's 'Hill, near Cobham in Surrey, and at St. George's Hill,' in the same quarter: 'that they were digging the ground, and sow-'ing it with roots and beans. One Everard, once of the Army, 'who terms himself a Prophet, is the chief of them:' one Winstanley is another chief. 'They were Thirty men, and said 'that they should be shortly Four-thousand. They invited all 'to come in and help them; and promised them meat, drink, 'and clothes. They threaten to pull down park pales, and to 'lay all open; and threaten the neighbours that they will shortly 'make them all come up to the hills and work.' These infatuated persons, beginning a new era in this headlong manner on the chalk hills of Surrey, are laid hold of by certain Justices, 'by the country people,' and also by 'two troops of horse;' and complain loudly of such treatment; appealing to all men whether it be fair.[2] This is the account they give of themselves when brought before the General some days afterwards:

'*April 20th*, 1649. Everard and Winstanley, the chief of

[1] 17th April 1649, p. 384.

[2] King's Pamphlets, small 4to, no. 427, § 6 (Declaration of the bloody and unchristian Acting of William Star, &c. in opposition to those that dig upon George-Hill in Surrey); ib. no. 418, § 5, &c.

'those that digged at St. George's Hill in Surrey, came to the 'General and made a large declaration, to justify their proceed-'ings. Everard said, He was of the race of the Jews,' as most men, called Saxon and other, properly are; 'That all the 'Liberties of the People were lost by the coming in of William 'the Conqueror; and that, ever since, the People of God had 'lived under tyranny and oppression worse than that of our 'Forefathers under the Egyptians. But now the time of de-'liverance was at hand; and God would bring His People out 'of this slavery, and restore them to their freedom in enjoying 'the fruits and benefits of the Earth. And that there had lately 'appeared to him, Everard, a vision; which bade him, Arise 'and dig and plough the Earth, and receive the fruits thereof. 'That their intent is to restore the Creation to its former con-'dition. That as God had promised to make the barren land 'fruitful, so now what they did, was to restore the ancient Com-'munity of enjoying the Fruits of the Earth, and to distribute 'the benefit thereof to the poor and needy, and to feed the 'hungry and clothe the naked. That they intend not to meddle 'with any man's property, nor to break down any pales or en-'closures,' in spite of reports to the contrary; 'but only to 'meddle with what is common and untilled, and to make it 'fruitful for the use of man. That the time will suddenly be, 'when all men shall willingly come in and give up their lands 'and estates, and submit to this Community of Goods.'

These are the principles of Everard, Winstanley, and the poor Brotherhood, seemingly Saxon, but properly of the race of the Jews, who were found dibbling beans on St. George's Hill, under the clear April skies in 1649, and hastily bringing in a new era in that manner. 'And for all such as will come in and 'work with them, they shall have meat, drink, and clothes, 'which is all that is necessary to the life of man: and as for 'money, there is not any need of it; nor of clothes more than 'to cover nakedness.' For the rest, 'That they will not de-'fend themselves by arms, but will submit unto authority, and 'wait till the promised opportunity be offered, which they con-'ceive to be at hand. And that as their forefathers lived in 'tents, so it would be suitable to their condition now to live in 'the same.

'While they were before the General, they stood with their 'hats on; and being demanded the reason thereof, they said,

'Because he was but their fellow-creature. Being asked the 'meaning of that phrase, Give honour to whom honour is due, '—they said, Your mouths shall be stopped that ask such a 'question.'[3]

Dull Bulstrode hath 'set down this the more largely because it was the beginning of the appearance' of an extensive levelling doctrine, much to be 'avoided' by judicious persons, seeing it is 'a weak persuasion.' The germ of Quakerism and much else is curiously visible here. But let us look now at the military phasis of the matter; where 'a weak persuasion' mounted on cavalry horses, with sabres and fire-arms in its hand, may become a very perilous one.

Friday 20th April 1649. The Lieutenant-General has consented to go to Ireland; the City also will lend money; and now this Friday the Council of the Army meets at Whitehall to decide what regiments shall go on that service. 'After a solemn seeking of God by prayer,' they agree that it shall be by lot: tickets are put into a hat, a child draws them: the regiments, fourteen of foot and fourteen of horse, are decided on in this manner. 'The officers on whom the lot fell, in all the 'twenty-eight regiments, expressed much cheerfulness at the de-'cision.' The officers did:—but the common men are by no means all of that humour. The common men, blown upon by Lilburn and his five small Beagles, have notions about England's *new* Chains, about the Hunting of Foxes from Triploe Heath, and in fact ideas concerning the capability that lies in man and in a free Commonwealth, which are of the most alarming description.

Thursday 26th April. This night, at the Bull in Bishopsgate, there has an alarming mutiny broken out in a troop of Whalley's regiment there. Whalley's men are not allotted for Ireland: but they refuse to quit London, as they are ordered; they want this and that first: they seize their colours from the Cornet, who is lodged at the Bull there:—the General and the Lieutenant-General have to hasten thither; quell them, pack them forth on their march; seizing fifteen of them first, to be tried by Court-Martial. Tried by instant Court-Martial, five of them are found guilty, doomed to die, but pardoned; and one of them, Trooper Lockyer, is doomed and not pardoned. Trooper Lockyer is shot, in Paul's Churchyard, on the morrow. A very

[3] Whitlocke, p. 384.

brave young man, they say; though but three-and-twenty, 'he has served seven years in these Wars,' ever since the Wars began. 'Religious' too, 'of excellent parts and much beloved;' —but with hot notions as to human Freedom, and the rate at which the millenniums are attainable, poor Lockyer! He falls shot in Paul's Churchyard on Friday, amid the tears of men and women. Paul's Cathedral, we remark, is now a Horse-guard; horses stamp in the Canons' stalls there: and Paul's Cross itself, as smacking of Popery, where in fact Alablaster once preached flat Popery, is swept altogether away, and its leaden roof melted into bullets, or mixed with tin for culinary pewter. Lockyer's corpse is watched and wept over, not without prayer, in the eastern regions of the City, till a new week come; and on Monday, this is what we see advancing westward by way of funeral to him.

'About one hundred went before the Corpse, five or six in 'a file; the Corpse was then brought, with six trumpets sound-'ing a soldier's knell; then the Trooper's Horse came, clothed 'all over in mourning, and led by a footman. The Corpse was 'adorned with bundles of Rosemary, one half stained in blood; 'and the Sword of the deceased along with them. Some thou-'sands followed in rank and file: all had seagreen-and-black 'Ribbon tied on their hats and to their breasts: and the women 'brought up the rear. At the new Churchyard in Westminster, 'some thousands more of the better sort met them, who thought 'not fit to march through the City. Many looked upon this 'funeral as an affront to the Parliament and Army; others 'called these people "Levellers;" but they took no notice of 'any one's sayings.'[4]

That was the end of Trooper Lockyer: six trumpets wailing stern music through London streets; Rosemaries and Sword half-dipt in blood; funeral of many thousands in seagreen Ribbons and black:—testimony of a weak persuasion now looking somewhat perilous. Lieutenant-Colonel Lilburn and his five small Beagles, now in a kind of loose arrest under the Lieutenant of the Tower, make haste to profit by the general emotion; publish on the 1st of May[5] *their* 'Agreement of the People,'—their Bentham-Sieyes Constitution; Annual very exquisite Parliament, and other Lilburn apparatus; whereby the Perfection of Human Nature will with a maximum of rapidity

[4] Whitlocke, p. 385.

[5] Whitlocke's date, p. 385.

be secured, and a millennium straightway arrive, sings the Lilburn Oracle.

May 9th. Richard Cromwell is safe wedded; Richard's Father is reviewing troops in Hyde Park, 'seagreen colours in some of their hats.' The Lieutenant-General speaks earnestly to them. Has not the Parliament been diligent, doing its best? It has punished Delinquents; it has voted, in these very days, resolutions for dissolving itself and assembling future Parliaments.[6] It has protected trade; got a good Navy afloat. You soldiers, there is exact payment provided for you. Martial Law? Death, or other punishment, of Mutineers? Well! Whoever cannot stand Martial Law is not fit to be a soldier: *his* best plan will be to lay-down his arms; he shall have his ticket, and get his arrears as we others do,—we that still mean to fight against the enemies of England and this Cause.[7]—One trooper showed signs of insolence; the Lieutenant-General suppressed him by rigour and by clemency; the seagreen ribbons were torn from such hats as had them. The humour of the men is not the most perfect. This Review was on Wednesday: Lilburn and his five small Beagles are, on Saturday, committed close Prisoners to the Tower, each rigorously to a cell of his own.

It is high time. For now the flame has caught the ranks of the Army itself, in Oxfordshire, in Gloucestershire, at Salisbury where head-quarters are; and rapidly there is, on all hands, a dangerous conflagration blazing out. In Oxfordshire, one Captain Thompson, not known to us before, has burst from his quarters at Banbury, with a party of Two-hundred, in these same days; has sent forth his *England's Standard Advanced*,[8] insisting passionately on the *New Chains* we are fettered with; indignantly demanding swift perfection of Human Freedom, justice on the murderers of Lockyer and Arnald;—threatening that if a hair of Lilburn and the five small Beagles be hurt, he will avenge it 'seventy-and-seven fold.' This Thompson's Party, swiftly attacked by his Colonel, is broken within the week; he himself escapes with a few, and still roves up and down. To join whom, or to communicate with Gloucestershire where help lies, there has, in the interim, open mutiny, 'above a Thousand

[6] 15th April 1649, *Commons Journals*.
[7] Newspapers (in *Cromwelliana*, p. 56).
[8] Given in Walker's *History of Independency*, part ii. 168; dated 6th May.

strong,' with subalterns, with a Cornet Thompson brother of the Captain, but without any leader of mark, broken out at Salisbury: the General and Lieutenant-General, with what force can be raised, are hastening thitherward in all speed. Now were the time for Lieutenant-Colonel Lilburn; now or never might noisy John do some considerable injury to the Cause he has at heart: but he sits, in these critical hours, fast within stone walls!

Monday 14th May. All Sunday the General and Lieutenant-General marched in full speed, by Alton, by Andover, towards Salisbury; the mutineers, hearing of them, start northward for Buckinghamshire, then for Berkshire; the General and Lieutenant-General turning also northward after them in hot chase. The mutineers arrive at Wantage; make for Oxfordshire by Newbridge; find the Bridge already seized; cross higher up by swimming; get to Burford, very weary, and 'turn out their horses to grass;'—Fairfax and Cromwell still following in hot speed, 'a march of near fifty miles' that Monday. What boots it? there is no leader, noisy John is sitting fast within stone walls! The mutineers lie asleep in Burford, their horses out at grass; the Lieutenant-General, having rested at a safe distance since dark, bursts into Burford as the clocks are striking midnight. He has beset some hundreds of the mutineers, 'who could only fire some shots out of windows;'—has dissipated the mutiny, trodden down the Levelling Principle out of English affairs once more. Here is the last scene of the business; the rigorous Court-Martial having now sat; the decimated doomed Mutineers being placed on the leads of the Church to see:

Thursday 17th May. 'This day in Burford Churchyard, 'Cornet Thompson, brother to Thompson the chief leader, was 'brought to the place of execution; and expressed himself 'to this purpose: That it was just what did befall him; that 'God did not own the ways he went; that he had offended 'the General: he desired the prayers of the people; and told 'the soldiers who were appointed to shoot him, that when he 'held out his hands, they should do their duty. And accordingly he was immediately, after the sign given, shot to death. 'Next after him was a Corporal, brought to the same place of 'execution; where, looking upon his fellow-mutineers, he set 'his back against the wall; and bade them who were appointed

'to shoot, "Shoot!" and died desperately. The third, being 'also a Corporal, was brought to the same place; and without 'the least acknowledgment of error, or show of fear, he pulled 'off his doublet, standing a pretty distance from the wall; and 'bade the soldiers do their duty; looking them in the face till 'they gave fire, not showing the least kind of terror or fear-'fulness of spirit.'—So die the Leveller Corporals; strong they, after their sort, for the Liberties of England; resolute to the very death. Misguided Corporals! But History, which has wept for a misguided Charles Stuart, and blubbered, in the most copious helpless manner, near two centuries now, whole floods of brine, enough to salt the Herring-fishery,—will not refuse these poor Corporals also her tributary sigh. With Arnald of the Rendezvous at Ware, with Lockyer of the Bull in Bishopsgate, and other misguided martyrs to the Liberties of England then and since, may they sleep well!

Cornet Dean, who now came forward as the next to be shot, 'expressed penitence;' got pardon from the General: and there was no more shooting. Lieutenant-General Cromwell went into the Church, called down the Decimated of the Mutineers; rebuked, admonished; said, The General in his mercy had forgiven them. Misguided men, would you ruin this Cause, which marvellous Providences have so confirmed to us to be the Cause of God? Go, repent; and rebel no more, lest a worse thing befall you! 'They wept,' says the old Newspaper; they retired to the Devizes for a time; were then restored to their regiments, and marched cheerfully for Ireland. —Captain Thompson, the Cornet's brother, the first of all the Mutineers, he too, a few days afterwards, was fallen-in with in Northamptonshire, still mutinous: his men took quarter; he himself 'fled to a wood;' fired and fenced there, and again desperately fired, declaring he would never yield alive;—whereupon 'a Corporal with seven bullets in his carbine' ended Captain Thompson too; and this formidable conflagration, to the last glimmer of it, was extinct.

Sansculottism, as we said above, has to lie submerged for almost two centuries yet. Levelling, in the practical civil or military provinces of English things, is forbidden to be. In the spiritual provinces it cannot be forbidden; for there it everywhere already is. It ceases dibbling beans on St. George's Hill near Cobham; ceases galloping in mutiny across

the Isis to Burford;—takes into Quakerisms, and kingdoms which are not of this world. My poor friend Dryasdust lamentably tears his hair over the 'intolerance' of that old Time to Quakerism and suchlike. If Dryasdust had seen the dibbling on St. George's Hill, the threatened fall of 'park pales,' and the gallop to Burford, he would reflect that Conviction in an earnest age means, not lengthy Spouting in Exeter-Hall, but rapid silent Practice on the face of the Earth; and would perhaps leave his poor hair alone.

On Thursday night, 17th of the month, the General, Lieutenant-General, and chief Officers arrive at Oxford; lodge in All-Souls College; head-quarters are to be there for some days. Solemnly welcomed by the reformed University; bedinnered, bespeeched; made Doctors, Masters, Bachelors, or what was suitable to their ranks, and to the faculties of this reformed University. Of which high doings, degrees and convocation-dinners, and eloquence by Proctor Zanchy, we say nothing,—being in haste for Ireland. This small benefit we have from the business: Anthony Wood, in his crabbed but authentic way, has given us biographical sketches of all these Graduates; biographies very lean, very perverse, but better than are commonly going then, and in the fatal scarcity not quite without value.[9]

Neither do we speak of the thanking in the House of Commons; or of the general Day of Thanksgiving for London, which is Thursday the 7th June (the day for England at large being Thursday 21st),[10]—and of the illustrious Dinner which the City gave the Parliament and Officers, and all the Dignitaries of England, when Sermon was done. It was at Grocers' Hall, this City dinner; really illustrious. Dull Bulstrode, Keeper, or one of the Keepers, of the Commonwealth Great Seal, was there,—Keeper of that lump of dignified metal, found since all rusty in the wall at Hursley: and my Lord of Pembroke, an Earl and Member of the Council of State, 'speaking very loud,' as his manner was, insisted that illustrious Bulstrode should take place above him. I have given place to Bishop Williams when he was Keeper; and the Commonwealth Great

[9] Wood's *Athenæ*, iv. (*Fasti*, ii. 127-155): the Graduates of Saturday 19th May 1649, are, *Fairfax*, p. 148; *Cromwell*, p. 152; Colonels *Scrope*, Grosvenor, *Sir Hardress Waller*, *Ingoldsby*, *Harrison*, *Goff*, *Okey*; Adjutant-General Sedascue, Scoutmaster Rowe: and of Monday 21st, Lieutenant-Colonel *Cobbet*, p. 140; John Rushworth, Cornet *Joyce*, p. 138:—of whom those marked here in Italics have biographies worth looking at for an instant.

[10] *Commons Journals*, 26th May 1649.

Seal is as good as any King's ever was;—illustrious Bulstrode, take place above me: so![11] 'On almost every dish was enam-'elled a bandrol with the word *Welcome*. No music but that 'of drum and trumpet;' no balderdash, or almost none, of speech without meaning; 'no drinking of healths or other incivility:'—drinking of healths; a kind of invocation or prayer, addressed surely not to God, in that humour; probably therefore to the Devil, or to the Heathen gods; which is offensive to the well-constituted mind. Four-hundred pounds were given to the Poor of London, that they also might dine.[12]—

And now for Bristol and the Campaign in Ireland.

LETTERS XCVII.—CII.

Tuesday 10th July 1649. 'This evening, about five of the 'clock, the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland began his journey; by 'the way of Windsor, and so to Bristol. He went forth in that 'state and equipage as the like hath hardly been seen; himself 'in a coach with six gallant Flanders mares, whitish gray; 'divers coaches accompanying him; and very many great Offi-'cers of the Army; his Lifeguard consisting of eighty gallant 'men, the meanest whereof a Commander or Esquire, in stately 'habit;—with trumpets sounding, almost to the shaking of 'Charing Cross, had it been now standing. Of his Lifeguard 'many are Colonels; and, believe me, it's such a guard as is 'hardly to be paralleled in the world. And now have at you, 'my Lord of Ormond! You will have men of gallantry to 'encounter; whom to overcome will be honour sufficient, and 'to be beaten by them will be no great blemish to your repu-'tation. If you say, Cæsar or Nothing: they say, A Republic 'or Nothing. The Lord Lieutenant's colours are white.'[1]

Thus has Lord-Lieutenant Cromwell gone to the Wars in Ireland. But before going, and while just on the eve of going, he has had the following, among a multiplicity of other businesses, to attend to.

[11] Whitlocke, p. 391.
[12] Newspapers (in *Cromwelliana*, pp. 59, 60).
[1] Ibid. p. 62.

LETTER XCVII.

BARNABAS O'BRYEN, Sixth Earl of Thomond, Twentieth-and-odd *King* of Thomond, a very ancient Irish dignitary of the Limerick regions, whom it were still worth while to conciliate, has fallen into 'straits,' distresses; applies to the Lord Lieutenant to help him a little. The Lord Lieutenant thinks his case good; forwards it with recommendation to Harrington, of the Council of State, the proper official person in such matters. Note, this is by no means Harrington of the *Oceana*, this 'Sir James;' this is Member ('recruiter') for Rutlandshire, and only a distant cousin of the Oceana's.

What the Earl of Thomond's case was, as we have not seen the 'enclosed' statement of it, shall remain somewhat vague to us. Thomond had not joined the Irish Massacre in 1641: but neither would he join against it; he apologised to the King's Lieutenant on that occasion, said he had no money, no force; retired with many apologetic bows into England to the King himself; leaving his unmoneyed Castle of Bunratty to the King's Lieutenant,—who straightway found some 2,000*l.* of good money lying hidden in it, and cheerfully appropriated the same. I incline to think, it may be for this Two-Thousand-and-odd pounds, to have it acknowledged as a debt and allowed on the Earl of Peterborough's estate, that the poor Earl, 'in the modesty of his desires,' is now pleading. For he has been in active Royalist services since that passive one; in Ormond Wars, cessations, sequestrations, is a much-mulcted, impoverished man. And as for the Earl of Peterborough his son-in-law, he was one of poor Earl Holland's people in that fatal futile rising of St. Neot's, last year; and is now wandering in foreign parts, in a totally ruined condition. Readers who are curious may follow the indications in the note.[2] Earl Thomond's modest desire was allowed. Bunratty Castle, where that 2,000*l.* was found 'buried in the walls,' is now quite deserted by the Thomonds; is now 'the largest Police-Barrack' in those Limerick regions.

[2] Ludlow, i. 21; Whitlocke (2d edit.), p. 420, see also p. 201; *Commons Journals*, vi. 279, 445 (15th August 1649 and 23d July 1650); Collins's *Peerage*, ii. 216; &c. &c

'For the Honourable Sir James Harrington, Knight, of the Council of State: These.'

SIR, 'London,' 9th July 1649.

You see by this Enclosed, how great damage the Earl of Thomond hath sustained by these Troubles, and what straits he and his family are reduced unto by reason thereof. You see the modesty of his desires to be such as may well merit consideration. I am confident, that which he seeks is not so much for advantage of himself, as out of a desire to preserve his son-in-law the Earl of Peterborough's fortune and family from ruin.

If the result of the favour of the House fall upon him, although but in this way, it's very probable it will oblige his Lordship to endeavour the peace and quiet of this Commonwealth. Which will be no disservice to the State;—perhaps of more advantage than the extremity of his Fine. Besides, you showing your readiness to do a good office herein will very much oblige, Sir, your affectionate servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

LETTER XCVIII.

HERE likewise is a Letter which the Lord Lieutenant, in still greater haste, now in the very act of departing, has had to write,—on behalf of his 'Partner' or fellow Member for Cambridge; which likewise the reader is to glance at, before going:

For the Honourable William Lenthall, Esquire.

SIR, 'London,' 10th July 1649.

I beseech you, upon that score of favour, if I be not too bold to call it friendship, which I have ever

* Tanner MSS. (in Cary, ii. 150).

had from you, let me desire you to promote my Partner's humble suit to the House; and obtain, as far as possibly you may, some just satisfaction for him. I know his sufferings for the Public have been great, besides the loss of his calling by his attendance here. His affections have been true and constant; and, I believe, his decay great in his Estate. It will be justice and charity to him; and I shall acknowledge it as a favour to, your most humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

John Lowry, Esquire, is Oliver's fellow Member for Cambridge. What Lowry's 'losses,' 'estate,' 'calling,' or history in general were, remains undiscoverable. One might guess that he had been perhaps a lawyer, some call him a 'chandler' or trader,[3] of Puritan principles, and fortune already easy. He did not sit in the short Parliament of 1640, as Oliver had done; Oliver's former 'Partner,' one Meautys as we mentioned already, gave place to Lowry when the new Election happened.

Lowry in 1645 was Mayor of Cambridge. Some controversy as to the Privileges of the University there, which was now reformed according to the Puritan scheme, had arisen with the Town of Cambridge: a deputation of Cambridge University men, with 'Mr. Vines' at their head, comes up with a Petition to the House of Commons, on the 4th of August 1645; reporting that they are like to be aggrieved, that the 'new Mayor of Cambridge will not take the customary oaths,' in respect to certain privileges of the University; and praying the House, in a bland and flattering way, to protect them. The House answers: "Yours is the University which is under the protection of this House;" Oxford, still in the King's hands, being in a very unreformed state: "this House can see no learning now in the Kingdom but by your eyes;"—certainly you shall be protected!—Counter-Petitions come from Lowry and the Corporation; but we doubt not the University was protected in this controversy, and Gown made good against Town.[4] What the controversy specially was, or what became of it, let no liv-

* Harris, p. 516; Harleian MSS. no. 6988—collated, and *exact*.
[3] Cooper's *Annals of Cambridge*.
[4] See *Commons Journals*, vi. 229, 241.

ing man inquire. Lowry here vanishes into thick night again, nowhere reappears till in this Letter of Cromwell's.

Letter written, as its date bears, on the very day when he set out towards Bristol, to take the command in Ireland, '10th July 1649, about five in the afternoon.' In some Committee-room, or other such locality, in the thick press of business, Lowry had contrived to make his way to the Lord Lieutenant, and to get this Letter out of him. Which indeed proved very helpful. For on that day week, the 17th of July 1649, we find as follows: 'The humble Petition of John Lowry, Esquire, was 'this day read. *Ordered*, That the sum of Three-hundred 'pounds be allowed unto the said Mr. John Lowry, for his 'losses in the said Petition mentioned; and that the same be 'charged upon the revenue: and the Committee of Revenue 'are authorised and appointed to pay the same: and the same 'is especially recommended to Sir Henry Vane, Senior, to take 'care the same be paid accordingly,'[5]—which we can only hope it was, to the solace of poor Mr. Lowry, and the ending of these discussions.

Ten years later, in Protector Richard's time, on Friday 22d July 1659, a John Lowry, Esquire, now quite removed from Cambridge, turns up again; claiming to be continued 'Cheque in Ward in the Port of London,'—which dignity is accordingly assured him till 'the first day of October next.'[6] But whether this is our old friend the Mayor of Cambridge, and what kind of provision for his old age this same Chequeship in Ward might be, is unknown to the present Editor. Not the faintest echo or vestige henceforth of a John Lowry either real or even possible. The rest—gloomy Night compresses it, and we have no more to say.

LETTER XCIX.

MAYOR of Hursley, with whom are the young Couple, is connected now with an important man; he has written in behalf of 'Major Long;' for promotion as is likely. The important man does not promote on the score of connexion; and mildly signifies so much.

[5] See *Commons Journals*, vi. 269. [6] Ibid. vii. 727.

For my very loving Brother Richard Mayor, Esquire, at Hursley: These.

LOVING BROTHER, Bristol, 19th July 1649.

I received your Letter by Major Long; and do in answer thereunto according to my best understanding, with a due consideration to those gentlemen who have abid the brunt of the service.

I am very glad to hear of your welfare, and that our children have so good leisure to make a journey to eat cherries:—it's very excusable in my Daughter; I hope she may have a very good pretence for it! I assure you, Sir, I wish her very well; and I believe she knows it. I pray you tell her from me, I expect she writes often to me; by which I shall understand how all your Family doth, and she will be kept in some exercise. I have delivered my Son up to you; and I hope you will counsel him: he will need it; and indeed I believe he likes well what you say, and will be advised by you. I wish he may be serious; the times require it.

I hope my Sister[7] is in health; to whom I desire my very hearty affections and service may be presented; as also to my Cousin Ann,[8] to whom I wish a good husband. I desire my affections may be presented to all your Family, to which I wish a blessing from the Lord. I hope I shall have your prayers in the Business to which I am called. My Wife, I trust, will be with you before it be long, in her way towards Bristol.—Sir, discompose not your thoughts or Estate for what you are to pay me. Let me know wherein I may comply with your occasions and mind, and be confident you will find me to you as your own heart.

Wishing your prosperity and contentment very sincerely, with the remembrance of my love, I rest, your affectionate brother and servant, OLIVER CROMWELL.*

[7] Mrs. Mayor. [8] Miss Mayor, afterwards Mrs. Dunch of Pusey.
* Harris, p. 510: no. 8 of the Pusey seventeen.

Mayor has endorsed this Letter: 'Received 27th July 1649, per Messenger express from Newbury.' He has likewise, says Harris, jotted on it 'some shorthand,' and 'an account of his cattle and sheep.'—Who the 'Major Long' was, we know not: Cromwell undertakes to 'do' for him what may be right and reasonable, and nothing more.

Cromwell, leaving London as we saw on Tuesday evening July 10th, had arrived at Bristol on Saturday evening, which was the 14th. He had to continue here, making his preparations, gathering his forces, for several weeks. Mrs. Cromwell means seemingly to pass a little more time with him before he go. In the end of July, he quits Bristol; moving westward by Tenby[9] and Pembroke, where certain forces were to be taken up,—towards Milford Haven; where he dates his next Letters, just in the act of sailing.

LETTER C.

THE new Lord Lieutenant had at first designed for Munster, where it seemed his best chance lay. Already he has sent some regiments over, to reinforce our old acquaintance Colonel, now Lieutenant-General Michael Jones, at present besieged in Dublin, and enable him to resist the Ormond Army there. But on the 2d of August an important Victory has turned up for Jones: surprisal, and striking into panic and total rout, of the said Ormond Army;[10] which fortunate event, warmly recognised in the following Letter, clears Dublin of siege, and opens new outlooks for the Lord Lieutenant there. He sails thitherward; from Milford Haven, Monday August 13th. Ireton, who is Major-General, or third in command, Jones being second, follows with another division of the force, on Wednesday. Hugh Peters also went; and 'Mr. Owen' also, for another chaplain.

The good ship John is still lying in Milford waters, we suppose, waiting for a wind, for a turn of the tide. 'My Son' Richard Cromwell, and perhaps Richard's Mother, we may dimly surmise, had attended the Lord Lieutenant thus far, to wish him speed on his perilous enterprise?

[9] At Tenby 2d August, *Commons Journals*, vi. 277.

[10] Rout at Rathmines or Bagatrath: Ormond's own Account of it, in Carte's *Ormond Papers*, ii. 403, 407-11: Jones's Account, in Cary's *Memorials*, ii. 159-62. *Commons Journals*, vi. 278 (14th August 1649).

'For my loving Brother Richard Mayor, Esquire, at Hursley: These.'

'Milford Haven,' From Aboard the John, 13th August 1649.

LOVING BROTHER,

I could not satisfy myself to omit this opportunity by my Son of writing to you; especially there being so late and great an occasion of acquainting you with the happy news I received from Lieutenant-General Jones yesterday.

The Marquis of Ormond besieged Dublin with Nineteen-thousand men or thereabouts; Seven-thousand Scots and Three-thousand more were coming to 'join him in' that work. Jones issued out of Dublin with Four-thousand foot and Twelve-hundred horse; hath routed this whole Army; killed about Four-thousand upon the place; taken 2,517 prisoners, above Three-hundred 'of them' officers, some of great quality.[11]

This is an astonishing mercy; so great and seasonable that indeed we are like them that dreamed. What can we say! The Lord fill our souls with thankfulness, that our mouths may be full of His praise,—and our lives too; and grant we may never forget His goodness to us. These things seem to strengthen our faith and love, against more difficult times. Sir, pray for me, That I may walk worthy of the Lord in all that He hath called me unto!—

I have committed my Son to you; pray give him advice. I envy him not his contents; but I fear he should be swallowed up in them. I would have him mind and understand Business, read a little History, study the Mathematics and Cosmography:—these are good, with subordination to the things of God. Better than Idleness, or mere outward

[11] The round numbers of this account have, as is usual, come over greatly exaggerated (Carte, ubi supra).

worldly contents. These fit for Public services,[12] for which a man is born.

Pardon this trouble. I am thus bold because I know you love me; as indeed I do you, and yours. My love to my dear Sister, and my Cousin Ann your Daughter, and all Friends. I rest, Sir, your loving brother,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

'P.S.' Sir, I desire you not to discommodate yourself because of the money due to me. Your welfare is as mine: and therefore let me know, from time to time, what will convenience you in any forbearance; I shall answer you in it, and be ready to accommodate you. And therefore do your other business; let not this hinder.*

Of Jones and his Victory, and services in Ireland, there was on the morrow much congratulating in Parliament: revival of an old Vote, which had rather fallen asleep, For settling Lands of a Thousand Pounds a-year on him; and straightway, more special speedy Vote of 'Lands to the value of Five-hundred Pounds a-year for this last service;'—which latter Vote, we hope, will not fall asleep as the former had done.[13]

LETTER CI.

Same date, same conveyance.

To my beloved Daughter Dorothy Cromwell, at Hursley: These.

MY DEAR DAUGHTER, From Aboard the John, 13th Aug. 1649.

Your Letter was very welcome to me. I like to see anything from your hand; because indeed I stick not to say I do entirely love you. And therefore I hope a

[12] Services useful to all men.

* Forster's *Statesmen of the Commonwealth*, iv. 267: From certain MSS. of Lord Nugent's.

[13] *Commons Journals*, vi. 278, 281 (14th, 18th August 1649).

word of advice will not be unwelcome nor unacceptable to thee.

I desire you both to make it above all things your business to seek the Lord: to be frequently calling upon Him, that He would manifest Himself to you in His Son; and be listening what returns He makes to you,—for He will be speaking in your ear and in your heart, if you attend thereunto. I desire you to provoke your Husband likewise thereunto. As for the pleasures of this Life, and outward Business, let that be upon the bye. Be above all these things, by Faith in Christ; and then you shall have the true use and comfort of them,—and not otherwise.[14] I have much satisfaction in hope your spirit is this way set; and I desire you may grow in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ; and that I may hear thereof. The Lord is very near: which we see by His wonderful works: and therefore He looks that we of this generation draw near to Him. This late great Mercy of Ireland is a great manifestation thereof. Your Husband will acquaint you with it. We should be much stirred up in our spirits to thankfulness. We much need the spirit of Christ, to enable us to praise God for so admirable a mercy.

The Lord bless thee, my dear Daughter. I rest, thy loving Father, OLIVER CROMWELL.

'P.S.' I hear thou didst lately miscarry. Prithee take heed of a coach by all means; borrow thy Father's nag when thou intendest to go abroad.*

Is the last phrase ironical; or had the 'coach,' in those ancient roads, overset, and produced the disaster? Perhaps 'thy Father's nag' is really safer? Oliver is not given to irony; nor in a tone for it at this moment. These gentle domesticities

[14] How true is this; equal, in its obsolete dialect, to the highest that man has yet attained to, in any dialect old or new!

* Forster, iv. 268: From certain MSS. of Lord Nugent's.

and pieties are strangely contrasted with the fiery savagery and iron grimness, stern as Doom, which meets us in the next set of Letters we have from him!

On the second day following, on the 15th of August,[15] Cromwell with a prosperous wind arrived in Dublin; 'where,' say the old Newspapers,[16] 'he was received with all possible 'demonstrations of joy; the great guns echoing forth their welcome, and the acclamations of the people resounding in every 'street. The Lord Lieutenant being come into the City,—'where the concourse of the people was very great, they all 'flocking to see him of whom before they had heard so much, '—at a convenient place he made a stand,' rising in his carriage we suppose, 'and with his hat in his hand made a speech 'to them.' Speech unfortunately lost: it is to this effect; "That as God had brought him thither in safety, so he doubted "not but by Divine Providence to restore them all to their just "liberties and properties," much trodden down by those unblessed Papist-Royalist combinations, and the injuries of war: "and that all persons whose hearts' affections were real for the "carrying on of this great work against the barbarous and "bloodthirsty Irish and their confederates and adherents, and "for propagating of Christ's Gospel and establishing of Truth "and Peace, and restoring of this bleeding Nation of Ireland to "its former happiness and tranquillity,—should find favour and "protection from the Parliament of England and him, and "withal receive such rewards and gratuities as might be answerable to their merits." 'This Speech,' say the old Newspapers, 'was entertained with great applause by the people; 'who all cried out, "We will live and die with you!"'

LETTER CII.

SIR GEORGE AYSCOUGH, now vigilantly cruising on those coasts, 'Vice-Admiral of the Irish Seas,' who has done good service more than once,—he ought not to suffer in his private economics by absence on the Public Service.

[15] Carte, ii. 83. [16] In Kimber, *Life of Cromwell* (London, 1724), p. 126.

'*For the Honourable William Lenthall, Esquire, Speaker of the Parliament: These.*'

SIR, Dublin, 22d August 1649.

Before my coming for Ireland, I was bold to move the House on behalf of Sir George Ayscough; who then I thought had merited the favour of the Parliament, but since, much more, by his very faithful and industrious carriage in this place.

It seems, whilst he is attending your service, a Lease he holds of the Deanery of Windsor had like to be purchased over his head, he not coming to buy it himself by the time limited. He holds a very considerable part of his estate in Church-leases; one or more being in Impropriate Tithes, which he and his ancestors have held for a good time: all which is like to determine, and go from him and his, by your Orders.

I found the Parliament well to resent the motion I made on his behalf at that time. I desire you please to revive the business; and to obtain the House's favour for him, which they intended and expressed. He will, I presume, herewith send his humble desires: for which I beg your furtherance; and rest, Sir, your most humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

Ayscough is a Lincolnshire man. Last year, in the time of the Revolted Ships, he stood true to the Parliament; and brought his own ship off to them, in spite of perils. Serves now under Blake; is fast rising as a Sea-officer. The Lord Lieutenant's request in behalf of him has already been complied with.[17]

* Tanner MSS. (in Cary, ii. 163).

[17] *Commons Journals*, 8th August 1649 (vi. 276);—see ib. 9th July 1649 (on which day most probably, the day of Thomond's Letter too, Cromwell had been 'moving the House' for him). Whitlocke (2d edition), p. 317.

A DECLARATION BY THE LORD LIEUTENANT OF IRELAND.

MICHAEL JONES'S Dublin Army, like all Armies hitherto in Ireland, is of a quite unsatisfactory structure, of habits and practices quite unsatisfactory. The Lord Lieutenant is busy modelling it; rearranging it under new and more capable Officers; above all, clearing it of bad men: an Irish friend informs us, 'There hath been an huge purge of the Army which we 'found here: it was an Army made up of dissolute and de-'bauched men.'[1] 'The Officers reduced are not a little dis-'contented,' writes another friend: but the public service so requires it. Officers and men, and all Ireland are to know that henceforth it is on a new footing we proceed. Here is a Declaration, legible on such market-crosses, church-doors and the like, as we have access to; well worth attending to in a distracted seat of war.

This DECLARATION *is appointed to be printed, and published throughout all Ireland: By special direction from*—OLIVER CROMWELL.

WHEREAS I am informed that, upon the marching out of the Armies heretofore, or of parties from Garrisons, a liberty hath been taken by the Soldiery to abuse, rob and pillage, and too often to execute cruelties upon the Country People: Being resolved, by the grace of God, diligently and strictly to restrain such wickedness for the future,

I do hereby warn and require all Officers, Soldiers, and others under my command, henceforth To forbear all such evil practices as aforesaid; and Not to do any wrong or violence toward Country People, or persons whatsoever, unless they be actually in arms or office with the Enemy;

[1] Newspaper Letter, in King's Pamphlets, small 4to, no. 439, § 7; another, ib. § 22.

and Not to meddle with the goods of such, without special order.

And I farther declare, That it shall be free and lawful to and for all manner of persons dwelling in the country, as well gentlemen and soldiers, as farmers and other people (such as are in arms or office with or for the Enemy only excepted), to make their repair, and bring any provisions unto the Army, while in march or camp, or unto any Garrison under my command: Hereby assuring all such, That they shall not be molested or troubled in their persons or goods; but shall have the benefit of a free market, and receive ready money for goods or commodities they shall so bring and sell: And that they, behaving themselves peaceably and quietly; and paying such Contributions, proportionately with their neighbours, as have been, are, or shall be duly and orderly imposed upon them, for maintenance of the Parliament's forces and other public uses,—shall have free leave and liberty to live at home with their families and goods; and shall be protected in their persons and estates by virtue Hereof, until the 1st of January next: By or before which time, '1st of January next,' all such of them as are minded to reside, and plough and sow, in the 'Army's' quarters, are to make their addresses, for now and farther protections, to the Attorney-General, residing at Dublin, and to such other persons as shall be authorised for that purpose.

And hereof I require all Soldiers, and others under my command, diligently to take notice and observe the same: as they shall answer to the contrary at their utmost perils. Strictly charging and commanding all Officers and others, in their several places, carefully to see to it That no wrong or violence be done to any such person as aforesaid, contrary to the effect of the premises. Being resolved, through the grace of God, to punish all that shall offend contrary

hereunto, very severely, according to Law or Articles of War; to displace, and otherwise punish, all such Officers as shall be found negligent in their places, and not to see to the due observance hereof, or not to punish the offenders under their respective commands.

Given at Dublin, the 24th of August 1649.

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

IRISH WAR.

THE history of the Irish War is, and for the present must continue, very dark and indecipherable to us. Ireland, ever since the Irish Rebellion broke out and changed itself into an Irish Massacre, in the end of 1641, has been a scene of distracted controversies, plunderings, excommunications, treacheries, conflagrations, of universal misery and blood and bluster, such as the world before or since has never seen. The History of it does not form itself into a picture; but remains only as a huge blot, an indiscriminate blackness; which the human memory cannot willingly charge itself with! There are Parties on the back of Parties; at war with the world and with each other. There are Catholics of the Pale, demanding freedom of religion; under my Lord This and my Lord That. There are Old-Irish Catholics, under Pope's Nuncios, under Abbas O'Teague of the excommunications, and Owen Roe O'Neil;—demanding not religious freedom only, but what we now call 'Repeal of the Union;' and unable to agree with the Catholics of the English Pale. Then there are Ormond Royalists, of the Episcopalian and mixed creeds, strong for King without Covenant: Ulster and other Presbyterians, strong for King *and* Covenant: lastly, Michael Jones and the Commonwealth of England, who want neither King nor Covenant. All these, plunging and tumbling, in huge discord, for the last eight years, have made of Ireland and its affairs the black unutterable blot we speak of.

At the date of Oliver's arrival, all Irish Parties are united

* King's Pamphlets, small 4to, no. 439, § 25.

in a combination very unusual with them; very dangerous for the incipient Commonwealth. Ormond, who had returned thither with new Commission, in hopes to coöperate with Scotch Hamilton during the Second Civil War, arrived too late for that object; but has succeeded in rallying Ireland into one mass of declared opposition to the Powers that now rule. Catholics of the Pale, and Old-Irish Catholics of the Massacre, will at length act together: Protestant English Royalism, which has fled hither for shelter; nay, now at last Royalist Presbyterianism, and the very Scots in Ulster,—have all joined with Ormond 'against the Regicides.' They are eagerly inviting the young Charles Second to come thither, and be crowned and made victorious. He as yet hesitates between that and Scotland;—may probably give Scotland the preference. But in all Ireland, when Cromwell sets foot on it, there remain only two Towns, Dublin and Derry, that hold for the Commonwealth; Dublin lately besieged, Derry still besieged. A very formidable combination. All Ireland kneaded together, by favourable accident and the incredible patience of Ormond, stands up in one great combination, resolute to resist the Commonwealth. Combination great in bulk; but made of iron and clay;—in meaning not so great. Oliver has taken survey and measure of it; Oliver descends on it like the hammer of Thor; smites it, as at one fell stroke, into dust and ruin, never to reunite against him more.

One could pity this poor Irish people; their case is pitiable enough! The claim they started with, in 1641, was for religious freedom. Their claim, we can now all see, was just: essentially just, though full of intricacy; difficult to render clear and concessible;—nay, at that date of the World's History, it was hardly recognisable to any Protestant man for just; and these frightful massacrings and sanguinary blusterings have rendered it, for the present, entirely unrecognisable. A just, though very intricate claim: but entered upon, and prosecuted, by such methods as were never yet available for asserting any claim in this world! Treachery and massacre: what could come of it? Eight years of cruel fighting, of desperate violence and misery, have left matters worse a thousandfold than they were at first. No want of daring, or of patriotism so-called; but a great want of other things! Numerous large masses of armed men have been on foot; full of fiery vehemence and au-

dacity, but without worth as Armies: savage hordes rather; full of hatred and mutual hatred, of disobedience, falsity and noise. Undrilled, unpaid,—driving herds of plundered cattle before them for subsistence; rushing down from hillsides, from ambuscadoes, passes in the mountains; taking shelter always 'in bogs whither the cavalry cannot follow them.' Unveracious, violent, disobedient men. False in speech;—alas, false in thought, first of all; who have never let the Fact tell its own harsh story to them; who have said always to the harsh Fact, "Thou art not that way, thou art this way!" The Fact, of course, asserts that it *is* that way: the Irish Projects end in perpetual discomfiture; have to take shelter in bogs whither cavalry cannot follow! There has been no scene seen under the sun like Ireland for these eight years. Murder, pillage, conflagration, excommunication; wide-flowing blood, and bluster high as Heaven and St. Peter;—as if wolves or rabid dogs were in fight here; as if demons from the Pit had mounted up, to deface this fair green piece of God's Creation with *their* talkings and workings! It is, and shall remain, very dark to us. Conceive Ireland wasted, torn in pieces; black Controversy as of demons and rabid wolves rushing over the face of it so long; incurable, and very dim to us: till here at last, as in the torrent of Heaven's lightning descending liquid on it, we have clear and terrible view of its affairs for a time!—

Oliver's proceedings here have been the theme of much loud criticism and sibylline execration; into which it is not our plan to enter at present. We shall give these Irish Letters of his in their own natural figure, and without any commentary whatever. To those who think that a land overrun with Sanguinary Quacks can be healed by sprinkling it with rose-water, these Letters must be very horrible. Terrible Surgery this: but *is* it Surgery and Judgment, or atrocious Murder merely? That is a question which should be asked; and answered. Oliver Cromwell did believe in God's Judgments; and did not believe in the rose-water plan of Surgery;—which, in fact, is this Editor's case too! Every idle lie and piece of empty bluster this Editor hears, he too, like Oliver, has to shudder at it; has to think: "Thou, idle bluster, not true, thou also art shutting men's minds against the God's Fact; thou wilt issue as a cleft crown to some poor man some day; thou also wilt have to take shelter in bogs whither cavalry cannot follow!"—

But in Oliver's time, as I say, there was still belief in the Judgments of God; in Oliver's time, there was yet no distracted jargon of 'abolishing Capital Punishments,' of Jean-Jacques Philanthropy, and universal rose-water in this world still so full of sin. Men's notion was, not for abolishing punishments, but for making laws just: God the Maker's Laws, they considered, had not yet got the Punishment abolished from them! Men had a notion, that the difference between Good and Evil was still considerable;—equal to the difference between Heaven and Hell. It was a true notion. Which all men yet saw, and felt in all fibres of their existence, to be true. Only in late decadent generations, fast hastening towards radical change or final perdition, can such indiscriminate mashing-up of Good and Evil into one universal patent-treacle, and most unmedical electuary, of Rousseau Sentimentalism, universal Pardon and Benevolence, with dinner and drink and one cheer more, take effect in our earth. Electuary very poisonous, as sweet as it is, and very nauseous; of which Oliver, happier than we, had not yet heard the slightest intimation even in dreams.

The reader of these Letters, who has swept all that very ominous twaddle out of his head and heart, and still looks with a recognising eye on the ways of the Supreme Powers with this world, will find here, in the rude practical state, a Phenomenon which he will account noteworthy. An armed Soldier, solemnly conscious to himself that he is a Soldier of God the Just,—a consciousness which it well beseems all soldiers and all men to have always;—armed Soldier, terrible as Death, relentless as Doom; doing God's Judgments on the Enemies of God! It is a Phenomenon not of joyful nature; no, but of awful, to be looked at with pious terror and awe. Not a Phenomenon which you are called to recognise with bright smiles, and fall in love with at sight:—thou, art thou worthy to love such a thing; worthy to do other than hate it, and shriek over it? Darest thou wed the Heaven's lightning, then; and say to it, Godlike One? Is thy own life beautiful and terrible to thee; steeped in the eternal depths, in the eternal splendours? Thou also, art thou in thy sphere the minister of God's Justice; feeling that thou art here to do it, and to see it done, at thy soul's peril? Thou wilt then judge Oliver with increasing clearness; otherwise with increasing darkness misjudge him.

In fact, Oliver's dialect is rude and obsolete; the phrases

of Oliver, to him solemn on the perilous battlefield as voices of God, have become to us most mournful when spouted as frothy cant from Exeter Hall. The reader has, all along, to make steady allowance for that. And on the whole, clear recognition will be difficult for him. To a poor slumberous Canting Age, mumbling to itself everywhere, Peace, Peace, where there is no peace,—such a Phenomenon as Oliver, in Ireland or elsewhere, is not the most recognisable in all its meanings. But it waits there for recognition; and can wait an Age or two. The Memory of Oliver Cromwell, as I count, has a good many centuries in it yet; and Ages of very varied complexion to apply to, before all end. My reader, in this passage and others, shall make of it what he can.

But certainly, at lowest, here is a set of Military Despatches of the most unexampled nature! Most rough, unkempt; shaggy as the Numidian lion. A style rugged as crags; coarse, drossy: yet with a meaning in it, an energy, a depth; pouring on like a fire-torrent; perennial *fire* of it visible athwart all drosses and defacements: not uninteresting to see! This man has come into distracted Ireland with a God's Truth in the heart of him, though an unexpected one; the first such man they have seen for a great while indeed. He carries Acts of Parliament, Laws of Earth and Heaven, in one hand; drawn sword in the other. He addresses the bewildered Irish populations, the black ravening coil of sanguinary blustering individuals at Tredah and elsewhere: "Sanguinary blustering individuals, whose word is grown worthless as the barking of dogs; whose very thought is false, representing not fact, but the contrary of fact,—behold, I am come to speak and to do the truth among you. Here are Acts of Parliament, methods of regulation and veracity, emblems the nearest we poor Puritans could make them of God's Law-Book, to which it is and shall be our perpetual effort to make them correspond nearer and nearer. Obey them, help us to perfect them, be peaceable and true under them, it shall be well with you. Refuse to obey them, I will not let you continue living! As articulate-speaking veracious orderly men, not as a blustering murderous kennel of dogs run rabid, shall you continue in this Earth. Choose!"—They chose to disbelieve him; could not understand that he, more than the others, meant any truth or justice to them. They rejected his summons and terms at Tredah: he stormed the place; and

according to his promise, put every man of the Garrison to death. His own soldiers are forbidden to plunder, by paper Proclamation ; and in ropes of authentic hemp they are hanged when they do it.[1] To Wexford Garrison the like terms as at Tredah ; and, failing these, the like storm. Here is a man whose word represents a thing ! Not bluster this, and false jargon scattering itself to the winds : what this man speaks out of him comes to pass as a fact ; speech with this man is accurately prophetic of deed. This is the first King's face poor Ireland ever saw ; the first Friend's face, little as it recognises him,—poor Ireland !

But let us take the Letters themselves ; and read them with various emotions, in which wonder will not fail. What a rage, wide-sweeping, inexorable as Death, dwells in that heart ;—close neighbour to pity, to trembling affection, and soft tears ! Some readers know that softness *without* rigour, rigour as of adamant to rest upon, is but sloth and cowardly baseness ; that without justice first, real pity is not possible, and only false pity and maudlin weakness is possible. Others, again, are not aware of that fact.—To our Irish friends we ought to say likewise that this Garrison of Tredah consisted, in good part, of Englishmen.[2] Perfectly certain this :—and therefore let "the bloody hoof of the Saxon," &c. forbear to continue itself on that matter. At its peril ! Idle blustering, and untruth of every kind lead to the like terrible results in these days as they did in those.

LETTERS CIII.—CVI.

STORM OF TREDAH.

THE first of this set, a Summons to Dundalk, will be fully understood so soon as the Two following it are read. The Two following it, on Tredah, or Drogheda as we now name it, contain in themselves, especially the Second and more deliberate of the two contains, materials for a pretty complete account of the Transaction there. It requires only to be added, what Cromwell himself has forborne to do, that on the repulse of the

[1] Two instances : King's Pamphlets, large 4to, no. 42, § 19, 6th-15th Sept. 1649.
[2] Ludlow, i. 301.

first attack, it was he, in person, who, 'witnessing it from the batteries,' hastened forward and led on the new attack: My pretty men, we must positively not be repulsed; we must enter here, we cannot do at all without entering!—The rest of these Irish Letters may, I hope, tell their own tale.

LETTER CIII.

For the Chief Officer commanding in Dundalk: These.

SIR, 'Tredah,' 12th September 1649.

I offered mercy to the Garrison of Tredah,[1] in sending the Governor a Summons before I attempted the taking of it. Which being refused brought their evil upon them.

If you, being warned thereby, shall surrender your Garrison to the use of the Parliament of England, which by this I summon you to do, you may thereby prevent effusion of blood. If, upon refusing this Offer, that which you like not befalls you, you will know whom to blame. I rest, your servant, OLIVER CROMWELL.*

The Chief Officer commanding in Dundalk never received this Letter, I believe! What, in the interim, had become of Dundalk and its Chief and other Officers, will shortly appear.

LETTER CIV.

'*To the Honourable John Bradshaw, Esquire, President of the Council of State: These.*'

SIR, 'Dublin,' 16th September 1649.

It hath pleased God to bless our endeavours at Tredah. After battery, we stormed it. The Enemy were

[1] 'Treedagh' he writes.

* Autograph, in the possession of the Earl of Shannon, at Castle-Martyr, in the County of Cork.

about 3,000 strong in the Town. They made a stout resistance; and near 1,000 of our men being entered, the Enemy forced them out again. But God giving a new courage to our men, they attempted again, and entered; beating the Enemy from their defences.

The Enemy had made three retrenchments, both to the right and left 'of' where we entered; all which they were forced to quit. Being thus entered, we refused them quarter; having, the day before, summoned the Town. I believe we put to the sword the whole number of the defendants. I do not think Thirty of the whole number escaped with their lives. Those that did, are in safe custody for the Barbadoes. Since that time, the Enemy quitted to us Trim and Dundalk. In Trim they were in such haste that they left their guns behind them.

This hath been a marvellous great mercy. The Enemy, being not willing to put an issue upon a field-battle, had put into this Garrison almost all their prime soldiers, being about 3,000 horse and foot, under the command of their best officers; Sir Arthur Ashton being made Governor. There were some seven or eight regiments, Ormond's being one, under the command of Sir Edmund Varney. I do not believe, neither do I hear, that any officer escaped with his life, save only one Lieutenant, who, I hear, going to the Enemy said, That he was the only man that escaped of all the Garrison. The Enemy upon this were filled with much terror. And truly I believe this bitterness will save much effusion of blood, through the goodness of God.

I wish that all honest hearts may give the glory of this to God alone, to whom indeed the praise of this mercy belongs. 'As' for instruments, they were very inconsiderable the work throughout. * * * *

Captain Brandly did with forty or fifty of his men very

gallantly storm the Tenalia; for which he deserves the thanks of the State. 'I rest, your most humble servant,'

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

'*Tenalia*,' I believe, is now called *Tenaille* by engineers; a kind of advanced defensive-work, which takes its name from resemblance, real or imaginary, to the lip of a pair of *pincers*.

The 'Sir Edmund Varney' who perished here was the son of the Standard-bearer at Edgehill. For Sir Arthur Ashton see Clarendon. Poor Sir Arthur had a wooden leg which the soldiers were very eager for, understanding it to be full of gold coin; but it proved to be mere timber: all his gold, 200 broad pieces, was sewed into his belt, and scrambled for when that came to light.[2] There is in Wood's Life[3] an old-soldier's account of the Storm of Tredah, sufficiently emphatic, by Tom Wood, Anthony's brother, who had been there.

LETTER CV.

'*For the Honourable William Lenthall, Esquire, Speaker of the Parliament of England: These.*'

SIR, Dublin, 17th September 1649.

Your Army being safely arrived at Dublin; and the Enemy endeavouring to draw all his forces together about Trim and Tecroghan, as my intelligence gave me,—from whence endeavours were made by the Marquis of Ormond to draw Owen Roe O'Neil with his forces to his assistance, but with what success I cannot yet learn,—I resolved, after some refreshment taken for our weather-beaten men and horses, and accommodations for a march, to take the field. And accordingly, upon Friday the 30th of August[4]

* Whitlocke, p. 412.
2 Ibid. 3 Prefixed to the *Athenæ Oxonienses*.
4 Friday is 31st; this error as to the day of the month continues through the Letter.

last, rendezvoused with eight regiments of foot, six of horse and some troops of dragoons, three miles on the north side of Dublin. The design was, To endeavour the regaining of Tredah; or tempting the Enemy, upon his hazard of the loss of that place, to fight.

Your Army came before the Town upon Monday following.[5] Where having pitched, as speedy course was taken as could be to frame our batteries; which took up the more time because divers of the battering guns were on shipboard. Upon Monday the 9th[6] of this instant, the batteries begar to play. Whereupon I sent Sir Arthur Ashton, the then Governor, a summons, To deliver the Town to the use of the Parliament of England. To the which receiving no satisfactory answer, I proceeded that day to beat-down the Steeple of the Church on the south side of the Town, and to beat-down a Tower not far from the same place, which you will discern by the Chart enclosed.

Our guns not being able to do much that day, it was resolved to endeavour to do our utmost the next day to make breaches assaultable, and by the help of God to storm them. The place pitched upon was that part of the Town-wall next a Church called St. Mary's; which was the rather chosen because we did hope that if we did enter and possess that Church, we should be the better able to keep it against their horse and foot until we could make way for the entrance of our horse; and we did not conceive that any part of the Town would afford the like advantage for that purpose with this. The batteries planted were two: one was for that part of the Wall against the east end of the said Church; the other against the Wall on the south side. Being somewhat long in battering, the Enemy made six retrenchments: three of them from the said Church to Duleek Gate; and three of them from the east end of the Church to the Town-wall

[5] 3d September. [6] 10th.

and so backward. The guns, after some two or three hundred shot, beat down the corner Tower, and opened two reasonable good breaches in the east and south Wall.

Upon Tuesday the 10th of this instant, about five o'clock in the evening, we began the Storm: and after some hot dispute we entered, about seven or eight hundred men; the Enemy disputing it very stiffly with us. And indeed, through the advantages of the place, and the courage God was pleased to give the defenders, our men were forced to retreat quite out of the breach, not without some considerable loss; Colonel Castle being there shot in the head, whereof he presently died: and divers officers and soldiers doing their duty killed and wounded. There was a Tenalia to flanker the south Wall of the Town, between Duleek Gate and the corner Tower before mentioned;—which our men entered, wherein they found some forty or fifty of the Enemy, which they put to the sword. And this 'Tenalia' they held: but it being without the Wall, and the sally-port through the Wall into that Tenalia being choked up with some of the Enemy which were killed in it, it proved of no use for an entrance into the Town that way.

Although our men that stormed the breaches were forced to recoil, as is before expressed; yet, being encouraged to recover their loss, they made a second attempt: wherein God was pleased so to animate them that they got ground of the Enemy, and by the goodness of God, forced him to quit his entrenchments. And after a very hot dispute, the Enemy having both horse and foot, and we only foot, within the Wall,—they gave ground, and our men became masters both of their retrenchments and 'of' the Church; which indeed, although they made our entrance the more difficult, yet they proved of excellent use to us; so that the Enemy could not 'now' annoy us with their horse, but thereby we had advantage to make good the ground, that so we might

let-in our own horse; which accordingly was done, though with much difficulty.

Divers of the Enemy retreated into the Mill-Mount: a place very strong and of difficult access; being exceedingly high, having a good graft, and strongly palisadoed. The Governor, Sir Arthur Ashton, and divers considerable Officers being there, our men getting up to them, were ordered by me to put them all to the sword. And indeed, being in the heat of action, I forbade them to spare any that were in arms in the Town: and, I think, that night they put to the sword about 2,000 men;—divers of the officers and soldiers being fled over the Bridge into the other part of the Town, where about 100 of them possessed St. Peter's Church-steeple, some the west Gate, and others a strong Round Tower next the Gate called St. Sunday's. These being summoned to yield to mercy, refused. Whereupon I ordered the steeple of St. Peter's Church to be fired, when one of them was heard to say in the midst of the flames: "God damn me, God confound me; I burn, I burn."

The next day, the other two Towers were summoned; in one of which was about six or seven score; but they refused to yield themselves: and we knowing that hunger must compel them, set only good guards to secure them from running away until their stomachs were come down. From one of the said Towers, notwithstanding their condition, they killed and wounded some of our men. When they submitted, their officers were knocked on the head; and every tenth man of the soldiers killed; and the rest shipped for the Barbadoes. The soldiers in the other Tower were all spared, as to their lives only; and shipped likewise for the Barbadoes.

I am persuaded that this is a righteous judgment of God upon these barbarous wretches, who have imbrued their hands in so much innocent blood; and that it will tend to

prevent the effusion of blood for the future. Which are the satisfactory grounds to such actions, which otherwise cannot but work remorse and regret. The officers and soldiers of this Garrison were the flower of their Army. And their great expectation was, that our attempting this place would put fair to ruin us; they being confident of the resolution of their men, and the advantage of the place. If we had divided our force into two quarters to have besieged the North Town and the South Town, we could not have had such a correspondency between the two parts of our Army, but that they might have chosen to have brought their Army, and have fought with which part 'of ours' they pleased,—and at the same time have made a sally with 2,000 men upon us, and have left their walls manned; they having in the Town the number hereafter specified, but some say near 4,000.

Since this great mercy vouchsafed to us, I sent a party of horse and dragoons to Dundalk;[7] which the Enemy quitted, and we are possessed of,—as also 'of' another Castle they deserted, between Trim and Tredah, upon the Boyne. I sent a party of horse and dragoons to a House within five miles of Trim, there being then in Trim some Scots Companies, which the Lord of Ardes brought to assist the Lord of Ormond. But upon the news of Tredah, they ran away; leaving their great guns behind them, which also we have possessed.

And now give me leave to say how it comes to pass that this work is wrought. It was set upon some of our hearts, That a great thing should be done, not by power or might, but by the Spirit of God. And is it not so, clearly? That which caused your men to storm so courageously, it was the Spirit of God, who gave your men courage, and took it away again; and gave the Enemy courage, and took it away

[7] Antea, Letter CIII.

again; and gave your men courage again, and therewith this happy success. And therefore it is good that God alone have all the glory.

It is remarkable that these people, at the first, set up the Mass in some places of the Town that had been monasteries; but afterwards grew so insolent that, the last Lord's-day before the storm, the Protestants were thrust out of the great Church called St. Peter's, and they had public Mass there: and in this very place near 1,000 of them were put to the sword, fleeing thither for safety. I believe all their friars were knocked on the head promiscuously but two; the one of which was Father Peter Taaff, brother to the Lord Taaff, whom the soldiers took, the next day, and made an end of. The other was taken in the Round Tower, under the repute of a Lieutenant, and when he understood that the officers in that Tower had no quarter, he confessed he was a Friar; but that did not save him.

A great deal of loss in this business fell upon Colonel Hewson's, Colonel Castle's, and Colonel Ewer's regiments. Colonel Ewer having two Field-Officers in his regiment shot; Colonel Castle and a Captain of his regiment slain; Colonel Hewson's Captain-Lieutenant slain. I do not think we lost 100 men upon the place, though many be wounded.

I most humbly pray the Parliament may be pleased 'that' this Army may be maintained; and that a consideration may be had of them, and of the carrying-on affairs here, 'such' as may give a speedy issue to this work. To which there seems to be a marvellous fair opportunity offered by God. And although it may seem very chargeable to the State of England to maintain so great a force; yet surely to stretch a little for the present, in following God's providence, in hope the charge will not be long—I trust it will not be thought by any (that have not irreconcilable or mali-

cious principles) unfit for me to move, For a constant supply; which, in human probability as to outward things, is most likely to hasten and perfect this work. And indeed if God please to finish it here as He hath done in England, the War is like to pay itself.

We keep the field much; our tents sheltering us from the wet and cold. But yet the Country-sickness overtakes many: and therefore we desire recruits, and some fresh regiments of foot, may be sent us. For it's easily conceived by what the Garrisons already drink up, what our Field-Army will come to, if God shall give more Garrisons into our hands. Craving pardon for this great trouble, I rest, your most obedient servant, OLIVER CROMWELL.

P.S. Since writing of my Letter, a Major who brought off forty-three horse from the Enemy told me that it's reported in their camp that Owen Roe and they are agreed.

The defendants in Tredah consisted of: The Lord of Ormond's regiment (Sir Edmund Varney Lieutenant-Colonel), of 400; Colonel Byrn's, Colonel Warren's, and Colonel Wall's, of 2,000; the Lord of Westmeath's, of 200; Sir James Dillon's, of 200; and 200 horse.*

The report as to Owen Roe O'Neil is correct. Monk, who had lately in Ulster entered upon some negotiation with O'Neil and his Old-Irish Party, who, as often happened, were in quarrel with the others, found himself deserted by his very soldiers, and obliged to go to England; where this policy of his, very useful as Monk had thought, is indignantly disavowed by the Authorities, who will not hear of such a connexion.[8] Owen Roe O'Neil appears to have been a man of real ability: surely no able man, or son of Order, ever sank in a more dismal welter of confusions unconquerable by him! He did no more service or disservice henceforth; he died in some two months, of a disease in the foot,—poisoned, say some, by the gift of a 'pair

* Newspapers; in *Parliamentary History* (London, 1763), xix. 201.
[8] 10th August 1649 (*Commons Journals*, vi. 277).

of russet-leather boots' which some traitor had bestowed on him.[9]

Such was the Storm of Tredah. A thing which, if one *wanted* good assurance as to the essential meaning of it, might well 'work remorse and regret:' for indisputably the outer body of it is emphatic enough! Cromwell, not in a light or loose manner, but in a very solemn and deep one, takes charge for himself, at his own peril, That it *is* a judgment of God: and that it did 'save much effusion of blood,' we and all spectators can very readily testify. 'The execrable policy of that Regi-'cide,' says Jacobite Carte on the occasion, 'had the effect he 'proposed. It spread abroad the terror of his name; it cut'—In fact, it cut through the heart of the Irish War. Wexford Storm followed (not by forethought, it would seem, but by chance of war) in the same stern fashion; and there was no other storm or slaughter needed in that Country. Rose-water Surgeons might have tried it otherwise; but that was not Oliver's execrable policy, not the Rose-water one. And so we leave it, standing on such basis as it has.

Ormond had sent orders to 'burn' Dundalk and Trim before quitting them; but the Garrisons, looking at Tredah, were in too much haste to apply the coal. They marched away at double-quick time; the Lord Lieutenant got possession of both Towns unburnt. He has put Garrisons there, we see, which 'drink up' some of his forces. He has also despatched Colonel Venables, of whom we shall hear again, with a regiment or two, to reduce Carlingford, Newry,—to raise what Siege there may be at Derry, and assist in settling distracted Ulster: of whose progress here are news.

LETTER CVI.

For the Honourable William Lenthall, Esquire, Speaker of the Parliament of England: These.

MR. SPEAKER, Dublin, 27th September 1649.

I had not received any account from Colonel Venables,—whom I sent from Tredah to endeavour the

[9] Carte, ii. 83.

reducing of Carlingford, and so to march Northward towards a conjunction with Sir Charles Coote,—until the last night.

After he came to Carlingford, having summoned the place, both the three Castles and the Fort commanding the Harbour were rendered to him. Wherein were about Forty Barrels of Powder, Seven Pieces of Cannon; about a Thousand Muskets, and Five-hundred Pikes wanting twenty. In the entrance into the Harbour, Captain Fern, aboard your man-of-war, had some danger; being much shot at from the Sea Fort, a bullet shooting through his main-mast. The Captain's entrance into that Harbour was a considerable adventure, and a good service;—as also was that of Captain Brandly,[10] who, with Forty seamen, stormed a very strong Tenalia at Treda, and helped to take it; for which he deserves an owning by you.

Venables marched from Carlingford, with a party of Horse and Dragoons, to the Newry; leaving the Foot to come up after him. He summoned the place, and it was yielded before his Foot came up to him. Some other informations I have received from him, which promise well towards your Northern Interest; which, if well prosecuted, will, I trust God, render you a good account of those parts.

I have sent those things to be presented to the Council of State for their consideration. I pray God, as these mercies flow in upon you, He will give you an heart to improve them to His glory alone; because He alone is the author of them, and of all the goodness, patience and long-suffering extending towards you.

Your Army has marched; and, I believe, this night lieth at Arklow, in the County of Wicklow, by the Sea-side, between thirty and forty miles from this place. I am this day, by God's blessing, going towards it.

[10] Antea, p. 148.

I crave your pardon for this trouble; and rest, your most humble servant, OLIVER CROMWELL.

P.S. I desire the Supplies moved for may be hastened. I am verily persuaded, though the burden be great, yet it is for your service. If the Garrisons we take swallow-up your men, how shall we be able to keep the field? Who knows but the Lord may pity England's sufferings, and make a short work of this? It is in His hand to do it, and therein only your servants rejoice. I humbly present the condition of Captain George Jenkins's Widow. He died presently after Tredah Storm. His Widow is in great want.

The following Officers and Soldiers were slain at the storming of Tredah: Sir Arthur Ashton, Governor; Sir Edmund Varney, Lieutenant-Colonel to Ormond's Regiment; Colonel Fleming, Lieutenant-Colonel Finglass, Major Fitzgerald, with eight Captains, eight Lieutenants, and eight Cornets, all of Horse; Colonels Warren, Wall, and Byrn, of Foot, with their Lieutenants, Majors, &c.; the Lord Taaff's Brother, an Augustine Friar; forty-four Captains, and all their Lieutenants, Ensigns, &c.; 220 Reformadoes and Troopers; 2,500 Foot-soldiers, besides Staff-Officers, Surgeons, &c.*

Venables went on, rapidly accomplishing his service in the North; without much hurt; though not without imminent peril once,—by a camisado, or surprisal in the night-time, which is afterwards alluded to in these Letters. The Lord Lieutenant, we observe, still dates from Dublin, but is to quit it 'this day;' his 'Army has already marched:' Southward now, on a new series of operations.

* King's Pamphlets, small 4to, no. 441, art. 7, 'Letters from Ireland, printed by Authority' (p. 13). *Parliamentary History* (xix. 207-9) has copied this Letter from the old Pamphlet (as usual, giving no reference); and after the concluding 'Surgeons, &c.' has taken the liberty of adding these words, '*and many inhabitants*,' of which there is no whisper in the old Pamphlets;—a very considerable liberty indeed!

LETTER CVII.

STORM OF WEXFORD.

For the Honourable William Lenthall, Esquire, Speaker of the Parliament of England: These.

SIR, Wexford, 14th October 1649.

The Army marched from Dublin, about the 23d of September, into the County of Wicklow, where the Enemy had a Garrison about fourteen miles from Dublin, called Killincarrick; which they quitting, a Company of the Army was put therein. From thence the Army marched through almost a desolated country, until it came to a passage over the River Doro,[1] about a mile above the Castle of Arklow, which was the first seat and honour of the Marquis of Ormond's family. Which he had strongly fortified; but it was, upon the approach of the Army, quitted; wherein we left another Company of Foot.

From thence the Army marched towards Wexford; where in the way was a strong and large Castle, at a town called Limbrick, the ancient seat of the Esmonds; where the Enemy had a strong Garrison; which they burnt and quitted, the day before our coming thither. From thence we marched towards Ferns, an episcopal seat, where was a Castle; to which I sent Colonel Reynolds with a party to summon it. Which accordingly he did, and it was surrendered to him; where we having put a company,—advanced the Army to a passage over the River Slaney, which runs down to Wexford; and that night we marched into the fields of a Village called Enniscorthy, belonging to Mr. Robert Wallop;[2] where

[1] River Darragh;—a branch of what is now called the Avoca; well known to musical persons.

[2] Wallop is Member ('recruiter') for Andover; a King's-Judge; Member of the Council of State; now and afterwards a conspicuous rigorous republican man. He has advanced money, long since, we suppose, for the Public Service in Ireland; and

was a strong Castle very well manned and provided for by the Enemy; and, close under it, a very fair House belonging to the same worthy person,—a Monastery of Franciscan Friars, the considerablest in all Ireland: they ran away the night before we came. We summoned the Castle; and they refused to yield at the first; but upon better consideration, they were willing to deliver the place to us: which accordingly they did; leaving their great guns, arms, ammunition and provisions behind them.

Upon Monday the First of October we came before Wexford. Into which the Enemy had put a Garrison, consisting of 'part of' their Army; this Town having, until then, been so confident of their own strength as that they would not, at any time, suffer a Garrison to be imposed upon them. The Commander that brought in those forces was Colonel David Sinnott; who took upon him the command of the place. To whom I sent a Summons, a Copy whereof is this enclosed; between whom and me there passed Answers and Replies, Copies whereof these also are:

1. "*To the Commander-in-Chief of the Town of Wexford.*

"SIR, "Before Wexford, 3d October 1649.

"Having brought the Army belonging to "the Parliament of England before this place, to reduce it "to its due obedience: to the end effusion of blood may "be prevented, and the Town and Country about it pre- "served from ruin, I thought fit to summon you to deliver "the same to me, to the use of the State of England.

"By this offer, I hope it will clearly appear where the "guilt will lie, if innocent persons should come to suffer

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obtained in payment this 'fair House,' and Superiority of Enniscorthy: properties the value or no-value of which will much depend on the Lord Lieutenant's success at present.—Wallop's representative, a Peer of the Realm, is still owner here, as it has proved.

" with the nocent. I expect your speedy answer; and rest,
" Sir, your servant, OLIVER CROMWELL."

" *For the Lord General Cromwell.*

" Wexford, 3d October 1649.

" SIR,—I received your Letter of Summons for the delivery " of this Town into your hands. Which standeth not with my " honour to do of myself; neither will I take it upon me, with- " out the advice of the rest of the Officers and Mayor of this " Corporation; this Town being of so great consequence to all " Ireland. Whom I will call together, and confer with; and " return my resolution to you, tomorrow by twelve of the clock.

" In the mean time, if you be so pleased, I am content to " forbear all acts of hostility, so you permit no approach to be " made. Expecting your answer in that particular, I remain, " —my Lord,—your Lordship's servant,

" D. SINNOTT."

2. " *To the Commander-in-Chief of the Town of Wexford.*

" SIR, " Before Wexford, 3d October 1649.

" I am contented to expect your resolution " by twelve of the clock tomorrow morning. Because our " tents are not so good a covering as your houses, and for " other reasons, I cannot agree to a cessation. I rest,— " your servant, OLIVER CROMWELL."

" *For the Lord General Cromwell.*

" Wexford, 4th October 1649.

" SIR,—I have advised with the Mayor and Officers, as I " promised, and thereupon am content that Four, whom I shall " employ, may have a Conference and Treaty with Four of " yours, to see if any agreement and understanding may be " begot between us. To this purpose I desire you to send mine " a Safe-conduct, as I do hereby promise to send unto yours " when you send me their names. And I pray that the meet- " ing may be had tomorrow at eight of the clock in the fore- " noon, that they may have sufficient time to confer and debate

" together, and determine the matter; and that the meeting " and place may be agreed upon, and the Safe-conduct mutu- " ally sent for the said meeting this afternoon. Expecting " your answer hereto, I rest,—my Lord,—your servant,

" D. SINNOTT.

" Send me the names of your Agents, their qualities and " degrees. Those I fix upon are: Major James Byrne, Major " Theobald Dillon, Alderman Nicholas Chevers, Mr. William " Stafford."

3. " *To the Commander-in-Chief of the Town of Wexford.*

" SIR, " Before Wexford, 4th October 1649.

" Having summoned you to deliver the " Town of Wexford into my hands, I might well expect the " delivery thereof, and not a formal Treaty; which is seldom " granted but where the things stand upon a more equal " foot.

" If therefore yourself or the Town have any desires to " offer, upon which you will surrender the place to me, I " shall be able to judge of the reasonableness of them when " they are made known to me. To which end, if you shall " think fit to send the Persons named in your last, intrusted " by yourself and the Town, by whom I may understand " your desires, I shall give you a speedy and fitting Answer. " And I do hereby engage myself, that they shall return in " safety to you.

" I expect your answer hereunto within an hour; and " rest, your servant, OLIVER CROMWELL."

" *For the Lord General Cromwell.*

" Wexford, 4th October 1649.

" SIR,—I have returned you a civil Answer, to the best of " my judgment; and thereby, I find, you undervalue me and " this place so much, that you think to have it surrendered " without Capitulation or honourable Terms,—as appears by " the hour's limitation in your last.

" Sir, had I never a man in this Town but the Townsmen, " and Artillery here planted, I should conceive myself in a very " befitting condition to make honourable conditions. And " having a considerable party, 'along' with them, in the place, " I am resolved to die honourably, or make such conditions as " may secure my honour and life in the eyes of my own Party.

" To which reasonable terms if you hearken not,—or give " me 'not' time to send my Agents till eight of the clock in " the forenoon tomorrow, with my Propositions, with a farther " Safe-conduct,—I leave you to your better judgment, and " myself to the assistance of the Almighty; and so conclude. " —Your servant, D. SINNOTT."

" *For the Lord General Cromwell.*

" Wexford, 5th October 1649.

" SIR,—My Propositions being now prepared, I am ready " to send my Agents with them unto you. And for their safe " return, I pray you to send a Safe-conduct by the Bearer unto " me,—in hope an honourable agreement may thereupon arise " between your Lordship and,—my Lord,—your Lordship's " servant, D. SINNOTT."

Whilst these papers were passing between us, I sent the Lieutenant-General[3] with a party of dragoons, horse and foot, to endeavour to reduce their Fort, which lay at the mouth of their harbour, about ten miles distant from us. To which he sent a troop of dragoons; but the Enemy quitted their Fort, leaving behind them about seven great guns; betook themselves, by the help of their boats, to a Frigate of twelve guns lying in the harbour, within cannon-shot of the Fort. The dragoons possessed the Fort: and some seamen belonging to your Fleet coming happily in at the same time, they bent their guns at the Frigate, and she immediately yielded to mercy,—both herself, the soldiers that had been in the Fort, and the seamen that manned her. And whilst our men were in her, the Town, not knowing

[3] Michael Jones

what had happened, sent another small vessel to her; which our men also took.

The Governor of the Town having obtained from me a Safe-conduct for the four persons mentioned in one of the papers, to come and treat with me about the surrender of the Town, I expected they should have done so. But instead thereof, the Earl of Castlehaven brought to their relief, on the north side of the river,[4] about five-hundred foot. Which occasioned their refusal to send out any to treat; and caused me to revoke my Safe-conduct, not thinking it fit to leave it for them to make use of it when they pleased:

"*For the Lord General Cromwell.*

"Wexford, 5th October 1649.

"My Lord,—Even as I was ready to send out my Agents "unto you, the Lord General of the horse came hither with a "relief. Unto whom I communicated the proceedings be- "tween your Lordship and me, and delivered him the Propo- "sitions I intended to despatch unto your Lordship;—who "hath desired a small time to consider of them, and to speed "them unto me. Which, my Lord, I could not deny, he hav- "ing a commanding power over me.

"Pray, my Lord, believe that I do not do this to trifle out "time; but for his present consent;—and if I find any long "delay in his Lordship's returning them back unto me, I will "proceed of myself, according to my first intention. To "which I beseech your Lordship give credit; at the request, "—my Lord,—of your Lordship's ready servant,

"D. Sinnott."

4. "*To the Commander-in-Chief of the Town of Wexford.*

"Sir, "Wexford, 6th October 1649.

"You might have spared your trouble in the "account you give me of your transaction with the Lord "General of your horse, and of your resolution in case he

[4] Carte, ii. 92.

" answer not your expectation in point of time. These are " your own concernments, and it behoves you to improve " the relief you mention to your best advantage.

" All that I have to say is, To desire you to take notice, " that I do hereby revoke my Safe-conduct from the persons " mentioned therein. When you shall see cause to treat, " you may send for another.—I rest, Sir, your servant,

" OLIVER CROMWELL."

Our cannon being landed,[5] and we having removed all our quarters to the south-east end of the Town, next the Castle, 'which stands without the Walls,'—it was generally agreed that we should bend the whole strength of our artillery upon the Castle; being persuaded that if we got the Castle, the Town would easily follow.

Upon Thursday the 11th instant (our batteries being finished the night before), we began to play betimes in the morning; and having spent near a hundred shot, the Governor's stomach came down; and he sent to me to give leave for four persons, intrusted by him, to come unto me, and offer terms of surrender:

" *For the Lord General Cromwell.*

" Wexford, 11th October 1649.

" SIR,—In performance of my last, I desire your Lord- " ship to send me a Safe-conduct for Major Theobald Dillon, " Major James Byrne, Alderman Nicholas Chevers, and Cap- " tain James Stafford, whom I will send to your Lordship in- " structed with my desires. And so I rest,—my Lord,—your " servant, D. SINNOTT."

Which I condescending to, two Field-Officers with an Alderman of the Town, and the Captain of the Castle, brought out the Propositions enclosed,—which for their abominableness, manifesting also the impudency of the men,

[5] 6th October (ib.).

I thought fit to present to your view;—together with my Answer:

"*The Propositions of Colonel David Sinnott, Governor of the*
"*Town and Castle of Wexford, for and on the behalf of*
"*the Officers and Soldiers and Inhabitants in the said Town*
"*and Castle, unto General Cromwell.*

"1. *In primis*, That all and every the Inhabitants of the "said Town, from time to time and at all times hereafter, "shall have free and uninterrupted liberty publicly to use, "exercise and profess the Roman Catholic Religion, without "restriction, mulct or penalty, any law or statute to the con-"trary notwithstanding.

"2. That the Regular and Secular Roman Catholic Clergy "now possessed of the Churches, Church-livings, Monasteries, "Religious-houses and Chapels in the said Town, and in the "suburbs and franchises thereof, and their successors, shall "have, hold and enjoy, to them and their successors forever, "the said churches, church-livings, monasteries, religious-"houses and chapels, and shall teach and preach in them "publicly, without any molestation, any law or statute to the "contrary notwithstanding.

"3. That Nicholas, now Lord Bishop of Ferns, and his "successors, shall use and exercise such jurisdiction over the "Catholics of his Diocese as since his consecration hitherto "he used.

"4. That all the Officers and Soldiers, of what quality or "degree soever, in the said Town and Castle, and such of the "Inhabitants as are so pleased, shall march with flying colours, "and be conveyed safe, with their lives, artillery, ordnance, "ammunition, arms, goods of all sorts, horses, moneys and "what else belongs to them, to the Town of Ross, and there to "be left safe with their own party; allowing each musketeer, "towards their march, a pound of powder, four yards of match, "and twelve brace of bullets; and a strong Convoy to be sent "with the said soldiers, within four-and-twenty hours after the "yielding-up of the said Town.

"5. That such of the Inhabitants of the said Town as will "desire to leave the same at any time hereafter, shall have free "liberty to carry away out of the said Town all their frigates,

" artillery, arms, powder, bullets, match, corn, malt, and other " provision which they have for their defence and sustenance, " and all their goods and chattels, of what quality or condition " soever, without any manner of disturbance whatsoever, and " have passes and safe-conducts and convoys for their lives " and said goods to Ross, or where else they shall think fit.

" 6. That the Mayor, Bailiffs, Free Burgesses and Com- " mons of the said Town may have, hold and enjoy the said " Town and Suburbs, their commons, their franchises, their " liberties and immunities, which hitherto they enjoyed; and " that the Mayor, Bailiffs and Free Burgesses may have the " government of the said Town, as hitherto they enjoyed the " same from the Realm of England, and that they may have " no other government, they adhering to the State of England, " and observing their orders, and the orders of their Governors " in this Realm for the time being.

" 7. That all and every the Burgesses and Inhabitants, " either native or strangers, of the said Town, who shall con- " tinue their abode therein, or come to live there within three " months, and their heirs, shall have, hold and enjoy all and " singular their several castles, messuages, houses, lands, tene- " ments and hereditaments within the land of Ireland, and all " their goods and chattels, of what nature, quality or condition " soever, to them and their heirs, to their own several uses for- " ever, without molestation.

" 8. That such Burgess or Burgesses, or other Inhabitant " of the said Town, as shall at any time hereafter be desirous " to leave the said Town, shall have free leave to dispose of " their real and personal estates respectively to their best ad- " vantage; and farther have full liberty and a safe-conduct " respectively to go into England or elsewhere, according to " their several pleasures who shall desire to depart the same.

" 9. That all and singular the Inhabitants of the said Town, " either native or strangers, from time to time and at all times " hereafter, shall have, reap and enjoy the full liberty of free- " born English subjects, without the least incapacity or restric- " tion therein; and that all the Freemen of the said Town, from " time to time, shall be as free in all the seaports, cities and " towns in England, as the Freemen of all and every the said " cities and towns; and all and every the Freemen of the said " cities and towns to be as free in the said Town of Wexford

"as the Freemen thereof, for their greater encouragement to "trade and commerce together on all hands.

"10. That no memory remain of any hostility or distance "which was hitherto between the said Town and Castle on the "one part, and the Parliament or State of England on the "other part; but that all act and acts, transgressions, offences, "depredations and other crimes, of what nature or quality so-"ever, be they ever so transcendent, attempted or done, or "supposed to be attempted or done, by the Inhabitants of the "said Town or any other, heretofore or at present adhering to "the said Town, either native or stranger, and every of them, "—shall pass in oblivion; without chastisement, challenge, "recompense, demand or questioning for them, or any of them, "now or at any time hereafter. D. SINNOTT."

"*For the Commander-in-Chief in the Town of Wexford.*

"SIR, "'Before Wexford,' 11th October 1649.

"I have had the patience to peruse your "Propositions; to which I might have returned an Answer "with some disdain. But, to be short,—

"I shall give the Soldiers and Noncommissioned Officers "quarter for life, and leave to go to their several habita-"tions, with their wearing-clothes;—they engaging them-"selves to live quietly there, and to take-up arms no more "against the Parliament of England. And the Commis-"sioned Officers quarter for their lives, but to render them-"selves Prisoners. And as for the Inhabitants, I shall "engage myself That no violence shall be offered to their "goods, and that I shall protect the Town from plunder.

"I expect your positive Answer instantly; and if you "will upon these terms surrender and quit, 'and' shall, in "one hour, send forth to me Four Officers of the quality "of Field-Officers, and Two Aldermen, for the performance "thereof, I shall thereupon forbear all acts of hostility. "Your servant, OLIVER CROMWELL."*

* The rest of the Wexford Correspondence is in *Tanner* and elsewhere; this, which completes it, being considered hopelessly lost, must be taken as a very interest-

Which 'Answer' indeed had no effect. For whilst I was preparing of it; studying to preserve the Town from plunder, that it might be of the more use to you and your Army, —the Captain, who was one of the Commissioners, being fairly treated, yielded up the Castle to us. Upon the top of which our men no sooner appeared, but the Enemy quitted the Walls of the Town; which our men perceiving, ran violently upon the Town with their ladders, and stormed it. And when they were come into the market-place, the Enemy making a stiff resistance, our forces brake them; and then put all to the sword that came in their way. Two boatfuls of the Enemy attempting to escape, being overprest with numbers, sank; whereby were drowned near three-hundred of them. I believe, in all, there was lost of the Enemy not many less than Two-thousand; and I believe not Twenty of yours from first to last of the Siege. And indeed it hath, not without cause, been deeply set upon our hearts, That, we intending better to this place than so great a ruin, hoping the Town might be of more use to you and your Army, yet God would not have it so; but by an unexpected providence, in His righteous justice, brought a just judgment upon them; causing *them* to become a prey to the soldier who in their piracies had made preys of so many families, and now with their bloods to answer the cruelties which they had exercised upon the lives of divers poor Protestants! Two 'instances' of which I have been lately acquainted with. About seven or eight score poor Protestants were by them put into an old vessel; which being, as some say, bulged by them, the vessel sank, and they were all presently drowned in the Harbour. The other 'instance' was thus: They put divers poor Protestants into a Chapel (which, since, they have

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ing little Document, now that it has turned up. Autograph (or Facsimile Copy? much interlined and very hastily written), now (March 1846) in the possession of Edward Crawford, Esq., Solicitor, Wellington Quay, Dublin.

used for a Mass-house, and in which one or more of their priests were now killed), where they were famished to death.

The soldiers got a very good booty in this place; and had not they[6] had opportunity to carry their goods over the River, whilst we besieged it, it would have been much more:—I could have wished for their own good, and the good of the Garrison, they had been more moderate.[7] Some things which were not easily portable, we hope we shall make use of to your behoof. There are great quantities of iron, hides, tallow, salt, pipe- and barrel-staves; which are under commissioners' hands, to be secured. We believe there are near a hundred cannon in the Fort, and elsewhere in and about the Town. Here is likewise some very good shipping: here are three vessels, one of them of thirty-four guns, which a week's time would fit to sea; there is another of about twenty guns, very near ready likewise. And one other Frigate of twenty guns, upon the stocks; made for sailing; which is built up to the uppermost deck: for her handsomeness' sake, I have appointed the workmen to finish her, here being materials to do it, if you or the Council of State shall approve thereof. The Frigate, also, taken beside the Fort, is a most excellent vessel for sailing. Besides divers other ships and vessels in the Harbour.

This Town is now so in your power, that of the former inhabitants, I believe scarce one in twenty can challenge any property in their houses. Most of them are run away, and many of them killed in this service. And it were to be wished, that an honest people would come and plant here; —where are very good houses, and other accommodations fitted to their hands, which may by your favour be made of encouragement to them. As also a seat of good trade, both inward and outward;—and of marvellous great advantage

[6] The Townsfolk. [7] Not forced us to storm them.

in the point of the herring and other fishing. The Town is pleasantly seated and strong, having a rampart of earth within the wall near fifteen feet thick.

Thus it hath pleased God to give into your hands this other mercy. For which, as for all, we pray God may have all the glory. Indeed your instruments are poor and weak, and can do nothing but through believing,—and that is the gift of God also.

I humbly take leave, and rest, your most humble servant, OLIVER CROMWELL.

'P.S.' A day or two before our Battery was planted, Ormond, the Earl of Castlehaven, the Lord of Ardes and Clanneboyes were on the other side of the Water, with about 1,800 horse 'and' 1,500 foot; and offered to put in four or five hundred foot more into the Town; which the Town refusing, he marched away in all haste. I sent the Lieutenant-General after him, with about 1,400 horse; but the Enemy made haste from him.*

Young Charles II., who has got to the Isle of Jersey, decidedly inclining towards Ireland as yet, will probably be staggered by these occurrences, when the news of them reaches him. Not good quarters Ireland at present! The Scots have proclaimed him King; but clogged it with such conditions about the Covenant, about Malignants, and what not, as nothing but the throat of an ostrich could swallow. The poor young King is much at a loss;[8]—must go somewhither, and if possible take some Mrs. Barlow with him! Laird Winram, Senator of the College of Justice, is off to deal with him;[9] to see if he cannot help him down with the Covenant: the Laird's best ally, I think, will be Oliver in Ireland. At Edinburgh these are the news from that quarter:

'In October and November this year there ran and were 'spread frequent rumours that Lieutenant-General Oliver Crom-

* Newspapers (in *Cromwelliana*, pp. 65-7); completed by Tanner MSS. (in Cary, ii. 168-185), and the Dublin Autograph given above at p. 168.

[8] Carte's *Ormond Papers*, i. 316, &c.

[9] 11th October 1649, Balfour's *Historical Works* (Edinb. 1825), iii. 432.

'well was routed in Ireland, yea killed; and again that he 'bore all down before him like ane impetuous torrent: how 'that he had taken Tradaffe and Washeford,' Tredah and Wexford; 'and there, neither sparing sex nor age, had exercised 'all the cruelties of a merciless inhuman and bloody butcher, 'even brutishly against Nature. On these rumours Will Douglas,' no great shakes at metre, 'did write these lines:

"Cromwell is dead, and risen; and dead again,
And risen the third time after he was slain:
No wonder! For he's messenger of Hell:—
And now he buffets us, now posts to tell
What's past; and for more game new counsel takes
Of his good friend the Devil, who keeps the stakes." '[10]

LETTERS CVIII.—CXII.

ROSS.

UNDER date 5th November 1649, we read in the old Newspapers: 'Our affairs here have made this progress: Wexford 'being settled under the command of Colonel Cooke, our Army 'stayed not long there; but hasted farther unto Ross. Which 'is a walled Town, situated upon the river Barrow, a very 'pleasant and commodious river, bearing vessels of a very 'considerable burden. Upon Wednesday the 17th of this in-'stant October, we sat down before Ross; and my Lord Lieu-'tenant, the same day, sent-in this following Summons:'

LETTER CVIII.

For the Commander-in-Chief in Ross: These.

SIR, 'Before Ross,' 17th October 1649.

Since my coming into Ireland, I have this witness for myself, That I have endeavoured to avoid effusion of blood; having been before no place, to which such terms have not been first sent as might have turned to the

[10] Balfour's *Historical Works*, iii. 433.

good and preservation of those to whom they were offered; this being my principle, that the people and places where I come may not suffer, except through their own wilfulness.

To the end I may observe the like course with this place and people therein, I do hereby summon you to deliver the Town of Ross into my hands, to the use of the Parliament of England. Expecting your speedy answer, I rest, your servant, OLIVER CROMWELL.*

'The trumpeter that carried this summons was denied entrance into the Town. They received his paper at the gates; and told him that an answer should be returned thereunto by a drummer of their own. Hereupon we prepared our batteries, and made ready for a storm. Ormond himself, Ardes, and Castlehaven were on the other side of the River; and sent in supplies of 1,500 foot, the day before it was surrendered to us; 1,000 foot being in it before we came unto it. Castlehaven was in it that morning they delivered it, and Inchiquin too had been there not above two or three days before our advance thither. They boated over their men into the Town in our sight; and yet that did not discourage us in making ready all provisions fitting for a storm. On Friday the 19th of this instant, our great pieces began to play, and early in the morning the Governor sent out his Answer to my Lord Lieutenant's Summons:'

"*For General Cromwell, or, in his absence, For the Commander-in-Chief of the Army now encamped before Ross.*

"Ross, 19th October 1649.

"SIR,—I received a Summons from you, the first day you appeared before this place; which should have been answered ere now, had not other occasions interrupted me. And although I am now in far better condition to defend this place than I was at that time, yet am I, upon the considerations offered in your Summons, content to entertain a Treaty; and to receive from you those conditions that may be safe and honourable for me to accept of. Which if you listen to, I

* Newspapers (in *Cromwelliana*, p. 67).

" desire that pledges on both sides may be sent, for perform-
" ance of such Articles as shall be agreed upon ; and that all
" acts of hostility may cease on both sides, and each party
" keep within their distance. To this your immediate resolu-
" tion is expected by,—Sir, your servant, LUCAS TAAFF."

'Hereunto my Lord immediately returned this Answer,'—which counts here as our Hundred-and-ninth Letter :

LETTER CIX.

For the Governor of Ross : These.

SIR, 'Before Ross,' 19th October 1649.

If you like to march away with those under your command, with their arms, bag and baggage, and with drums and colours, and shall deliver up the Town to me,—I shall give caution to perform these conditions ; expecting the like from you. As to the inhabitants, they shall be permitted to live peaceably, free from the injury and violence of the soldiers.

If you like hereof, you can tell how to let me know your mind, notwithstanding my *refusal* of a cessation. By these you will see the reality of my intentions to save blood, and to preserve the place from ruin. I rest, your servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

'Our batteries still continued, and made a great breach in 'the Wall. Our men were drawn out in a readiness to storm, 'Lieutenant-Colonel Ingoldsby being by lot chosen to lead 'them; but the Governor being willing to embrace conditions, 'sent out this his Reply :'

"For General Cromwell : These.

"Ross, 19th October 1649.

" SIR,—There wants but little of what I would propose;—
" which is, That such Townsmen as have a desire to depart,

* Newspapers (in *Cromwelliana*, p. 68).

" may have liberty within a convenient time to carry away " themselves and goods; and liberty of conscience to such as " shall stay: and that I may carry away such artillery and " ammunition as I have in my command. If you be inclined " to this, I will send, upon your honour as a safe-conduct, an " Officer to conclude with you. To which your immediate " answer is expected by,—Sir, your servant,

" LUCAS TAAFF."

'Hereunto my Lord gave this return,'—our Hundred-and-tenth Letter:

LETTER CX.

For the Governor of Ross: These.

SIR, 'Before Ross,' 19th October 1649.

To what I formerly offered, I shall make good. As for your carrying away any artillery or ammunition, that you brought not with you, or 'that' hath not come to you since you had the command of that place,—I must deny you that; expecting you to leave it as you found it.

'As' for that which you mention concerning liberty of conscience, I meddle not with any man's conscience. But if by liberty of conscience, you mean a liberty to exercise the Mass, I judge it best to use plain dealing, and to let you know, Where the Parliament of England have power, *that* will not be allowed of. As for such of the Townsmen who desire to depart, and carry away themselves and goods (as you express), I engage myself they shall have three-months time so to do; and in the mean time shall be protected from violence in their persons and goods, as others under the obedience of the Parliament.

If you accept of this offer, I engage my honour for a punctual performance hereof. I rest, your servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

* Newspapers (in *Cromwelliana*, p. 68).

'The Governor returned this Answer:'

"*For General Cromwell: These.*

"19th October 1649.

"SIR,—I am content to yield up this place upon the terms "offered in your last and first Letters. And if you please to "send your safe-conduct to such as I shall appoint to perfect "these conditions, I shall on receipt thereof send them to you. "In the interval,—To cease all acts of hostility, and that all "parties keep their own ground, until matters receive a full "end. And so remains,—Sir, your servant,

"LUCAS TAAFF."

'Hereunto my Lord replied thus:'

LETTER CXI.

For the Governor of Ross: These.

SIR, 19th October 1649.

You have my hand and honour engaged to perform what I offered in my first and last Letters; which I shall inviolably observe. I expect you to send me immediately four persons of such quality as may be hostages for your performance; for whom you have this Safe-conduct enclosed, into which you may insert their names. Without which I shall not cease acts of hostility. If anything happen by your delay, to your prejudice, it will not be my fault. Those you send may see the conditions perfected. Whilst I forbear acts of hostility, I expect you forbear all actings within. I rest, your servant, OLIVER CROMWELL.*

'This,' says the old Newspaper, 'was the last message 'between them: the Governor sending out his four hostages 'to compose and perfect the Agreement, our batteries ceased; 'and our intentions to storm the Town were disappointed. 'Thus within three days we had possession of this place with-

* Newspapers (in *Cromwelliana*, p. 69).

'out the effusion of blood. A very considerable place, and a 'very good quarter for the refreshment of our soldiers. The 'Enemy marched over to the other side of the River, and did 'not come out of that side of the Town where we had en- 'camped,'—which I think was a judicious movement of theirs. What English were in the Garrison, some Five or Six hundred here, do, as their common custom is, 'join us.' Munster Royalist Forces, poor Ormond men, they had rather live, than be slain in such a Cause as this has grown.

LETTER CXII.

HERE is Cromwell's official account of the same business, in a Letter to Lenthall:

'*For the Honourable William Lenthall, Esquire, Speaker of the Parliament of England: These.*'

SIR, Ross, 25th October 1649.

Since my last from Wexford, we marched to Ross; a walled Town, situated upon the Barrow; a port-town, up to which a ship of seven or eight hundred tons may come.

We came before it upon Wednesday the 17th instant, with three pieces of cannon. That evening I sent a summons; Major-General Taaff, being Governor, refused to admit my Trumpet into the Town; but took the Summons in, returning me no answer. I did hear that near 1,000 foot had been put into this place some few days before my coming to it. The next day was spent in making preparations for our battery; and in our view there were boated over from the other side of the river, of English, Scots, and Irish, 1,500 more; Ormond, Castlehaven, and the Lord of Ardes, being on the other side of the water to cause it to be done.

That night we planted our battery; which began to play

very early the next morning. The Governor immediately sent forth an Answer to my Summons; copies of all which I make bold herewith to trouble you 'with;'[1] the rather because you may see how God pulls down proud stomachs. The Governor desired commissioners might treat, and that in the mean time there might be a ceasing of acts of hostility on both sides. Which I refused; sending in word, That if he would march away with arms, bag and baggage, and give me hostages for performance, he should. Indeed he might have done it without my leave, by the advantage of the River. He insisted upon having the cannon with him; which I would not yield unto, but required the leaving the artillery and ammunition; which he was content to do, and marched away, leaving the great artillery and the ammunition in the stores to me.—When they marched away, at least 500 English, many of them of the Munster forces, came to us.

Ormond is at Kilkenny, Inchiquin in Munster, Henry O'Neil, Owen Roe's son, is come up to Kilkenny, with near 2,000 horse and foot, with whom and Ormond there is now a perfect conjunction. So that now, I trust, some angry friends will think it high time to take off their jealousy[2] from those to whom they ought to exercise more charity.

The rendition of this Garrison was a seasonable mercy, as giving us an opportunity towards Munster; and is for the present a very good refreshment for our men. We are able to say nothing as to all this, but that the Lord is still pleased to own a company of poor worthless creatures; for which we desire His name to be magnified, and 'that' the hearts of all concerned may be provoked to walk worthy of such continued favours. This is the earnest desire of your most humble servant, OLIVER CROMWELL.

[1] We have just read them.

[2] Jealousy of the Parliament's having countenanced Monk in his negotiations with Owen Roe and the Old-Irish of the Massacre.

P.S. Colonel Horton is lately dead of the Country-disease, leaving a Son behind him. He was a person of great integrity and courage. His former services, especially that of the last summer, I hope will be had in remembrance.*

Poor Horton; he beat the Welsh at St. Fagan's, and did good service 'last summer;' and now he is dead of 'the Country-disease,'—a pestilence raging in the rear of Famine and the Spoil of War. Famine has long reigned. When the War ended, Ludlow tells us, it was found necessary to issue a Proclamation that 'no lambs or calves should be killed for one year,' the stock of cattle being exhausted. Such waste had there been, continues he, in burning the possessions of the English, many of the Natives themselves were driven to starvation; 'and I have been informed by persons deserving credit, 'that the same calamity fell upon them even in the first year 'of the Rebellion, through the depredations of the Irish; and 'that they roasted men, and ate them, to supply their ne-'cessities.'[3] Such a War is worth ending at some cost!—In the Lord Lieutenant's Army, we learn elsewhere, there was an abundant supply, the country crowding in as to a good market, where sure prices were given, and fair dealing enforced; all manner of depredators being, according to the paper Proclamation, hanged in very authentic hemp. 'Much better supplied than any of the Irish Armies had ever been.'[4]

LETTERS CXIII.—CXVIII.

THE stroke that fell on Tredah, repeated at Wexford, at Ross not needing to be repeated, has, as we say, broken the brain of the Irish War; the body of which, over Ireland generally, here over the South-west more especially, everywhere staggers falling, or already lies fallen, writhing in paralytic convulsions, making haste to die. Of its final spasms, widespread confused death-agonies, and general swift death, over

* Newspapers (in *Parl. History*, xix. 224-6).
[3] Ludlow, i. 338-9.
[4] Carte, ii. 90.

this Munster region, through the winter months, and of the Lord Lieutenant's demeanour therein, these Six Letters give us indication such as may suffice.

LETTER CXIII.

HERE is a small glimpse of domesticity again, due to the Pusey Seventeen; very welcome to us in these wild scenes. Mayor has endorsed it at Hursley, 'Received 12th December 1649.' 'Cousin Barton,' I suppose, is the Barton who boggled at some things in the Marriage-Contracts; a respectable man, though he has his crotchets now and then.

For my beloved Brother Richard Mayor, Esquire, at Hursley: These.

DEAR BROTHER, Ross, 13th November 1649.

I am not often at leisure, nor now, to salute my friends; yet unwilling to lose this opportunity. I take it, only to let you know that you and your Family are often in my prayers. As for Dick, I do not much expect it from him, knowing his idleness; but I am angry with my Daughter as a promise-breaker. Pray tell her so;—but I hope she will redeem herself.

It has pleased the Lord to give us (since the taking of Wexford and Ross) a good interest in Munster, by the accession[1] of Cork and Youghal, which are both submitted; their Commanders are now with me. Divers other lesser Garrisons are come in also. The Lord is wonderful in these things; it's His hand alone does them: oh that all the praise might be ascribed to Him!

I have been crazy in my health; but the Lord is pleased to sustain me. I beg your prayers. I desire you to call upon my Son to mind the things of God more and more: alas, what profit is there in the things of this world!—except

[1] 'access' in orig.

they be enjoyed in Christ, they are snares. I wish he may enjoy his Wife so, and she him; I wish I may enjoy them both so.

My service to my dear Sister 'and' Cousin Ann; my blessing to my Children, and love to my Cousin Barton and the rest. Sir, I am, your affectionate brother and servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

LETTER CXIV.

THE opportune Victory at Rathmines produced the revival of an old Vote, produced also a new special Vote, in favour of Lieutenant-General Jones;[2] which new Vote ought not to fall asleep again, as the old one had done. Thomas Scott, of the Council of State, whom we have already seen; 'peppery Thomas,' is not yet to vanish from this History. Of Broghil, 'Munster Business,' and the rest, there will be farther notice in next Letter, which is of the same date with this.

'*For the Hon. Thomas Scott, of the Council of State: These.*'

SIR, Ross, 14th November 1649.

I hope you will excuse this trouble. I understand the House did vote Lieutenant-General Jones Five-hundred pounds *per annum* of lands of inheritance from Irish Lands, upon the news of the Defeat given to the Enemy before Dublin, immediately before my coming over. I think it will be a very acceptable work, and very well taken at your hands, to move the House for an immediate settlement thereof: it will be very convenient at this time.

Another thing is this. The Lord Broghil is now in Munster; where he, I hope, will do very good offices: all his suit is for Two-hundred pounds to bring his Wife over: such a sum would not be cast away. He hath a great interest in

* Harris, p. 511; one of the Pusey set, preserved by Dunch, as intimated above.
[2] Antea, p. 135.

the men that come from Inchiquin.[3] I have made him and Sir William Fenton, Colonel Blake, and Colonel Deane,—who I believe, 'at least' one of them, will be frequently in Cork Harbour; making that a victualling place for the Irish Fleet, instead of Milford Haven,—'I have made them' and Colonel Phayr, Commissioners for a temporary management of affairs there.

This Business of Munster will empty your Treasury: therefore you have need to hasten our money allotted us; lest you put us to stand with our fingers in our mouths!—I rest, Sir, your servant, OLIVER CROMWELL.*

LETTER CXV.

THE 'General Blake' of this Letter, 'Colonel Blake' of the last, is Admiral Blake; he, with Ayscough, Deane and vigilant Sea-officers, coöperating with Oliver on land, now dominates these waters. Prince Rupert, with the residue of the Revolted Ships, is lying close, for shelter from him, under the guns of Kinsale;—verging, poor Prince, to a fugitive roaming sea-life, very like Piracy in some of its features. He abandoned it as desperate, before long. Poor Prince Maurice, sea-roving in like fashion, went to the bottom; sank, in the West Indies, mouse and man; and ended, none knows exactly where, when, or how. Rupert invented, or helped to invent, 'pinchbeck' in subsequent years, and did no other service to the public that I know of.

The defection of Cork and Youghal, full of English influences and complex distractions, followed naturally on Cromwell's successes. In *Lady Fanshawe's Memoirs* is a vivid account of the universal hurlyburly that took place at Cork, on the verge of this occurrence there: tremulous instant decision what you will do, which side you will join; swift packing in the dead of night; swift riding off, in any carriage, cart or ass-cart you can bargain with for love or money! Poor Lady Fanshawe got to Galway, there to try it yet a little longer.

[3] That desert to us from Lord Inchiquin, the Ormond Chief in Munster.
* Tanner MSS. (in Cary, ii. 188).

For the Honourable William Lenthall, Esquire, Speaker of the Parliament of England: These.

SIR, Ross, 14th November 1649.

About a fortnight since, I had some good assurance that Cork was returned to its obedience; and had refused Inchiquin, who did strongly endeavour to redintegrate himself there, but without success.[4] I did hear also that Colonel Townsend was coming to me with their submission and desires, but was interrupted by a Fort at the mouth of Cork Harbour. But having sufficient grounds upon the former information, and other confirmation out of the Enemy's camp that it was true, I desired General Blake, who was here with me, that he would repair thither in Captain Mildmay's Frigate, called the Nonsuch. Who, when they came thither, received such entertainment as these enclosed will let you see.

In the mean time the Garland, one of your third-rate Ships, coming happily into Waterford Bay, I ordered her, and a great Prize lately taken in that Bay, to transport Colonel Phayr[5] to Cork; whitherward he went, having along with him near Five-hundred foot, which I spared him out of this poor Army, and 1,500*l.* in money; giving him such instructions as were proper for the promoting of your interest there. As they went with an intention for Cork, it pleased God the wind coming cross, they were forced to ride off from Dungarvan. Where they met Captain Mildmay *returning* with the Nonsuch Frigate, with Colonel Townsend aboard, coming to me; who advertised them that Youghal had also declared for the Parliament of England. Whereupon they steered their course thither; and sent for Colonel Gifford, Colonel Warden, Major Purden (who with Colonel Townsend have been very active instruments for the return

[4] See Carte, ii. 91. [5] He of the King's Death-Warrant.

both of Cork and Youghal to their obedience, having some of them ventured their lives twice or thrice to effect it), and the Mayor of Youghal aboard them; who, accordingly, immediately came and made tender of some propositions to be offered to me. But my Lord Broghil being on board the Ship, assuring them it would be more for their honour and advantage to desire no conditions, they said they would submit. Whereupon my Lord Broghil, Sir William Fenton, and Colonel Phayr, went to the Town; and were received, —I shall give you my Lord Broghil's own words,—"*with* "*all the real demonstrations of gladness an overjoyed people* "*were capable of.*"

Not long after, Colonel Phayr landed his foot. And by the endeavours of the noble person[6] afore mentioned, and the rest of the gentlemen, the Garrison is put in good order; and the Munster officers and soldiers in that Garrison in a way of settlement. Colonel Phayr intends, as I hear, to leave Two-hundred men there, and to march with the rest overland to Cork. I hear by Colonel Townsend, and the rest of the gentlemen that were employed to me, that Baltimore, Castlehaven, Cappoquin, and some other places of hard names, are come in,—I wish Foot come over seasonably to man them;—as also that there are hopes of other places.

From Sir Charles Coote, Lord President of Connaught, I had a Letter, about three or four days since, That he is come over the Bann, and hath taken Coleraine by storm; and that he is in conjunction with Colonel Venables,—who, I hear, hath besieged Carrickfergus; which if through the mercy of God it be taken, I know nothing considerable in the North of Ireland, but Charlemont, that is not in your hands.

[6] Lord Broghil. The somewhat romantic story of Cromwell's first visit to him, and chivalrous conquest of him, at his lodgings in London, 'in the dusk of the evening,' is in Collins's *Peerage* (London, 1741), iv. 253; and in many other Books;—copied from Morrice's *Life of Orrery*.

We lie with the Army at Ross; where we have been making a bridge over the Barrow, and 'have' hardly yet accomplished 'it' as we could wish. The Enemy lies upon the Nore, on the land between the Barrow and it; having gathered together all the force they can get. Owen Roe's men, as they report them, are Six-thousand foot, and about Four-thousand horse, beside their own Army 'in this quarter;' and they give out they will have a day for it:—which we hope the Lord of His mercy will enable us to give them, in His own good time. In whom we desire our only trust and confidence may be.

Whilst we have lain here, we have not been without some sweet taste of the goodness of God. Your Ships have taken some good prizes. The last was thus: There came in a Dunkirk man-of-war with 32 guns; who brought-in a Turkish man-of-war whom she had taken, and another ship of ten guns laden with poor-john and oil. These two your ships took. But the man-of-war, whose prizes these two were, put herself under the Fort of Duncannon, so that your ships could not come near her. It pleased God we had two demi-cannon with the foot, on the shore; which being planted, raked her through, killing and wounding her men; so that after ten shot she weighed anchor, and ran into your Fleet, with a flag of submission, surrendering herself. She was well manned, the prisoners taken being Two-hundred-and-thirty. I doubt the taking prisoners of this sort will cause the wicked trade of Piracy to be endless. They were landed here before I was aware: and a hundred of them, as I hear, are gotten into Duncannon, and have taken up arms there; and I doubt the rest, that are gone to Waterford, will do us no good. The seamen, being so full of prizes and unprovided of victual, knew not how otherwise to dispose of them.

Another 'mercy' was this. We, having left divers sick

men, both horse and foot, at Dublin,—hearing many of them were recovered, sent them orders to march up to us; which accordingly they did. Coming to Arklow on Monday the first of this instant, being about 350 horse and about 800 foot,—the Enemy, hearing of them (through the great advantage they have in point of intelligence), drew together a body of horse and foot near 3,000, which Inchiquin commanded. There went also, with this party, Sir Thomas Armstrong, Colonel Trevor, and most of their great ranters.[7] We sent fifteen or sixteen troops to their rescue, near eight hours too late. It pleased God we sent them word by a nearer way, To march close, and be circumspect, and to make what haste they could to Wexford, by the sea-side. They had marched near eighteen miles, and were come within seven miles of Wexford (the foot being miserably wearied), when the Enemy gave the scouts of the rearguard an alarm. Whereupon they immediately drew-up in the best order they could upon the sands, the sea on the one hand, and the rocks on the other; where the Enemy made a very furious charge: 'and' overbearing our horse with their numbers, which, as some of their prisoners confess, were Fifteen-hundred of their best horse, forced them in some disorder back to the foot. Our foot stood; forbearing their firing till the Enemy was come almost within pistol-shot, and then let fly very full in the faces of them: whereby some of them began to tumble; the rest running off in a very great disorder;—and 'they' faced not about until they got above musket-shot off. Upon this our horse took encouragement; drawing-up again; bringing-up some foot to flank them. And a gentleman of ours, that had charged

[7] Braggarts, great guns. Trevor had given Venables, as above hinted, a dangerous camisado in the North lately; and was not far from ruining him, had the end corresponded with the beginning (see Carte, ii. 89). To which Cromwell alludes by and by, in this Letter. Lord Inchiquin, a man of Royalist-Presbyterian tendencies, has fought long, on various sides. The name Armstrong is not yet much of a 'ranter;' but a new Sir Thomas will become famous under Titus Oates.—Ludlow gives a curious account of this same running-fight on the sea-beach of Arklow (i. 309).

through before, being amongst them undiscerned, having put his signal into his hat as they did,—took his opportunity and came off; letting our men know, That the Enemy was in great confusion and disorder, and that if they could attempt another charge, he was confident good might be done on them. It pleased God to give our men courage: they advanced; and falling upon the Enemy, totally routed them; took two colours and divers prisoners, and killed divers upon the place and in the pursuit. I do not hear that we have two men killed; and but one mortally wounded, and not five that are taken prisoners.

The quick march of our party made Inchiquin that he could reach them with nothing but his horse, hoping to put them to a stand until his foot came up; which if he had done, there had probably been no saving of a man of this party. Without doubt Inchiquin, Trevor, and the rest of those people, who are very good at this work, had swallowed up this party! And indeed it was, in human probability, lost; but God, that defeated Trevor in his attempt upon Venables (which Trevor, as I hear this night from the Enemy's camp, was shot through the belly in this service, and is carried to Kilkenny,—and Sir Thomas Armstrong is also wounded), hath disappointed them, and poured shame upon them in this defeat; giving us the lives of a company of our dear friends, which I hope will be improved to His glory and their Country's good.

Sir, having given you this account, I shall not trouble you much with particular desires. Those I shall humbly present to the Council of State. Only, in the general, give me leave humbly to offer what in my judgment I conceive to be for your service, with a full submission to you. We desire recruits may be speeded to us. It is not fit to tell you how your Garrisons will be unsupplied, and no Field marching Army considerable, if but three Garrisons more

were in our hands.[8] It is not well not to follow providences.[9] Your recruits, and the forces desired, will not raise your charge, if your assignments already for the forces here do come to our hands in time. I should not doubt 'but,' by the addition of assessments here, to have your charge in some reasonable measure borne; and the soldier upheld, without too much neglect or discouragement,—which sickness, in this country so ill agreeing with their bodies, puts upon them; and 'which' this Winter's-action, I believe not heretofore known by English in this country, subjects them to. To the praise of God I speak it, I scarce know one Officer of forty amongst us that hath not been sick. And how many considerable ones we have lost, is no little thought of heart to us.[10]

Wherefore I humbly beg, that the moneys desired may be seasonably sent over; and those other necessaries, clothes, shoes and stockings, formerly desired; that so poor creatures may be encouraged: and, through the same blessed Presence that has gone along with us, I hope, before it be long, to see Ireland no burden to England, but a profitable part of its Commonwealth. And certainly the extending your help in this way, at this time, is the most profitable means speedily to effect it. And if I did not think it your best thrift, I would not trouble you at all with it.

I have sent Sir Arthur Loftus with these Letters. He hath gone along with us, testifying a great deal of love to your service. I know his sufferings are very great; for he hath lost near all: his Regiment was reduced to save your charge, not out of any exceptions to his person. I humbly therefore present him to your consideration.[11]

Craving pardon for this trouble, I rest, your most humble and faithful servant, OLIVER CROMWELL.*

[8] Sentence omitted in the Newspaper. [9] Beckonings of Providence.
[10] Sentence omitted in the Newspaper. [11] Paragraph omitted.
* Newspapers (in *Cromwelliana*, pp. 69-71); Tanner MSS. (in Cary, ii. 189-97).

LETTER CXVI.

Commons Journals, 12° *Decembris* 1649: 'A Letter from 'the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland was this day read. *Ordered*, 'That the said Letter be forthwith printed and published;'—Lord Mayor to be sure and send it to all the Ministers next Lord's-day, who are to be, as they best may, the voice of our devout thankfulness for 'these great mercies.' Here is the Letter still extant for posterity,—with or without the thankfulness.

We cannot give the exact day of date. The Letter exists, separate, or combined with other matter, in various old Pamphlets; but is nowhere dated; and in fact, as the Entry in the Commons Journals may indicate, was never dated either as to place or time. The place we learn by the context: the time was after Saturday November 24th,[12] and before December had yet begun;—probably enough, Sunday November 25th.

For the Honourable William Lenthall, Esquire, Speaker of the Parliament of England: These.

MR. SPEAKER, 'Before Waterford, — Nov. 1649.'

The Enemy being quartered between the two rivers of Nore and Barrow, and masters of all the passages thereupon; and giving out their resolutions to fight us, thereby, as we conceived, labouring to get reputation in the countries, and occasion more strength,—it was thought fit our Army should march towards them. Which accordingly, upon Thursday the 15th instant, was done. The Major-General and Lieutenant-General[13] (leaving me very sick at Ross behind them), with two battering guns, advanced towards Inistioge; a little walled Town about five miles from Ross, upon the Nore, on the south side thereof, which was possessed by the Enemy. But a party of our men under the command of Colonel Abbot, the night before, approach-

[12] See postea, p. 191; and Whitlocke, 2d edition, p. 433.
[13] Ireton and Jones.

ing the gates, and attempting to fire the same, the Enemy ran away through the River, leaving good store of provisions behind them.

Our Commanders hoped by gaining this Town to have gained a pass.[14] But indeed there fell so much sudden wet as made the River unpassable by that time the Army was come up. Whereupon, hearing that the Enemy lay about two miles off upon the River, near Thomastown, a pretty large walled Town upon the Nore, on the north side thereof, having a bridge over the River,—our Army marched thither. But the Enemy had broken the bridge, and garrisoned the Town; and in the view of our Army marched away to Kilkenny,—seeming, though I believe they were double our number, to *decline* an engagement. Which they had the power to have necessitated us unto; but 'which it' was noways in our power, if they would stand upon the advantage of the Passes, to engage them unto;—nor indeed 'was it in our power' to continue out two days longer, having almost spent all the bread they[15] carried with them.

Whereupon, seeking God for direction, they resolved to send a good party of horse and dragoons under Colonel Reynolds to Carrick; and to march the residue of the Army back towards Ross,—to gain more bread for the prosecution of that design, if, by the blessing of God, it should take. Colonel Reynolds, marching with twelve troops of horse, and three troops of dragoons, came betimes in the morning to Carrick. Where, dividing himself into two parties,—whilst they were amused with the one, he entered one ot the Gates with the other. Which their soldiers perceiving, divers of them and their officers escaped over the River in boats: about an hundred officers and soldiers 'were' taken prisoners, without the loss of one man on our part. In this

[14] A ford over the River.

[15] 'they' and 'them' mean *we* and *us*: the swift-rushing sentence here alters its personality from first person to third, and so goes on.

place is a very good Castle, and one of the ancientest seats belonging to the Lord of Ormond, in Ireland: the same was rendered without any loss also, where were good store of provisions for the refreshing of our men.

The Colonel giving us speedy intelligence of God's mercy in this, we agreed to march, with all convenient speed, the residue of the Army up thither. Which accordingly was done upon Wednesday and Thursday the 21st and 22d of this instant; and, through God's mercy, I was enabled to bear them company. Being come hither, we did look at it as an especial good hand of Providence to give us this place; inasmuch as it gives us a passage over the River Suir to the City of Waterford, and indeed into Munster to our shipping and provisions, which before were beaten from us out of Waterford Bay by the Enemy's guns. It hath given us also opportunity to besiege or block-up Waterford; and we hope our gracious God will therein direct us also. It hath given us also the opportunity of our guns, ammunition, and victual; and indeed quarter for our horse, which could not have subsisted much longer: so sweet a mercy was the giving of this little place unto us.

Having rested there a night, and by noon of the next day gotten our Army over the River;—leaving Colonel Reynolds with about One-hundred-and-fifty Foot, his own six troops of horse, and one troop of dragoons, with a very little ammunition according to the smallness of our marching store;—we marched away towards Waterford, upon Friday the 23d; and on Saturday about noon came before the City. The Enemy, being not a little troubled at this unsuspected business (which indeed was the mere guidance of God), marched down with great fury towards Carrick with their whole Army, resolving to swallow it up; and upon Saturday the 24th, assault the place round, thinking to take it by storm. But God had otherwise determined. For the

troopers and the rest of the soldiers with stones[16] did so pelt them, they 'were forced to draw off; after' continuing near four hours under the walls; 'after' having burnt the Gates, which our men barricaded up with stones; and likewise 'having' digged under the walls, and sprung a small mine, which flew in their own faces. But they left about forty or fifty men dead under the Walls; and have drawn off, as some say, near four-hundred more, which they buried up and down the fields; besides what are wounded. And, as Inchiquin himself confessed in the hearing of some of their soldiers lately come to us, 'this' hath lost him above a thousand men.—The Enemy was drawing off his dead a good part of the night. They were in such haste upon the assault, that they killed their own trumpeter as he was returning with an Answer to the Summons sent by them. Both in the taking and defending of this place Colonel Reynolds his carriage was such as deserves much honour.[17]

Upon our coming before Waterford,[18] I sent the Lieutenant-General with a regiment of horse, and three troops of dragoons, to endeavour the reducing of the Passage Fort: a very large Fort with a Castle in the midst of it, having five guns planted in it, and commanding the River better than Duncannon; it not being much above musket-shot over, where this Fort stands; and we can bring up hither ships of three-hundred tons, without any danger from Duncannon. Upon the attempt, though our materials were not very apt for the business, yet the Enemy called for quarter,—and had it, and we the place. We also possessed the guns which the Enemy had planted to beat our ships out of the Bay, two miles below. By the taking of this Fort we shall much straiten Duncannon from provisions by water, as we hope

[16] Having only 'a very little ammunition' and small use of guns (see Whitlocke, p. 418; Ludlow, &c.).

[17] We shall hear of Reynolds again.

[18] Letters to and from the Mayor of Waterford on this occasion: Appendix, No. 15.

they are not in a condition to get much by land; besides the advantage it is to us to have provisions to come up the River.

It hath pleased the Lord, whilst these things have been thus transacting here, to add to your interest in Munster, Bandon Bridge; the Town, as we hear, upon the matter, thrusting out young Jephson,[19] who was their Governor; or else he deserting it upon that jealousy. As also Kinsale, and the Fort there:—out of which Fort Four-hundred men marched upon articles, when it was surrendered. So that now, by the good hand of the Lord, your interest in Munster is near as good already as ever it was since this War began. I sent a party about two days ago to my Lord of Broghil; from whom I expect to have an account of all.

Sir, what can be said in these things? Is it an arm of flesh that hath done these things? Is it the wisdom and counsel, or strength of men? It is the Lord only. God will curse that man and his house that dares to think otherwise! Sir, you see the work is done by a Divine leading. God gets into the hearts of men, and persuades them to come under you. I tell you, a considerable part of your Army is fitter for an hospital than the field: if the Enemy did not know it, I should have held it impolitic to have writ this. They know it; yet they know not what to do.

I humbly beg leave to offer a word or two. I beg of those that are faithful, that they give glory to God. I wish it may have influence upon the hearts and spirits of all those that are now in place of Government, in the greatest trust,—that they may all in heart draw near to God; giving Him glory by holiness of life and conversation; 'and' that these unspeakable mercies may teach dissenting brethren on all sides to agree, at least, in praising God. And if the Father

[19] 'Young Jephson,' I suppose, is the son of Jephson, Member for Stockbridge, Hants; one of those whom Pride purged away;—not without reason, as is here seen.

of the family be so kind, why should there be such jarrings and heart-burnings amongst the children? And if it will not be received That these are the seals of God's approbation of your great Change of Government,—which indeed are no more yours than these victories and successes are ours,—yet let them with us say, even the most unsatisfied heart amongst them, That both are the righteous judgments and mighty works of God. That He hath pulled the mighty from his seat, and calls to an account 'for' innocent blood. That He thus breaks the enemies of His Church in pieces. And let them not be sullen, but praise the Lord,—and think of us as they please; and we shall be satisfied, and pray for them, and wait upon our God. And we hope we shall seek the welfare and peace of our native Country: and the Lord give them hearts to do so too. Indeed, Sir, I was constrained in my bowels to write thus much. I ask your pardon; and rest, your most humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

An Able-Editor in the old Newspapers has been inexpressibly favoured with the sight of a Letter to 'an Honourable Member of the Council of State;' Letter dated 'Cork, 18th December 1649;' wherein this is what we still read: 'Yester-'day my Lord Lieutenant came, from Youghal the head-'quarter, unto Cork; my Lord Broghil, Sir William Fenton, 'and divers other Gentlemen and Commanders attending his 'Excellency. Who hath received here very hearty and noble 'entertainment. Tomorrow the Major-General' Ireton 'is ex-'pected here:—both in good health, God be praised. This 'week, I believe, they will visit Kinsale, Bandon Bridge, and 'other places in this Province that have lately declared for us, 'and that expect a return of his affection and presence, which 'joys many. Some report here that the Enemy burns towns 'and provisions near our quarters: but the example may at 'length turn to their own greatest prejudice. Colonel Deane

* Newspapers (in *Cromwelliana*, pp. 71-73).

'and Colonel Blake, our Sea-Generals, are both riding in Cork 'Harbour.'[20]

Dated on the morrow is this Letter:

LETTER CXVII.

For the Honourable William Lenthall, Esquire, Speaker of the Parliament of England: These.

MR. SPEAKER, Cork, 19th December 1649.

Not long after my last to you from before Waterford,—by reason of the tempestuousness of the weather, we thought fit, and it was agreed, To march away to Winter-quarters, to refresh our men until God shall please to give farther opportunity for action.

We marched off, the 2d of this instant; it being so terrible a day as ever I marched in all my life. Just as we marched off in the morning,—unexpected to us, the Enemy had brought an addition of near Two-thousand horse and foot to the increase of their Garrison: which we plainly saw at the other side of the water. We marched that night some ten or twelve miles through a craggy country, to Kilmac Thomas; a Castle some eight miles from Dungarvan. As we were marching off in the morning from thence, the Lord Broghil,—I having sent before to him to march up to me,—sent a party of horse, to let me know, He was, with about Twelve or Thirteen hundred of the Munster horse and foot, about ten miles off, near Dungarvan, which was newly rendered to him.

In the midst of these good successes, wherein the kindness and mercy of God hath appeared, the Lord, in wisdom, and for gracious ends best known to Himself, hath interlaced some things which may give us cause of serious consideration what His mind therein may be. And we hope we wait

[20] Newspapers (in *Cromwelliana*, p. 73).

upon Him, desiring to know, and to submit to His good pleasure. The noble Lieutenant-General,[21]—whose finger, to our knowledge, never ached in all these expeditions,—fell sick; we doubt, upon a cold taken upon our late wet march and ill accommodation: and went to Dungarvan, where, struggling some four or five days with a fever, he died; having run his course with so much honour, courage and fidelity, as his actions better speak than my pen. What England lost hereby, is above me to speak. I am sure, I lost a noble friend, and companion in labours. You see how God mingles out the cup unto us. Indeed we are at this time a crazy company:—yet we live in His sight; and shall work the time that is appointed us, and shall rest after that in peace.[22]

But yet there hath been some sweet at the bottom of the cup;—of which I shall now give you an account. Being informed that the Enemy intended to take-in the Fort of Passage, and that Lieutenant-General Ferral with his Ulsters[23] was to march out of Waterford, with a considerable party of horse and foot, for that service,—I ordered Colonel Zanchy, who lay on the north side of the Blackwater, To march with his regiment of horse, and two pieces of two troops of dragoons to the relief of our friends. Which he accordingly did; his party consisting in all of about Three-hundred-and-twenty. When he came some few miles from the place, he took some of the Enemy's stragglers in the villages as he went; all which he put to the sword: seven troopers of his killed thirty of them in one house. When he came near the place, he found the Enemy had close begirt it, with about Five-hundred Ulster foot under Major O'Neil; Colonel Wogan also, the Governor of Duncannon, with a party of his, with two great battering guns and a mortar-

[21] Michael Jones: Ludlow (i. 304) is a little misinformed.
[22] Yes, my brave one; even so!
[23] Ulster-men.

piece, and Captain Browne, the Governor of Ballihac, were there. Our men furiously charged them; and beat them from the place. The Enemy got into a place where they might draw up; and the Ulsters, who bragged much of their pikes, made indeed for the time a good resistance: but the horse, pressing sorely upon them, broke them; killed near an Hundred upon the place; took Three-hundred-and-fifty prisoners,—amongst whom, Major O'Neil, and the Officers of Five-hundred Ulster foot, all but those which were killed; the renegado Wogan, with twenty-four of Ormond's kurisees, and the Governor of Ballihac, &c. Concerning some of these, I hope I shall not trouble your justice.

This mercy was obtained without the loss of one on our part, only one shot in the shoulder. Lieutenant-General Ferral was come up very near, with a great party to their relief; but our handful of men marching toward him, he shamefully hasted away, and recovered Waterford. It is not unworthy taking notice, That having appointed a Day of public Thanksgiving throughout our territories in Ireland, as well as a week's warning would permit, for the recovery of Munster,—which proves a sweet refreshment to us, even prepared by God for us, after our weary and hard labour,—That that very day, and that very time, while men were praising God, was this deliverance wrought.

Though the present state of affairs bespeaks a continuance of charge, yet the same good hand of Providence, which hath blessed your affairs hitherto, is worthy to be followed to the uttermost. And who knows, or rather who hath not cause to hope, that He may, in His goodness, put a short period to your whole charge? Than which no worldly thing is more desired and endeavoured by your most humble servant, OLIVER CROMWELL.*

* Newspapers (in *Cromwelliana*, pp. 73, 74).

Ormond witnessed this defeat at Passage, from some steeple, or 'place of prospect' in Waterford; and found the 'Mayor,' whom he sent for, a most unreasonable man.[24]

'The renegado Wogan:' Captain Wogan, once in the Parliament service, joined himself to Hamilton and the Scots in 1648; 'bringing a gallant troop along with him.' His maraudings, pickeerings, onslaughts, and daring chivalries became very celebrated after that. He was not slain or hanged here at Passage;[25] there remained for him yet, some four years hence, his grand feat which has rendered all the rest memorable: 'that of riding right through England, having rendezvoused at Barnet, with a Party of Two-hundred horse,' to join Middleton's new Scotch Insurrection in the Highland Hills; where he, soon after, died of consumption and some slight hurt.[26]—What 'kurisees' are, I do not know; may be *cuirassiers*, in popular locution: some nickname for Ormond's men, —whom few loved; whom the Mayor of Waterford, this very day, would not admit into his Town even for the saving of Passage Fort.[27] With certain of these '*your* justice' need not be troubled.

This Letter, with two others, one from Ireton and one from Broghil, all dated Cork, 19th December, were not received in the Commons House till Tuesday 8th January; such were then the delays of the winter post. On which same day it is resolved, That the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland be desired to come over, and give his attendance here in Parliament.[28] Speaker is ordered to write him a Letter to that effect.

'The ground of this resolution,' says Whitlocke, 'was That 'the news of the King's coming to Scotland became more pro-'bable than formerly.' Laird Winram's dealings with him, and Cromwell's successes, and the call of Necessity, are proving effectual! 'And,' continues Whitlocke, 'the proceedings of the 'Scots in raising of new forces gave an alarm to the Parlia-'ment: and some of their Members who had discoursed with 'the Lord General Fairfax upon those matters, and argued how 'necessary it would be to send an Army into Scotland to divert 'the war from England,—had found the General wholly averse

[24] Carte, ii. 103; whose account is otherwise very deficient.
[25] Appendix, No. 16.
[26] Clarendon, iii. 679; Whitlocke, Heath's *Chronicle*, &c.
[27] Carte, ii. 103.
[28] *Commons Journals*, vi. 343-4.

'to any such thing; and, by means of his Lady, who was a 'strict Presbyterian, to be more a friend to the Scots than 'they,' those Members, 'wished. Therefore they thought this 'a fit time to send for the Lieutenant of Ireland, the rather as 'his Army was now drawn into winter-quarters.'[29]

The Lord Lieutenant thought, or was supposed to think, of complying straightway, as the old Newspapers instruct us; but on better counsel, the Scotch peril not being very imminent as yet, decided 'to settle Ireland in a safe posture' first. Indeed, the Letter itself is long in reaching him; and the rumour of it, which arrives much sooner, has already set the Enemy on false schemes, whereof advantage might be taken.[30]

Meanwhile, in Munster, in Ireland generally, there is much to be done, on the great scale and on the small. Some days before the last Letter gets into the Speaker's hands, here is another, a private one, travelling towards Philip Lord Wharton, whom we transiently saluted last year at Knaresborough.[31]

LETTER CXVIII.

LORD WHARTON, when we last saw him, was of the Derby-House Committee, a busy man and manager; but he is not now of the Council of State; having withdrawn from all management, into a painful inquiring condition. One of our zealous Puritans and Patriots, but much troubled with cautious dubitations; involved in 'reasonings,' in painful labyrinths of constitutional and other logic, for the present. Of which sort there are now many. Who indignantly drew the sword, and long zealously fought and smote with it, nothing doubting; and are now somewhat astonished at the issue that has come of it! Somewhat uncertain whether these late high actings, executing judgment on your King, abolition of your House of Lords, and so forth, are owned by the Eternal Powers or not owned. Of Temporal Powers there is clearly none that will own them; and unless the other do—? The Lord Lieutenant intimates, in his friendliest way, that surely it is indispensable to have

[29] Whitlocke, p. 422. [30] Newspapers (in *Cromwelliana*, p. 77).
[31] Appendix, No. 17: Letter, of 31st December, recommending a Chief-Justice for Munster.

'satisfaction' on that score; also that it is perilous not to get it; and furthermore that labyrinths of constitutional and other logic are by no means the course towards that.

For the Right Honourable the Lord Wharton: These.

MY DEAR FRIEND, MY LORD, Cork, 1st Jan. 1649.

If I know my heart, I love you in truth: and therefore if, from the jealousy of unfeigned love, I play the fool a little, and say a word or two at guess, I know you will pardon it.

It were a vain thing, by Letter, to dispute-over your doubts, or undertake to answer your objections. I have heard them all; and *I* have rest from the trouble of them, and 'of' what has risen in my own heart; for which I desire to be humbly thankful. I do not condemn your reasonings; I doubt them. It's easy to object to the glorious Actings of God, if we look too much upon Instruments! I have heard computations made of the Members in Parliament: "The good kept out, the worst left in,"[32] &c.:—it has been so these nine years: yet what hath God wrought! The greatest works *last;* and still is at work! Therefore take heed of this scandal.

Be not offended at the manner 'of God's working;' perhaps no other way was left. What if God accepted *their* zeal, 'even' as He did that of Phinehas,[33] whom *reason* might have called before a jury! What if the Lord have witnessed His approbation and acceptance to this 'zeal' also,—not only by signal outward acts, but to the heart 'of

[32] Original has 'most bad remaining:' 'these nine years' means, ever since the Parliament first met.

[33] 'And behold, one of the Children of Israel came, and brought unto his brethren 'a Midianitish woman; in the sight of Moses, and in the sight of all the Congregation 'of the Children of Israel, who were weeping before the door of the Tabernacle of the 'Congregation,'—by reason of those very sins. 'And when Phinehas the son of Elea-'zar, the son of Aaron the Priest, saw it, he rose up from among the Congregation, 'and took a javelin in his hand; and he went after the man of Israel into the tent, and 'thrust both of them through, the man of Israel and the woman, through the belly. 'So the plague was stayed from the Children of Israel.' (*Numbers*, xxv. 6-8.)

good men' too? What if I fear, my Friend should withdraw his shoulder from the Lord's work,—Oh, it's grievous to do so!—through scandals, through false mistaken reasonings — ?

"There's difficulty, there's trouble; here, in the other way, there's safety, ease, wisdom: in the one no clearness," —this is an objection indeed,—"in the other satisfaction." ——"Satisfaction:" it's well if we thought of that first, and 'as' severed from the other considerations,[34] which do often bias, if not bribe the mind. Whereby mists are often raised in the way we should walk in, and we call it darkness or "dissatisfaction:" Oh, our deceitful hearts! Oh, this flattering world! How great is it to be the Lord's servant in any drudgery[35]——(I thought not to have written near 'so far as' the other side: love will not let me alone; I have been often provoked 'to it by you')——in all hazards His worst is far above the world's best! He makes us able, in truth, to say so; we cannot of ourselves. How hard a thing is it to *reason* ourselves up to the Lord's service, though it be so honourable; how easy to put ourselves out there, where the flesh has so many advantages!—

You were desired to go along with us: I wish it still.[36] Yet we are not triumphing; — we may, for aught flesh knoweth, *suffer* after all this: the Lord prepare us for His good pleasure! You were with us in the Power of things: why not in the Form? I am persuaded your heart hankers after the hearts of your poor Friends; and will, until you can find others to close with: which I trust, though we in ourselves be contemptible, God will not let you do!

My service to the dear little Lady: I wish you make her not a greater temptation 'to you, in this matter,' than

[34] of 'safety,' profit, &c.
[35] Turns the leaf, we perceive.
[36] Shadow of condescension, implied in this, strikes his Excellency; which he hastens to retract.

she is! Take heed of all relations. Mercies should not be temptations: yet we too oft make them so. The Lord direct your thoughts into the obedience of His will, and give you rest and peace in the Truth. Pray for your most true and affectionate servant in the Lord,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

'P.S.' I received a Letter from Robert Hammond, whom truly I love in the Lord with most entire affection: it much grieved me, not because I judged, but feared the whole spirit of it was from temptation;—indeed, I thought I perceived a proceeding in that; which the Lord will, I trust, cause him to unlearn. I would fain have written to him, but am straitened in time. Would he would be with us a little! Perhaps it would be no hurt to him.*

Of Wharton and his dubitations, which many share in, we shall again hear. Of Wharton, young Colonel Hammond, young Colonel Montague, Tom Westrow, Henry Lawrence, idle Dick, men known to us, and men unknown;—of them and their abstruse 'reasonings,' and communings with the Lord Lieutenant in St. James's Park, we shall have a hint by and by. Some of whom received full 'satisfaction,' and others never could.

Here is a kind of Epistle General, in a quite other tone, intended to give 'satisfaction' to a quite other class, if they are capable of it.

* *Gentleman's Magazine* (London, 1814), lxxxiv. p. 418. Given there without editing; no notice whence: clearly genuine.——*Note to Third Edition.* Original, in autograph, endorsed by Wharton, 'rec: 30th January 1649, from my Lord Leefetennant of Ireland, from Ireland,' is now (1848) in the Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge; *Postscript* here is added from the Original. This Letter, and two others to be given by and by (CXLVI. and CLXXXI.), came to the Fitzwilliam Museum, some thirty years ago; discovered 'among the Court-rolls of the Manor of Wymondham Cromwell, Norfolk.'

DECLARATION OF THE LORD LIEUTENANT OF IRELAND,

FOR THE UNDECEIVING OF DELUDED PEOPLE.

THE 'Supreme Council of Kilkenny,' still more the Occult 'Irish Hierarchy' which was a main element thereof, remains, and is like to remain, a very dark entity in History: little other, after all one's reading, than a featureless gaunt shadow; extinct, and the emblem to us of huge noises that are also extinct. History can know that it *had* features once:—of fierce dark-visaged Irish Noblemen and Gentlemen; dark-visaged Abbases O'Teague, and an Occult Papist Hierarchy; earnestly planning, perorating, excommunicating, in a high Irish tone of voice: alas, with general result which Nature found *untrue*. Let there be noble pity for them in the hearts of the noble. Alas, there was withal some glow of real Irish Patriotism, some light of real human valour, in those old hearts: but it had parted company with Fact; came forth enveloped in such huge embodiment of headlong ferocity, of violence, hatred, noise, and general unveracity and incoherency, as—as brought a Cromwell upon it at last! These reflections might lead us far.—

What we have to say here is, that in the present expiring condition of the Irish Rebellion, nearly trodden to destruction now, it has been judged very fitting, That there be an end of excommunication for the present, and a real attempt at union instead. For which object there has, with much industry, been brought-about a 'Conventicle,' or general Meeting of the Occult Hierarchy, at a place called Clonmacnoise, in the month of December last. Clonmacnoise, 'Seven Churches of Clonmacnoise;' some kind of Abbey then; now a melancholy tract of ruins, 'on some bare gravelly hills,' among the dreary swamps of the Shannon; nothing there but wrecks and death,—for the bones of the Irish Kings lie there, and burial there was considered to have unspeakable advantages once:—a Ruin now, and dreary Golgotha among the bogs of the Shannon; but an Abbey then, and fit for a Conventicle of the Occult Hierarchy, 'which met on the 4th of December 1649,' for the

purpose above-said. There, of a certainty, in the cold days of December 1649, did the Occult Hierarchy meet,—warmed, we hope, by good log-fires and abundant turf,—and 'for somewhat less than three weeks' hold consultation. The real issue of which has now, after Two-hundred years, come to be very different from the then apparent one!

The then apparent issue was a 'Union;' worthless 'superficial Union,' as Carte[1] calls it; skin-deep, which was broken again within the month, and is of no interest to us here. But it chanced also that, to usher-in this worthless 'Union,' the Occult Hierarchy published in print a Manifesto, or general Injunction and Proclamation to the Irish People; which Manifesto coming under the eye of the Lord Lieutenant, provoked an Answer from him. And this Answer, now resuscitated, and still fit to be read by certain earnest men, Irish and other: this we may define as the real issue for us, such as it is. One of the remarkablest State-Papers ever issued by any Lord Lieutenant; which, if we could all completely *read* it, as an earnest Editor has had to try if he could do, till it became completely luminous again, and glowed with its old veracity and sacred zeal and fire again, might do us all some good perhaps!—

The Clonmacnoise Manifesto exists also, as a small brown Pamphlet of six leaves, 'printed at Kilkenny and reprinted at London in January 1649;'[2] but is by no means worth inserting here. It is written in a very smooth, indeed vague and faint style, the deeply discrepant humours at Clonmacnoise not admitting of any other for their 'superficial Union;' and remains, in the perusal, mostly insignificant, and as if obliterated into dim-gray,—till once, in the Lord Lieutenant's fiery illumination, some traits of it do come forth again. Here is our short abstract of it, more than sufficient for present purposes.

'The Kilkenny Pamphlet starts by a preamble, in the form 'of Public Declaration; setting forth, with some brevity, That 'whereas various differences had existed in the Catholic Party, 'said differences do now and shall, blessed be Heaven, all re-'concile themselves into a real "Union;" real Union now, by 'these presents, established, decreed, and bound to exist and continue:—signed duly by all the Occult Hierarchy, twenty

[1] *Life of Ormond*, ii. 105-110.

[2] King's Pamphlets, large 4to, no. 43, § 5; the London Reprint, or the day of purchasing it by the old Collector, is dated with the pen '31st January' 1649-50.

'Bishops more or less, *Antonius Clonmacnosensis* among the 'rest. This is the *first* part of the Clonmacnoise Manifesto: 'this is to be read in every Church for certain Sundays; and 'do what good it can.—Follows *next*, similarly signed, a short 'set of "Acts," special Orders to Priests and People at large, 'as to what they are to do by way of furthering said Union, 'and bringing good success to the Cause. Among which 'Orders we recognise one for masses, universal prayers (not 'wholly by machinery, we hope); and, with still more satisfac- 'tion, another for decisively putting down, or at least in every 'way discountenancing, those bands called "Idle-Boys" (ances- 'tors of Captain Rock, one perceives), who much infest the 'country at present.

'Our Manifesto then, *thirdly*, winds-up with an earnest 'admonition, or Exhortation General, to the People of Ireland 'high and low, Not to be deceived with any show of clemency, 'or "moderate usage," exercised upon them hitherto; inas- 'much as it is the known intention of the English Parliament 'to exterminate the whole of them; partly by slaughter, partly 'by banishment "to the Tobacco Islands" and hot West-India 'localities, whither many have already been sent. Known in- 'tention; as can be deduced by the discerning mind from clear 'symptoms, chiefly from these two: *First*, that they, the Eng- 'lish Parliament, have passed an "Act of Subscription," *already* 'disposing of Irishmen's estates to English Money-lenders: 'and then *second*, That they have decided to extirpate the 'Catholic Religion,—which latter fact, not to speak of their 'old Scotch Covenant and the rest, may be seen with eyes, 'even from this Lord Lieutenant's own expressions in his 'Letter to the Governor of Ross;[3] which are quoted. To ex- 'tirpate the Catholic Religion: how can they effect this but 'by extirpating the professors thereof? Let all Irishmen high 'and low, therefore, beware; and stand upon their guard, and 'adhere to the superficial Union; slaughter, or else banish- 'ment to the Tobacco Islands, being what they have to ex- 'pect.'—— It is by this *third* or concluding portion of the Clonmacnoise Manifesto that the Lord Lieutenant's wrath has been chiefly kindled: but indeed he blazes athwart the whole Document, athwart it and along it, as we shall see, like a de- stroying sword, and slashes in pieces it and its inferences,

[3] Antea, p. 175.

and noxious delusions and deludings, in a very characteristic style.

What perhaps will most strike the careless modern reader in the Clonmacnoise Manifesto, with its 'inferences' of general extermination, is that 'show of moderate usage at present;' and the total absence of those 'many Inhabitants' butchered at Drogheda lately: total absence of those; and also of the 'Two-hundred Women in the Marketplace of Wexford,' who in modern times have even grown 'Two-hundred beautiful Women' (all young, and in their Sunday clothes for the occasion), and figure still, in the Irish Imagination, in a very horrid manner. They are known to Abbé Macgeohegan, these interesting Martyrs, more or less; to Philopater Irenæus, to my Lord Clarendon, Jacobite Carte, and other parties divided by wide spaces and long centuries from them; but not to this Occult Hierarchy sitting deliberative close at hand, and doing their best in the massacre way, who are rather concerned to guard us against shows of clemency exercised hitherto! This circumstance, and still more what Cromwell himself says on the subject of 'massacring,' will strike the modern reader; and the 'Two-hundred Women,' and some other things, I persuade myself, will profitably vanish from the Marketplace henceforth!

So soon as convenient, that wretched chimera will do well to vanish;—and also, I think, a certain terrible fact, which the Irish Imagination pretends to treat sometimes as a chimera, might profitably return, and reassert itself there. The Massacre of 1641 was not, we will believe, premeditated by the Leaders of the Rebellion; but it is an awful truth, written in sun-clear evidence, that it did happen;—and the noble-minded among the men of Ireland are called to admit it, and to mourn for it, and to learn from it! To the ear of History those 'ghosts' still shriek from the Bridge of Portnadown,[4] if not now for just vengeance on their murderers, yet for pity on them, for horror at them: and no just man, whatever his new feelings may be, but will share more or less the Lord Lieutenant Cromwell's old feelings on that matter. It must not be denied, it requires to be admitted! As an act of blind hysterical fury, very blind and very weak and mad, and at once quite miserable and quite

[4] Affidavits, taken in 1641-44: in Sir John Temple's *History of the Irish Massacre and Rebellion* (Maseres's edition, London, 1812), pp. 85-123; May's *History of the Long Parliament*; and the contemporary Books *passim*.

detestable, it remains on the face of Irish History; and will have to remain till Ireland cease, much more generally than it has yet done, to mistake loud bluster for inspired wisdom, and spasmodic frenzy for strength;—till, let us say, Ireland *do an equal act* of magnanimous forbearance, of valour in the silent kind! Of which also we have by no means lost hope. No:—and if among the true hearts of Ireland there chanced to be found one who, across the opaque angry whirlwind in which all Cromwell matters are enveloped for him, could recognise, in this thunderclad figure of a Lord Lieutenant now about to speak to him, the veritable Heaven's Messenger clad in thunder; and accept the stern true message *he* brings—!—Who knows? That too, we believe, is coming; and with it many hopeful things. But to our Declaration, however that may be.

A Declaration of the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, For the Undeceiving of Deluded and Seduced People: which may be satisfactory to all that do not wilfully shut their eyes against the light. In answer to certain late Declarations and Acts, framed by the Irish Popish Prelates and Clergy, in a Conventicle at Clonmacnoise.

HAVING lately perused a Book printed at Kilkenny in the year 1649, containing divers Declarations and Acts of the Popish Prelates and Clergy, framed in a late Conventicle at Clonmacnoise, the 4th day of December in the year aforesaid,—I thought fit to give a brief Answer unto the same.

And first to the first;—which is a Declaration, wherein (having premised the reconciliation of some differences among themselves, 'and the hearty "Union" they have now attained to') they come to state 'the reasons of' their War, 'grounding it' upon "the interest of their Church, of his Majesty and the Nation," and their resolution to prosecute the same with unity. All which will deserve a particular survey.

The Meeting of the Archbishops, Bishops and other Pre-

lates at Clonmacnoise is by them said to be *proprio motu.* By which term they would have the world believe that the Secular Power hath nothing to do to appoint, or superintend, their Spiritual Conventions, as they call them;—although in the said meetings they take upon them to intermeddle in all Secular Affairs; as by the sequel appears.—But first for their "Union" they so much boast of. If any wise man shall seriously consider what they pretend the grounds of their "differences" to have been, and the way and course they have taken to reconcile the same; and their expressions thereabout, and the ends for which, and their resolutions how to carry on their great Design declared for; he must needs think slightly of their said "union."[5] And also for this, That they resolve all other men's consent 'and reconciliation' into their own; without consulting *them* at all.

The subject of this reconciliation was, as they say, "the Clergy and Laity." The discontent and division itself was grounded on the late difference of opinion happening amongst the "Prelates and Laity."—I wonder not at differences in opinion, at discontents and divisions, where so Antichristian and dividing a term as "Clergy and Laity" is given and received. A term unknown to any save the Antichristian Church, and such as derive themselves from her: *ab initio non fuit sic.* The most pure and primitive Times, as they best knew what true *union* was, so in all addresses to the several Churches they wrote unto, not one word of this. The members of the Churches are styled "Brethren, and Saints of the same household of Faith:" 'and' although they had orders and distinctions amongst them for administration of ordinances,—of a far different use and character from yours,—yet it nowhere occasioned them to say, *contemptim,* and by way of lessening in contradistinguishing, "Laity and Clergy." It was your pride that begat this ex-

[5] 'it' in orig.

pression. And it is for filthy lucre's sake that you keep it up: that by making the People believe that they are not so holy as yourselves, they might for their penny purchase some sanctity from you; and that you might bridle, saddle and ride them at your pleasure; and do (as is most true of you) as the Scribes and Pharisees of old did by their "Laity,"—keep the knowledge of the Law from them, and then be able in their pride to say, "This people, that know not the Law, are cursed."

And no wonder,—to speak more nearly to your "differences" and "union,"—if it lie in the Prelates' power to make the Clergy and the Laity go together by the ears when they please, but that they may as easily make a simple and senseless reconciliation! Which will last until the next Nuncio comes from Rome with supermandatory advices; and then this Gordian knot must be cut, and the poor "Laity" forced to dance to a new tune.

I say not this as being troubled at your "union." By the grace of God, we fear not, we care not for it. Your Covenant, 'if you understood it,' is with Death and Hell! Your union is like that of Simeon and Levi: "Associate "yourselves, and ye shall be broken in pieces; take counsel "together, and it shall come to naught!"—For though it becomes us to be humble in respect of ourselves, yet we can say to you: God is not with you. You say, Your union is "against a common enemy:" and to this, if you will be talking of "union," I will give you some wormwood to bite on; by which it will appear God is not with you.

Who is it that created this "common enemy" (I suppose you mean Englishmen)? The English? Remember, ye hypocrites, Ireland was once united to England. 'That was the original "union."' Englishmen had good inheritances which many of them purchased with their money; they and their ancestors, from you and your ancestors. They had good

Leases from Irishmen, for long times to come; great stocks thereupon; houses and plantations erected at their own cost and charge. They lived peaceably and honestly amongst you. You had generally equal benefit of the protection of England with them; and equal justice from the Laws,—saving what was necessary for the State, out of reasons of State, to put upon some few people, apt to rebel upon the instigation of such as you. You broke *this* "union"! You, unprovoked, put the English to the most unheard-of and most barbarous Massacre (without respect of sex or age) that ever the Sun beheld. And at a time when Ireland was in perfect Peace. And when, through the example of English Industry, through commerce and traffic, that which was in the Natives' hands was better to them than if all Ireland had been in their possession, and not an Englishman in it. And yet then, I say, was this unheard-of villany perpetrated,—by your instigation, who boast of "peace-making" and "union against this common enemy." What think you: by this time, is not my assertion true? Is God, will God be, with you?

I am confident He will not! And though you would comprehend Old English, New English, Scotch, or whom else you will, in the bosom of your catholic charity, yet shall not this save you from breaking. I tell you and them, You will fare the *worse* for their sakes. Because I cannot but believe some of them go against, some stifle, their consciences. And it is not the fig-leaf of pretence "that they fight for their King," will serve their turn; when really they fight in protection of men of so much prodigious 'guiltiness of' blood; and with men who have declared the ground of their "union" and fighting, as you have stated it in this your Declaration, to be *Bellum Prælaticum et Religiosum*, in the first and primary intention of it. Especially when they shall consider your principles: 'and' that except what fear makes you comply with,—viz. that alone without their concurrence

you are not able to carry on your work of War,—you are ready, whenever you shall get the power into your hands, to kick them off too, as some late experiences have sufficiently manifested!—And thus we come to the Design, you being thus wholesomely "united," which is intended to be prosecuted by you.

Your words are these: "That all and every of us the "above Archbishops, Bishops and Prelates, are now, by the "blessing of God, as one body united. And that we will, "as becometh charity and our pastoral charge, stand all of "us as one entire body, for the interests and immunities of "the Church, and of every the Bishops and Prelates thereof; "and for the honour, dignity, estate, right and possessions "of all and every of the said Archbishops, Bishops and other "Prelates. And we will, as one entire and united body, "forward by our counsels, actions and devices, the advance-"ment of his Majesty's Rights, and the good of this Nation, "in general and in particular occasions, to our power. And "that none of us, in any occasion whatsoever concerning "the Catholic religion, or the good of this Kingdom of Ire-"land, will in any respect single himself; or be or seem "opposite to the rest of us; but will hold firm and entire "in one sense, as aforesaid, &c."

And now, if there were no other quarrel against you but this, which you make to be the principal and first ground of your Quarrel:—to wit, As so standing for the rights of your "Church" falsely so called, and for the rights of your "Archbishops, Bishops and Prelates," as to engage People and Nations into blood therefor:—this alone would be your confusion. I ask you, Is it for the "Lay-fee" as you call it, or for the Revenue belonging to your Church, that you will after this manner contend? Or is it your Jurisdiction, or the exercise of your Ecclesiastical Authority? Or is it

for the Faith of your Church? Let me tell you, Not for all or any of these is it lawful for the Ministers of Christ, as you would be thought to be, thus to contend. And therefore we will consider them apart.

For the first, if it were "St. Peter's Patrimony," as you term it,—that would be somewhat that you lawfully came by! But I must tell you, Your predecessors cheated poor seduced men in their weakness on their deathbeds; or otherwise *un*lawfully came by most of this you pretend to. 'Not St. Peter's Patrimony, therefore, whosesoever it may be!' And Peter, though he was somewhat too forward to draw the sword in a better cause,—yet if that weapon, not being proper to the business in hand, was to be put up in *that* case, he must not, nor would he, have drawn it in *this*. And that blessed Apostle Paul, who said, "the labourer was worthy of his hire," chose rather to make tents than be burdensome to the Churches. I would you had either of those Good Men's spirits; on condition your Revenues were doubled to what the best times ever made them to your predecessors!—The same answer may be given to that of your "Power and Jurisdiction;" and to that preëminence of Prelacy you so dearly love. Only consider what the Master of these same Apostles said to them: "So it shall not be amongst *you*. Whoever will be chief shall be servant of all!" For He himself came not to be ministered unto, but to minister. And by this he that runs may read of what tribe you are.

And 'now' surely if these, that are outward things, may not thus be contended for; how much less may the Doctrines of Faith, which are the works of Grace and the Spirit, be endeavoured by so unsuitable means! He that bids us "contend for the Faith once delivered to the Saints," tells us that we should do it by "avoiding the spirit of Cain, Corah, and Balaam;" and by "building up *ourselves* in the

most holy Faith," not pinning it upon other men's sleeves. Praying "in the Holy Ghost;" not mumbling over Matins. Keeping "ourselves in the love of God;" not destroying men because they will not be of our Faith. "Waiting for the mercy of Jesus Christ;" not cruel, but merciful!—But, alas, why is this said? Why are these pearls cast before you? You are resolved not to be charmed from "using the instrument of a foolish shepherd"! You are a part of Antichrist, whose Kingdom the Scripture so expressly speaks should be "laid in blood;" yea "in the blood of the Saints." You have shed great store of that already:—and ere it be long, you must all of you have "blood to drink;" "even the "dregs of the cup of the fury and the wrath of God, which "will be poured out unto you!"[6]—

In the next place, you state the "interest of his Majesty," as you say, 'for a ground of this war.' And this you hope will draw some English and Scotch to your party. But what "Majesty" is it you mean? Is it France, or Spain, or Scotland? Speak plainly! You have, some of you lately, been harping,—or else we are misinformed,—upon his Majesty of *Spain* to be your Protector. Was it because his Majesty of Scotland was too little a Majesty for your purpose? We know you love great Majesties! Or is it because he is not fully come over to you in point of religion? If he be short in that, you will quickly find out, upon that score, another "Majesty." His Father, who complied with you too much, you rejected; and now would make the world believe you would make the Son's interest a great part of the state of your Quarrel.—How can we but think there is some reserve in this? And that the Son has agreed to do somewhat more for you than ever his Father did? Or else tell us, Whence this new zeal is? That the Father did too much for you, in all Protestant judgments,—instead of many instances let

[6] Read in your Bibles, and consider that!

this be considered: what one of your own Doctors, Dr. Enos of Dublin 'says;' who, writing against the Agreement made between the Lord of Ormond and the Irish Catholics, finds fault with it, and says it was "nothing so good as that "'which' the Earl of Glamorgan had warrant from the King "to make; but exceeding far short of what the Lord George "Digby had warrant to agree 'to,' with the Pope himself "at Rome, in favour of the Irish Catholics."[7]——I intend not this to you; but to such Protestants as may incline to you, and join with you upon *this* single account, which is the only appearing inducement to them. 'To them I intend it,' seeing there is so much probability of ill in this abstracted;—and so much certainty of ill in fighting for the Romish Religion against the Protestant; and fighting 'along' with men under the guilt of so horrid a Massacre. From participating in which guilt, whilst they take part with them, they will never be able to assoil themselves, either before God or good men.

In the last place, you are pleased,—having, after your usual manner, remembered yourselves *first*, and "his Majesty," as you call him, next; like a man of your tribe, with his *Ego et Rex meus*,—you are pleased to take the People into consideration. Lest they should seem to be forgotten; or rather you would make me believe they are much in your thoughts. Indeed I think they are! Alas, poor "Laity"! That you and your King might ride them, and jade them, as your Church hath done, and as your King hath done by your means, almost in all ages!—But it would not be hard to prophesy, That the beasts being stung and kicking, this world will not last always. Arbitrary power 'is a thing' men begin to be weary of, in Kings and Churchmen; their juggle between them mutually to uphold Civil and Ecclesiastical Tyranny begins to be transparent. Some have cast

7 Antea, vol. i. p. 226.

off *both;* and hope by the grace of God to keep so. Others are at it! Many thoughts are laid up about it, which will have their issue and vent.[8] This principle, That People are for Kings and Churches, and Saints are for the Pope or Churchmen, as you call them, begins to be exploded;—and therefore I wonder not to see the Fraternity so much enraged. I wish "the People" wiser than to be troubled at you; or solicitous for what you say or do.

But it seems, notwithstanding all this, you would fain have them believe it is their good you seek. And to cozen them, in deed and in truth, is the scope of your whole Declaration, and of your Acts and Decrees in your foresaid Printed Book. Therefore to discover and unveil those falsities, and to let them, 'the People,' know what they are to trust to from me, is the principal end of this my Declaration. That if I be not able to do good upon them, which I most desire,—and yet in that I shall not seek to gain them by flattery; but tell them the worst, in plainness, and that which I am sure will not be acceptable to *you;* and if I *cannot* gain them, 'I say,'—I shall have comfort in this, That I have freed my own soul from the guilt of the evil that shall ensue. And on this subject I hope to leave nothing unanswered in all your said Declarations and Decrees at Clonmacnoise.

And because you carry on your matter somewhat confusedly, I shall therefore bring all that you have said into some order; that so we may the better discern what everything signifies, and give answer thereunto.

You forewarn the People of their danger; which you make to consist: First, "in the extirpation of the Catholic Religion;" Secondly, "in the destruction of their Lives;" Thirdly, "in the ruin of their Fortunes."—To avoid all which

[8] Paris City A.D. 1789-95!

evils you forewarn them: *First*, That they be not deceived by the Commander-in-Chief of the Parliament Forces: And in the *next* place,—having stated 'the ground of' your War, as aforesaid,—you give them your positive advice and counsel To engage in blood: And 'then' *lastly* 'you' bestow upon them a small collation in Four Ecclesiastical Decrees or Orders,—which will signify as little, being performed by your spirit, as if you had said nothing. And the obligation 'that lay on you' to all this you make to be your Pastoral relation to them, "over your Flocks."

To which last a word or two.[9] I wonder how this relation was brought about! If they *be* "Flocks," and you ambitious of the relative term? 'Yes,' you are *Pastors:* but it is by an antiphrasis,—*a minime pascendo!* You either teach the People not at all; or else you do it, as some of you came to this Conventicle who were sent by others, *tanquam Procuratores*,—'teach them,' as your manner is, by sending a company of silly ignorant Priests, who can but say the Mass, and scarcely that intelligibly; or with such stuff as these your senseless Declarations and Edicts!—But how dare you assume to call these men your "Flocks," whom you have plunged into so horrid a Rebellion, by which you have made them and the Country almost a ruinous heap? And whom you have fleeced and polled and peeled hitherto, and make it your business to do so still. You cannot feed them! You poison them with your false, abominable and antichristian doctrine and practices. You keep the Word of God from them; and instead thereof give them your senseless Orders and Traditions. You teach them "implicit belief:"—he that goes amongst them may find many that do not understand anything in the matters of your Religion. I have had few better answers from any since I came into Ireland that are of your Flocks than this, "That indeed they did not trouble

[9] The Lord Lieutenant is very impatient with 'this last;' flies at it *first*.

themselves about matters of Religion, but left that to the Church." Thus are your "Flocks" fed; and such credit have you of them. But they must take heed of "losing their Religion." Alas, poor creatures, what have they to "lose"?

Concerning this, 'of losing their Religion,' is your grand caveat, 'however.' And to back this, you tell them of "Re- "solutions and Covenants to extirpate the Catholic Religion "out of all his Majesty's Dominions." And you instance in "Cromwell's Letter of the 19th October 1649, to the then "Governor of Ross,"[10] repeating his words, which are as follows, viz. "For that which you mention concerning liberty "of conscience, I meddle not with any man's conscience. "But if by liberty of conscience, you mean a liberty to exer- "cise the Mass, I judge it best to use plain dealing, and "to let you know, Where the Parliament of England have "power, *that* will not be allowed of." And this you call a "tyrannical Resolution;" which you say hath been put in execution in Wexford, Ross and Tredah.

Now let us consider. First, you say, The design is, to extirpate the Catholic Religion. Let us see your honesty herein. Your word "extirpate" is as ill collected from these grounds, and as senseless as the word "Catholic," ordinarily used by you when you mention Catholic Roman Church. The word "extirpate" means 'ruin of' a thing already *rooted* and established: which word 'is' made good by the proof of "Covenants," by that Letter expressing the non-toleration of the Mass (wherein, it seems, you place all the "Catholic Religion," and *there* you show some ingenuity),[11] and 'by' your instance of what was practised in the three Towns aforementioned: do these prove, either considered apart or all together, the "extirpation" of the Catholic Religion?

By what Law was the Mass 'ever *rooted*, or' exercised in these places, or in any the Dominions of England or Ireland,

[10] Antea, p. 175.

[11] Means 'ingenuousness,' as usual.

or Kingdom of Scotland? You were *intruders* herein; you were open violaters of the known Laws! And yet you call the "Covenant," and that 'refusal' in the Letter, and these practices 'at Wexford, Ross and Tredah,' "extirpation" of the Catholic Religion,—'which had' thus again 'been' set on foot by you, by the advantage of your Rebellion, and shaking off the just Authority of the State of England over you! Whereas, I dare be confident to say, You durst not own the saying of one Mass, 'for' above these eighty years in Ireland. And 'only' through the troubles you made, and through the miseries you brought on this Nation and the poor People thereof,—your numbers, which is very ominous, increasing with the 'numbers of the' *wolves*, through the desolations you made in the Country;—'only by all this' did you recover again the public exercise of your Mass! And for the maintenance of this, thus gained, you would make the poor People believe that it is ghostly counsel, and given in love to them as your "Flocks," That they should run into Wars, and venture lives, and all upon such a ground as this! But if God be pleased to unveil you of your sheeps-clothing, that they, 'the People,' may see how they have been deluded, and by whom, I shall exceedingly rejoice; and indeed for their sakes only have I given you these competent characters, —for *their* good, if God shall so bless it.

And now for them, 'the People of Ireland,' I do particularly declare what they may expect at my hands in this point. Wherein you will easily perceive that, as I neither have 'flattered' nor shall flatter you, so neither shall I go about to delude them with specious pretences, as you have ever done.

First, therefore: I shall not, where I have power, and the Lord is pleased to bless me, suffer the exercise of the Mass, where I can take notice of it. 'No,' nor 'in any way'

suffer you that are Papists, where I can find you seducing the People, or by any overt act violating the Laws established; but if you come into my hands, I shall cause to be inflicted the punishments appointed by the Laws,—to use your own term, *secundum gravitatem delicti*,[12]—upon you; and 'shall try' to reduce things to their former state on this behalf.[13] As for the People, what thoughts they have in matters of Religion in their own breasts I cannot reach; but shall think it my duty, if they walk honestly and peaceably, Not to cause them in the least to suffer for the same. And shall endeavour to walk patiently and in love towards them, to see if at any time it shall please God to give them another or a better mind. And all men under the power of England, within this Dominion, are hereby required and enjoined strictly and religiously to do the same.

To the *second* 'danger threatened;' which is "the destruction of the Lives of the Inhabitants of this Nation:"—to make it good that this is designed, they[14] give not one reason. Which is either because they have none to give; or else for that they believe the People will receive everything for truth they say,—which they have too well taught them, and God knows the People are too apt, to do. But I will a little help them. They speak indeed of "rooting out the Common-People;" and also, by way of consequent, that the extirpating the Catholic Religion is not to be effected without the "massacring, destroying or banishing the Catholic Inhabitants." Which how analogical an argument this is, I shall easily make appear by and by.

Alas, the generality of "the Inhabitants" are poor "Laity" as you call them, and ignorant of the grounds of the "Catholic religion."[15] Are they, then, so interwoven with your

[12] A phrase in their Pamphlet.

[13] No cozening here!

[14] Is now addressing the People; has unconsciously turned away from the Priests, and put them into the third person.

[15] Unimportant they, to the vigour or decline of it.

Church Interest as that the absence of *them* makes your "Catholic Religion" fall to the ground? We know you think not so. You reckon yourselves, and yourselves only, the pillars and supporters thereof; and the Common-People 'useful' as far as they have the exercise of club-law, and, like the ass you ride on, obey your commands. But concerning these relations of your Religion, 'and your right to practise it,' enough has been spoken in another place;—only you love to mix things for your advantage.

But 'now' to your logic. Here is your argument: The design is to extirpate the Catholic Religion; but this is not to be done but by the massacring, banishing or otherwise destroying the Catholic Inhabitants: *ergo* it is designed to massacre, banish and destroy the Catholic Inhabitants.—To try this no-concluding argument,—'nothing-concluding,' but yet well enough agreeing with your learning,—I give you this dilemma; by which it will appear That, whether your Religion be true or false, this will not follow:

If your Religion be the true Religion, yet if a Nation may degenerate from the true Religion, and apostatise, as too many have 'evidently' *done*,—(through the seducements of your Roman Church, 'say *we*'),—then it will not follow that men must be "massacred, banished or otherwise destroyed," necessarily; no, not as to the change of the *true* Religion in a Nation or Country![16] Only, this argument doth wonderfully well agree with your principles and practice; you having chiefly made use of fire and sword, in all the changes in Religion that you have made in the world. 'But I say,' if it be change of your Catholic Religion so-called, it will not follow: because there may be found out

[16] A subtle 'dilemma,' and very Oliverian; seems to *eat* itself like a Serpent-of-eternity, and be very *circular* reasoning; yet grounds itself, if examined, upon sharp just insight, and has real logical validity. 'Call your Religion true, men *have* 'changed from it without being massacred: admit it to be false, will you say they 'need massacring? Whatever Religion you may have, I think you have not much 'Logic to spare!'—

another means than "massacring, destruction and banishment;" to wit, the Word of God; which is able to convert. A means which you as little know as practise; which indeed you deprive the People of! 'That means may be found;' together with humanity, good life, equal and honest dealing with men of a different opinion;—which we desire to exercise towards this poor People, if you, by your wicked counsel, make them not incapable to receive it, by putting them into blood!

And therefore, by this also 'which you talk of massacring,' your false and twisted dealing may be a little discovered. Well; your words are, "massacre, destroy and banish."—Good now: *give us an instance of one man since my coming into Ireland, not in arms, massacred, destroyed or banished; concerning the massacre or the destruction of whom justice hath not been done, or endeavoured to be done.*[17] As for the other of banishment, I must now speak unto the People, whom you would delude, and whom this most concerns; that they may know in this also what to expect at my hands.

The question is of the destruction of life; or of that which is but little inferior to it, to wit, of banishment. 'Now *First*:' I shall not willingly take or suffer to be taken away the life of any man not in arms, but by the trial to which the People of this Nation are subject by Law, for offences against the same. And '*Secondly*,' as for the banishment, it hath not hitherto been inflicted on any but such who, being in arms, might justly, upon the terms they were taken 'under,' have been put to death:—as 'might' those who are instanced in your Declaration to be "sent to the Tobacco Islands." And therefore I do declare, That if the People be ready to run to arms by the instigation of their Clergy or otherwise, such as God by His providence shall give into

[17] 'Concerning the two first of which,' in orig. The italics, in this passage, are mine; and can be removed so soon as Macgeohegan, Carte, Clarendon and Company, have got to be well understood.

my hands may expect that or worse measure from me; but not otherwise.

Thirdly, as to that of "the ruin of their Fortune." You instance the Act of Subscription,[18] "whereby the estates of "the Inhabitants of this Nation are sold, so as there re- "maineth now no more but to put the Purchasers in pos- "session;" and that for this cause are the Forces drawn out of England. And that you might carry the Interest far, 'so as' to engage the Common sort of People with you, you farther say to them, That "the moderate usage "'hitherto' exercised to them is to no other end but to "our private advantage, and for the better support of our "Army;" 'we' intending at the close of our "conquest," as you term it, "to root out the Common-People also, and to "plant the land with Colonies to be brought hither out of "England." This, consisting of divers parts, will ask distinct answers.

And first, to the Act of Subscription. It's true there is such an Act;—and it was a just one. For when, by your execrable Massacre and Rebellion, you had not only raised a bloody War to justify the same; and thereby occasioned the exhausting the Treasure of England in the prosecution of so just a War against you,—was it not a wise and just act in the State to raise money by escheating the Lands of those who had a hand in the Rebellion? Was it not fit to make their Estates to defray the charge, who had caused the trouble? The best therefore that lies in this argument

[18] At the first breaking-out of the Irish Rebellion into an Irish Massacre, the King's Exchequer being void, and the case like a case of conflagration, an Act was passed, engaging the Public Faith, That whoever would 'subscribe' money towards suppressing the said Rebellion in Ireland, and detestable and horrible Massacre of Protestants there, should, with liberal interest, be repaid from the forfeited Estates of the Rebels,—so soon as they were got. This is the 'Act of Subscription' spoken of here. His Majesty said: "How will that answer? It is like selling the bear's skin before you have caught your bear." A bargain, nevertheless, which hundreds and thousands entered into, with free purse and overflowing heart; 'above a Quarter of a Million' raised by it; generous emotion, and tragic terror and pity, lending sanction to doubtful profit-and-loss. A very wise and just Act of Parliament, the Lord Lieutenant thinks; which did also fulfil its engagements by and by.

is this,—and that only reaching to them who have been in arms, for farther it goes not: "You have forfeited your Estates, and it is likely they will be escheated to make satisfaction; and therefore you had better fight it out than repent or give-off now;—or 'else,' see what mercy you may find from the State of England. And seeing holy Church is engaged in it, we will, by one means or another, hook-in the Commons, and make them sensible that they are as much concerned as you, though they were never in arms, or came quickly off!"—And for this cause doubtless are these two coupled together; by which your honest dealing is manifest enough.

But what? Was the English Army brought over for *this* purpose, as you allege? Do you think that the State of England will be at Five or Six Millions charge merely to procure Purchasers to be invested in that for which they did disburse little above a Quarter of a Million? Although there be a Justice in that also, which ought, and I trust will be seasonably performed toward them.—No, I can give you a better reason for the Army coming over than this. England hath had experience of the blessing of God in prosecuting just and righteous Causes, whatever the cost and hazard be![19] And if ever men were engaged in a righteous Cause in the world, this will scarce be a second to it. We are come to ask an account of the innocent blood that hath been shed; and to endeavour to bring to an account,—by the blessing and presence of the Almighty, in whom alone is our hope and strength,—all who, by appearing in arms, seek to justify the same. We come to break the power of a company of lawless Rebels, who having cast off the Authority of England, live as enemies to Human Society; whose principles, the world hath experience, are, To destroy and subjugate all men not complying with them. We come, by

[19] Hear this Lord Lieutenant!

the assistance of God, to hold forth and maintain the lustre and glory of English Liberty[20] in a Nation where we have an undoubted right to do it;—wherein the People of Ireland (if they listen not to such seducers as you are) may equally participate in all benefits; to use 'their' liberty and fortune equally with Englishmen, if they keep out of arms.

And now, having said this to you, I have a word to *them;* that in this point, which concerns them in their estates and fortunes, they may know what to trust to. Such as have been formerly in arms, may, submitting themselves, have their cases presented to the State of England;—where no doubt the State will be ready to take into consideration the nature and quality of their actings, and deal mercifully with them. As for those now in arms, who shall come in, and submit, and give Engagements for their future quiet and honest carriage, and submission to the State of England, I doubt not but they will find like merciful consideration;—except only the Leading Persons and principal Contrivers of this Rebellion, whom I am confident they will reserve to make examples of Justice, whatsoever hazards they incur thereby.—And as for such Private Soldiers as lay-down their arms, and shall live peaceably and honestly at their several homes, they shall be permitted so to do.—And, 'in general,' for the first two sorts, 'for such as have been or as now are in arms and shall submit,' I shall humbly and effectually represent their cases to the Parliament, as far as becomes the duty and place I bear. But as for those who, notwithstanding all this, persist and continue in arms, they must expect what the Providence of God, in that which is falsely called the Chance of War, will cast upon them.

[20] 'Liberty,' here, which much astonishes our Irish friends, is very far from meaning what in most modern dialects it now does. 'Liberty,' with this Lord Lieutenant, means 'rigorous settled Obedience to Laws that are just.' Which it is very noble indeed to settle, 'and hold forth and maintain' against all men. Laws grounded on the eternal Fact of Things,—which is a much preferable 'ground' to the temporary Fiction of Things, as set forth at any Clonmacnoise, Kilkenny, or other Supreme Centre-of-Jargon, there or elsewhere, that has been or that can be!

For such of the Nobility, Gentry and Commons of Ireland as have not been actors in this Rebellion, they shall and may expect the protection in their Goods, Liberties and Lives which the Law gives them; and in their husbandry, merchandising, manufactures and other trading whatsoever, the same. They behaving themselves as becomes honest and peaceable men; testifying their good affections, upon all occasions, to the service of the State of England, equal justice shall be done them with the English. They shall bear proportionably with them in taxes. And if the Soldiery be insolent upon them, upon complaint and proof, it shall be punished with utmost severity, and they protected equally with Englishmen.

And having said this, and purposing honestly to perform it,—if this People shall headily run on after the counsels of their Prelates and Clergy and other Leaders, I hope to be free from the misery and desolation, blood and ruin, that shall befall them; and shall rejoice to exercise utmost severity against them. 'OLIVER CROMWELL.'*

'Given at Youghal, — January 1649.'

This Declaration, as appears here, does not date or even expressly sign itself: but by search, chiefly in a certain Manuscript Fragment, which will by and by concern us farther,[21] we find that it was drawn up at Youghal after the 15th, and came forth printed at Cork before the 29th of January; on which latter day the Army took the field again. And so we leave this Declaration;—one of the remarkablest State-Papers ever published in Ireland since Strongbow, or even since St. Patrick, first appeared there.

* *Declaration*, &c. as above given. *Licensed by the Secretary of the Army. Printed at Cork: and reprinted at London, by E. Griffin, and are to be sold in the Old Bailey; March 21st*, 1649. King's Pamphlets, small 4to, no. 462, § 6. In Ayscough MSS. no. 4769 (a Fragment of an anonymous Contemporary Narrative, which will by and by be more specially referred to), are some two pages of this *Declaration*, transcribed from the Cork Edition: the concluding words are not 'exercise utmost severity against them,' but 'act severity against them,' which probably is the true reading.

[21] Ayscough MSS. no. 4769 (Fragment of a Narrative, referred to in the previous Note), pp. 100 et. seqq.

LETTERS CXIX.—CXXI.

THE Speaker's Letter of Recall has never yet reached Ireland; and the rumour of it already has; which, as we intimated, sets the Enemy on fresh schemes, whereof advantage might be taken. The unwearied Lord Lieutenant, besides his labours known to us, has been rehabilitating Courts of Justice in Dublin, settling contributions, and doing much other work; and now, the February or even January weather being unusually good, he takes the field again, in hopes of perhaps soon finishing. The unhappy Irish are again about excommunicating one another; the Supreme Council of Kilkenny is again one wide howl; and Ormond is writing to the King to recall him. Now is the Lieutenant's time; the February weather being good!

LETTER CXIX.

HERE is another small excerpt from Bulstrode, which we may take along with us; a small speck of dark Ireland and its affairs rendered luminous for an instant. To which there is reference in this Letter. We saw Enniscorthy taken on the last day of September, the 'Castle and Village of Enniscorthy,' 'which belongs to Mr. Robert Wallop;' a Garrison was settled there; and this in some three-months time is what becomes of it.

9th January 1649, Letters reach Bulstrode, perhaps a fortnight after date, 'That the Enemy surprised Enniscorthy 'Castle in this manner: Some Irish Gentlemen feasted the 'Garrison Soldiers; and sent in women to sell them strong-'water, of which they drank too much; and then the Irish fell 'upon them, took the Garrison, and put all the Officers and 'Soldiers to the sword.' Sharp practice on the part of the Irish Gentlemen; and not well advised! Which constrained the Lord Lieutenant, when he heard of it, to order 'that the 'Irish,' Papist or suspected Irish, 'should be *put out* of such 'Garrisons as were in the power of Parliament,'[1]—sent to seek quarters elsewhere.

[1] Whitlocke, p. 421.

For the Honourable William Lenthall, Esquire, Speaker of the Parliament of England: These.

MR. SPEAKER, Castletown, 15th Feb. 1649.

Having refreshed our men for some short time in our Winter-quarters,[2] and health being pretty well recovered, we thought fit to take the field; and to attempt such things as God by His providence should lead us to upon the Enemy.

Our resolution was to fall into the Enemy's quarters two ways. The one party, being about fifteen or sixteen troops of horse and dragoons and about two-thousand foot, were ordered to go up by the way of Carrick into the County of Kilkenny under the command of Colonel Reynolds; whom Major-General Ireton was to follow with a reserve. I myself was to go by the way of Mallow,[3] over the Blackwater, towards the County of Limerick and the County of Tipperary, with about twelve troops of horse, and three troops of dragoons, and between two and three hundred foot.

I began my march upon Tuesday the Nine-and-twentieth of January, from Youghal: and upon Thursday the One-and-thirtieth, I possessed a Castle called Kilkenny, upon the edge of the County of Limerick; where I left thirty foot. From thence I marched to a Strong-house belonging to Sir Richard Everard (called Clogheen),[4] who is one of the Supreme Council; where I left a troop of horse and some dragoons. From thence I marched to Roghill Castle, which was possessed by some Ulster foot, and a party of the Enemy's horse; which upon summons (I having taken the Captain of horse prisoner before) was rendered to me. These places being thus possessed gave us much command (together with some other holds we have) of the White-Knights' and

[2] Youghal had been the head-quarter. [3] 'Muyallo' he writes, and 'Mayallo.'
[4] 'Cloghern' in the old Newspaper; but it seems to be misprinted, as almost all these names are. 'Roghill' I find nowhere now extant.

Roche's Country; and of all the land from Mallow to the Suir-side;—especially by 'help of' another Castle, called Old Castletown, 'which,' since my march, 'was' taken by my Lord of Broghil. Which I had sent to his Lordship to endeavour; as also a Castle of Sir Edward Fitzharris, over the Mountains in the County of Limerick;—I having left his Lordship at Mallow, with about six or seven hundred horse and four or five hundred foot, to protect those parts, and your interest in Munster; lest while we were abroad, Inchiquin, whose forces lay about Limerick and the County of Kerry, should fall in behind us. His Lordship drew two cannon to the aforesaid Castle; which having summoned, they refused. His Lordship, having bestowed about ten shot upon it, which made their stomachs come down,—he gave all the soldiers quarter for life; and shot all the Officers, being six in number, to death. Since the taking of these Garrisons, the Irish have sent their commissioners to compound for their contribution as far as the walls of Limerick.

I marched from Roghill Castle over the Suir, with very much difficulty; and from thence to Fethard, almost in the heart of the County of Tipperary; where was a Garrison of the Enemy. The Town is most pleasantly seated; having a very good Wall with round and square bulwarks, after the old manner of fortifications. We came thither in the night, and indeed were very much distressed by sore and tempestuous wind and rain. After a long march, we knew not well how to dispose of ourselves; but finding an old Abbey in the suburbs, and some cabins and poor houses,—we got into them, and had opportunity to send 'the Garrison' a summons. They shot at my trumpet; and would not listen to him, for an hour's space: but having some Officers in our party whom they knew, I sent them, To let them know I was there with a good part of the Army. We

shot not a shot at them; but they were very angry, and fired very earnestly upon us; telling us, It was not a time of night to send a summons. But yet in the end, the Governor was willing to send out two commissioners,—I think rather to see whether there was a force sufficient to force him, than to any other end. After almost a whole night spent in treaty, the Town was delivered to me the next morning, upon terms which we usually call honourable; which I was the willinger to give, because I had little above Two-hundred foot, and neither ladders nor guns, nor any thing else to force them. That night, there being about Seventeen companies of the Ulster foot in Cashel, above five miles from thence, they quit it in some disorder; and the Sovereign and the Aldermen sent to me a petition, desiring that I would protect them. Which I have also made a quarter.

From thence I marched towards Callan; hearing that Colonel Reynolds was there, with the Party before mentioned. When I came thither, I found he had fallen upon the Enemy's horse, and routed them (being about a hundred), with his forlorn; 'he' took my Lord of Ossory's Captain-Lieutenant, and another Lieutenant of horse, prisoners; —and one of those who betrayed our Garrison of Enniscorthy; whom we hanged. The Enemy had possessed three Castles in the Town; one of them belonging to one Butler, very considerable; the other two had about a hundred or hundred-and-twenty men in them, — which 'latter' he attempted; and they, refusing conditions seasonably offered, were put all to the sword. Indeed some of your soldiers did attempt very notably in this service:—I do not hear there were six men of ours lost. Butler's Castle was delivered upon conditions, for all to march away, leaving their arms behind them. Wherein I have placed a company of foot and a troop of horse, under the command of my Lord

Colvil; the place being six miles from Kilkenny. From hence Colonel Reynolds was sent with his regiment to remove a Garrison of the Enemy's from Knocktofer (being the way of our communication to Ross); which accordingly he did.

We marched back with the rest of the body to Fethard[5] and Cashel: where we are now quartered,—having good plenty both of horse meat and man's meat for a time; and being indeed, we may say, even almost in the heart and bowels of the Enemy; ready to attempt what God shall next direct. And blessed be His name only for this good success; and for this 'also,' That we do not find our men are at all considerably sick upon this expedition, though indeed it hath been very blustering weather.—

I had almost forgot one business: The Major-General was very desirous to gain a Pass over the Suir; where indeed we had none but by boat, or when the weather served. Wherefore, on Saturday in the evening, he marched with a party of horse and foot to Ardfinnan; where was a Bridge, and at the foot of it a strong Castle. Which he, about four o'clock the next morning, attempted;—killed about thirteen of the Enemy's outguard; lost but two men, and eight or ten wounded: the Enemy yielded the place to him, and we are possessed of it,—being a very considerable Pass, and the nearest to our Pass at Cappoquin over the Blackwater, whither we can bring guns, ammunition, or other things from Youghal by water, and 'then' over this Pass to the Army. The County of Tipperary have submitted to 1,500*l.* a-month contribution, although they have six or seven of the Enemy's Garrisons yet upon them.

Sir, I desire the charge of England as to this War may be abated as much as may be, and as we know you do

[5] Letter, 'Fethard, 9th February,' to Colonel Phayr, Governor of Cork, for reinforcements: Appendix, No. 18.

desire, out of your care to the Commonwealth. But if you expect your work to be done, if the marching Army be not constantly paid, and the course taken that hath been humbly represented,—indeed it will not be for the thrift of England, as far as England is concerned in the speedy reduction of Ireland. The money we raise upon the Counties maintains the Garrison forces; and hardly that. If the active force be not maintained, and all contingencies defrayed, how can you expect but to have a lingering business of it? Surely we desire not to spend a shilling of your treasury, wherein our consciences do not prompt us. We serve you; we are willing to be out of[6] our trade of war; and shall hasten, by God's assistance and grace, to the end of our work, as the labourer doth to be at his rest. This makes us bold to be earnest with you for necessary supplies:—that of money is one. And there be some other things,—which indeed I do not think for your service to speak of publicly, which I shall humbly represent to the Council of State,—wherewith I desire we may be accommodated.

Sir, the Lord, who doth all these things, gives hopes of a speedy issue to this business; and, I am persuaded, will graciously appear in it. And truly there is no fear of the strength and combination of enemies round about, nor of slanderous tongues at home. God hath hitherto fenced you against all those, to wonder and amazement; they are tokens of your prosperity and success:—only it will be good for you, and us that serve you, to fear the Lord; to fear unbelief, self-seeking, confidence in an arm of flesh, and opinion of any instruments that they are other than as dry bones. That God be merciful in these things, and bless you, is the humble prayer of, Sir, your most humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

[6] to have done with.

* Newspapers (in *Cromwelliana*, p. 77); see also *Commons Journals*, 25th February 1649-50.

Commons Journals, 25th February 1649-50: 'A Letter 'from the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, from Castletown, 15° '*Februarii* 1649, was this day read; and ordered to be forth-'with printed and published. *Ordered*, That a Letter of Thanks 'be sent to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland; and that Mr. 'Scott do prepare the Letter; and that Mr. Speaker do sign 'the same. *Resolved*, That the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland 'have the use of the Lodgings called the Cockpit, of the Spring 'Garden and St. James's House, and the command of St. 'James's Park.'

This Letter of Thanks, and very handsome *Resolution* did, as we shall find, come duly to hand. The Cockpit was then and long afterwards a sumptuous Royal 'Lodging' in Whitehall; Henry the Eighth's place of Cock-fighting:—stood till not very long ago, say the Topographers, where the present Privy-Council Office is. The Cromwell Family hereupon prepared to remove thither; not without reluctance on Mrs. Cromwell's part, as Ludlow intimates.

LETTER CXX.

DEEP sunk among the Paper-Masses of the British Museum is an anonymous Fragment of a *Narrative of Oliver's Campaign in Ireland;* Fragment copied, as would seem, several generations ago, from an earlier Original, the beginning and end of which were already lost,—torn off by careless hands, and consumed as waste-paper. The Copyist, with due hopeful punctuality, has left blank leaves at the beginning and end: but to no purpose; they are and continue blank leaves. In this mutilated obscure state, it lies among the Manuscripts of the British Museum;—will perhaps be printed by some Dryasdust Society, in time.[7] It is by no means a Narrative of much merit: entirely anonymous, as we say, without specific date or outward indication of any kind; but written as if by a contemporary or even a fellow-actor, in a flat, diffuse, but authentic

[7] It is already printed, and has been for a hundred years,—though the sleepy Catalogues give no sign! As Appendix to the Reprint of [Borlace's] *History of the Irish Rebellion* (Dublin, 1743), the Piece is given entire, with 'Mr. Cliffe, Ireton's Secretary,' specified as Author. The Museum Copy 'wants only some three lines at one end and fifteen at the other;' and has 'insignificant verbal variations' from the Printed Copy, where they have been collated. Our sole authority here is still the Manuscript. (*Note to Third Edition.*)

and exact manner. In obscure cases, as we have already found, it is worth consulting here and there ;—contains, in particular, the following and some other unimportant Cromwell Letters, not found elsewhere, which we make a duty of preserving.

For the Governor of Cahir Castle: These.

SIR, 'Before Cahir,' 24th Feb. 1649.

Having brought the Army and my cannon near this place,—according to my usual manner in summoning places, I thought fit to offer you Terms, honourable for soldiers: That you may march away, with your baggage, arms and colours; free from injury or violence. But if I be necessitated to bend my cannon upon you, you must expect the extremity usual in such cases.

To avoid blood, this is offered to you by, your servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

What became of Cahir Castle, of it and of others, will appear in the next Letter.

LETTER CXXI.

'For the Honourable John Bradshaw, Esquire, President of the Council of State: These.'

'SIR,' Cashel, 5th March 1649.

* * * It pleaseth God still to enlarge your interest here. The Castle of Cahir, very considerable, built upon a rock, and seated in an island in the midst of the Suir, was lately rendered to me. It cost the Earl of Essex, as I am informed, about eight-weeks siege with his army and artillery.[8] It is now yours without the loss of one man. So also is the Castle of Kiltinan; a very large and

* Narrative Fragment (in Ayscough MSS. no. 4769, cited above).

[8] In 1599 (Camden; in Kennet, ii. 614); but the 'eight weeks' are by no means mentioned in Camden! The Castle, a rather extensive building, overlooking from its rock 'the left bank of the main stream of the River,' is now a barrack for soldiers. Anciently, and still, a chief place of the *Butler* Family.

strong Castle of the Lord of Dunboyne's; this latter I took-in with my cannon, without the loss of a man.

We have taken the Castle of Golden Bridge, another pass upon the Suir; as also the Castle of Dundrum, at which we lost about six men,—Colonel Zanchy, who commanded the party, being shot through the hand. We have placed another strong Garrison at Ballynakill, upon the edge of King's and Queen's Counties. We have divers Garrisons in the County of Limerick; and by these we take away the Enemy's subsistence, and diminish their contributions. By which in time I hope they will sink. * * *

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

LETTERS CXXII.—CXXXII.

HENRY CROMWELL, 'Colonel Henry,' and the Lord Broghil are busy with Inchiquin in Limerick County, to good purpose; as other Colonels are with other rebels elsewhere, everywhere; and 'our Enemies will not stand, but have marched to Kil-'kenny.' Kilkenny once taken, 'it is not thought they will 'be able to recruit their Army, or take the field again this sum-'mer.' On Friday 22d March, the Lord Lieutenant comes in view of Kilkenny: here, out of dim old pamphlets and repositories, readjusted into some degree of clearness, is sufficient record of what befell there. The first Summons goes on Friday evening:

LETTER CXXII.

To the Governor, and Mayor and Aldermen, of the City of Kilkenny: These.

GENTLEMEN, 'Before Kilkenny,' 22d March 1649.

My coming hither is to endeavour, if God so please to bless me, the reduction of the City of Kilkenny to

* Newspapers (in *Cromwelliana*, p. 77); see also *Commons Journals* (vi. 381) 12th March 1649-50.

their obedience to the State of England;—from which, by an unheard-of Massacre of the innocent English, you have endeavoured to rend yourselves. And as God hath begun to judge you with His sore plagues, so will He follow you until He hath destroyed you, if you repent not. Your Cause hath been judged already in England upon them who did abet your evils:[1] what may the Principals then expect?—

By this free dealing, you see I entice you not to a compliance. You may have Terms 'such as' may save you in your lives, liberties and estates, according to what may be fitting for me to grant and you to receive. If you choose for the worst, blame yourselves. In confidence of the gracious blessing and presence of God with His own Cause, which by many testimonies this is,—I shall hope for a good issue upon my endeavours. Expecting a return from you, I rest, your servant, OLIVER CROMWELL.*

In Kilkenny are two military Governors, one of the City, one of the Castle; a Mayor with his Citizens and civic Functionaries; not to speak of Priests, miscellaneous clerical or other wreck of the once Supreme Council of Kilkenny, now hastily exploded: all of whom this Letter of Friday evening throws into the natural agitation,—into the necessity of some swift resolution conjunct or several. On the morrow morning, Butler, 'Sir Walter Butler,' Governor of the City, answers with lion heart, or at least with lion voice and face, laconically in the name of all:

"*For General Cromwell.*

"Kilkenny, 23 Martii 1649.

"SIR,—Your Letter I have received; and in answer "thereof:—I am commanded to maintain this City for his

[1] Connor Lord Macguire (*State Trials*, iv. 654-754, 7th Feb. 1644-5), he and others have had public trial, doom and death, long since, for that: by the Law of England, well ascertained, known, and acted on, this long while, it is death to have been concerned in that.

* Narrative Fragment (in Ayscough MSS. no. 4769): found likewise, with date 23d March, in King's Pamphlets, sm. 4to, no. 464, art. 2; where the rest of these Kilkenny Letters are.

" Majesty ; which, by the power of God, I am resolved to do.
" —Sir,—your servant, WALTER BUTLER."

So that we have nothing for it but to 'take the best view we can where to plant our batteries;'—send, in the mean while, another Letter with more precise explanation of our terms,—Letter now lost,—which probably occupies the Governor and Civic Authorities during Saturday and Sunday ; and on Monday morning, by which time our batteries too are about ready, produces from the Governor new emphatic refusal :

" *For General Cromwell.*

" Kilkenny, 25 Martii 1649 [*should be* 1650].

" SIR,—Your last Letter I received, and in answer :—I " have such confidence in God to maintain this place as I will " not lose it upon such terms as you offer, but will sooner lose " my life and the lives of all that are here rather than submit " to such dishonourable conditions. So I rest,—Sir,—your " servant, WALTER BUTLER."

Whereupon, 'on Monday the 25th, our batteries,' unhappily only consisting of three guns, will have to open ; and for the lion-voiced Governor there goes off this Answer :

LETTER CXXIII.

For the Governor of Kilkenny.

SIR, 'Before Kilkenny,' 25th March 1650.

If you had been as clear as I was in my last,[2] I might perhaps have understood you so as to give you some farther answer: but, you expressing nothing particularly what you have to except-against in mine, I have nothing more to return save this, That for some reasons I cannot let your Trumpeter suddenly come back, but have sent you this by a Drummer of my own. I rest, your servant, OLIVER CROMWELL.*

Your Trumpeter cannot suddenly come back, 'for some

[2] Second Letter, now lost. * King's Pamphlets, no. 464, art. 2, p. 13.

reasons,' chiefly for this,—that our poor batteries are about to begin to play, and that, in fact, we have a thought of storming you. — Governor Butler, hearing the batteries begin to play, makes haste to specify his conditions; which still seem rather high:

"*For General Cromwell.*

"Kilkenny, 25 Martii 1650.

"SIR,—Yours of this instant I received; the particulars "which you would have me express are these:

"That the Mayor and Citizens and all the other inhabit- "ants and others now resident in the City and liberties thereof, "with their servants, shall be secured with their lives, liberties, "estates and goods, and live in their own habitations with all "freedom: And that our Clergymen and all others here resid- "ing, of what degree, condition or quality soever, that shall be "minded to depart, shall be permitted to depart safely hence "with their goods and whatsoever they have, to what place "soever they please within this realm, and in their departure "shall be safely convoyed: And that the said Inhabitants "shall have free trade and traffic with all places under the "Parliament of England's command and elsewhere: And that "the foresaid Inhabitants shall have their arms, ammunition "and artillery for their own defence, the Town and liberties "thereof paying such reasonable contribution as shall be "agreed upon, and not to be otherwise charged: And that the "Governors, Commanders, Officers and Soldiers, both horse "and foot, now garrisoned as well in the Castle as in the City, "without exception of any of them, shall safely march hence," whither they list, "with their arms, ammunition, artillery, bag "and baggage, and whatsoever else belongs to them; with "their drums beating, colours flying, matches burning, and "bullet in bouch" (musketeer's 'bouch,' *bouche* or *cheek*, in which at this epoch he keeps his bullets for immediate use); "and that they have a competent time for their departure and "carrying away their goods, with a sufficient and safe convoy. "And that Major Nicholas Wall, and all others Commanders, "Officers and Soldiers who came out of the English Quarters, "now residing here, shall have the benefit of this Agreement. "Without which, I am resolved to maintain this place, with "God's help.

"Thus expecting your answer, and that during this treaty "there shall be a cessation of arms, I rest,—Sir,—your ser- "vant, WALTER BUTLER."

These terms are still somewhat lion-voiced; but our batteries, such as they are, continue playing; the tone, before next morning, abates a little, and this other Note has gone;—accompanied by one from the Mayor, which is now lost, but of which we can still guess the purport:

"*For General Cromwell.*

"Kilkenny, 25 Martii 1650.

"SIR,—Although I may not doubt, with God's help, to "maintain this place, as I have formerly written,—yet I do "send the Bearer to let you know, That I am content to treat "with you of the Proposals to be made on either side, so that "there be a cessation of arms and all acts of hostility during "that treaty. So, expecting your answer, I rest,—your ser- "vant, WALTER BUTLER."

Meanwhile, having spent 'about a hundred shot' upon it, a breach discloses itself, which we hope is stormable. Storming party, on Tuesday the 26th, is accordingly drawn out, waiting the signal; and on another side of the City, 'Colonel Ewer with 1,000 men' is to assault the quarter called the Irish Town. These Answers go, to their respective destinations:

LETTER CXXIV.

For the Governor of Kilkenny.

SIR, 'Before Kilkenny,' 26th March 1650.

Except the conditions were much bettered, and we in a worse posture and capacity to reduce you than before the last Letters I sent you,—I cannot imagine whence those high Demands of yours arise. I hope in God, before it be long you may have occasion to think other thoughts; to which I leave you.

I shall not so much as treat with you on those Propo-

sitions. You desire some articles for honour's sake; which out of honesty, I do deny:—viz. that of marching in the equipage you mention, 'muskets loaded, matches burning, &c.' I tell you, my business is to reduce you *from* arms, and the country to quietness and due subjection; to put an end to the War, and not to lengthen it;—wishing, if it may stand with the will of God, this People may live as happily as they did before the bloody Massacre, and better too. If you and the company with you be of those who resolve to continue to hinder this, we know Who is able to reach you, and, I believe, will.

For the Inhabitants of the Town, of whom you seem to have a care, you know your retreat[3] to be better than theirs; and therefore it's not impoliticly done to speak for them, and to engage them to keep us as long from you as they can. If they be willing to expose themselves to ruin for you, you are much beholding unto them.

As for your "Clergymen" as you call them, in case you agree for a surrender, they shall march away safely, with their goods and what belongs to them: but if they fall otherwise into my hands, I believe they know what to expect from me.—If upon what I proposed formerly, with this addition concerning *them*, you expect things to be cleared, I am content to have Commissioners for that purpose. I rest, Sir, your servant, OLIVER CROMWELL.*

LETTER CXXV.

To the Mayor of Kilkenny.

SIR, 'Before Kilkenny,' 26th March 1650.

Though I could have wished you and the Citizens had been indeed more sensible of your own inter-

[3] means of surety and withdrawal.

* King's Pamphlets, no. 464, art. 2, pp. 17, 18.

ests and concernments,—yet since you are minded to involve it so much with that of soldiers, I am glad to understand you, which will be some direction to me what to think and what to do. I rest, your Friend, OLIVER CROMWELL.*

On signal given, the storming party of the breach, and Colonel Ewer at the Irish Town fall on: Colonel Ewer with good success; the storming party with indifferent or bad,—finding, after the breach is got, interior retrenchments, counterworks, palisadoes, hot fire; and drawing back, with the loss of 'Captain Frewen, and 20 or 30 men.' Ewer, however, is master of the Irish Town; the breach is still there,—*more* stormable than Tredah was, it may be hoped! Here in the interim is new anxious response from the Mayor:

"*For the Right Honourable General Cromwell.*

"Kilkenny, 26th March 1650.

"RIGHT HONOURABLE,—I received your Honour's Letter "in answer to mine, which I wrote unto your Honour in pur- "suance of the Propositions sent by our Governor unto your "Honour, for obtaining of the said conditions,—which seemed "unto us almost befitting to be granted; the military part "having exposed themselves for our defence; which obligeth "us not to accept of any conditions but such as may be befit- "ting them. I desire your Honour to grant a Cessation of "arms, and that Hostages on both sides be sent, and Com- "missioners appointed to treat of the conditions. I rest,— "your Honour's servant,

"JAMES ARCHDAKIN, Mayor of Kilkenny."

To which we answer:

LETTER CXXVI.

For the Mayor of Kilkenny.

SIR, 'Before Kilkenny,' 26th March 1650.

Those whom God hath brought to a sense of His hand upon them, and to amend, submitting themselves

* King's Pamphlets, no. 464, art. 2, p. 14.

thereto and to the Power to which He hath subjected them, I cannot but pity and tender: and so far as that effect appears in you and your fellow-citizens, I shall be ready, without capitulation, to do more and better for you and them upon that ground, than upon the high Demands of your Governor, or his capitulations for you.

I suppose he hath acquainted you with what I briefly offered yesterday, in relation to yourself and the Inhabitants;—otherwise he hath the more to answer for to God and man. And notwithstanding the advantages (as to the commanding and entering the Town) which God hath given us since that offer, more than we were possessed of before, —yet I am still willing, upon your surrender, to make good the same to the City, and that with advantage.

Now in regard of that temper which appears amongst you by your Letters,—though I shall not engage for more upon the Governor's demands for you, whose power I conceive is now greater to prejudice and endanger the City than to protect it; 'nevertheless,' to save it from plunder and pillage, I 'have' promised the Soldiery that, if we should take it by storm, the Inhabitants shall give them a reasonable Gratuity in money, in lieu of the pillages; and so made it death for any man to plunder. Which I shall still keep them to, by God's help, although we should be put to make an entry by force,—unless I shall find the Inhabitants engaging still with the Governor and 'his' Soldiery to make resistance. You may see also the way I chose for reducing the place was such as tended most to save the Inhabitants from pillage, and from perishing promiscuously the innocent with the guilty:—to wit, by attempting places which being possessed might bring it to a surrender, rather than to enter the City itself by force.

If what is here expressed may beget resolution in you

which would occasion your safety and be consistent with the end of my coming hither, I shall be glad; and rest, your friend, OLIVER CROMWELL.*

Urged by the Mayor, by Colonel Ewer, and the course of destiny, the Governor's lion-voice has abated; he writes:

"*For General Cromwell.*

"Kilkenny, 26 Martii 1650.

"SIR,—In answer of your Letter:—If you be pleased to "appoint Officers for a Treaty for the surrender of the Castle "and City upon soldierlike conditions, I will also appoint "Officers of such quality as are in the Garrison;—provided "that Hostages of equality be sent on both sides, and a Ces- "sation of arms be also granted during the Treaty. Assuring "a performance, on my side, of all that will be agreed upon, "I rest,—Sir,—your servant, WALTER BUTLER.

"P.S. I desire to know what's become of my Trumpeter "I employed two days ago."

LETTER CXXVII.

To the Governor of Kilkenny.

SIR, 'Before Kilkenny,' 26th March 1650.

That no extremity may happen for want of a right understanding, I am content that Commissioners on each side do meet, in the Leaguer at the South side of the City; authorised to treat and conclude. For which purpose, if you shall speedily send me the names and qualities of the Commissioners you will send out, I shall appoint the like number on my part, authorised as aforesaid, to meet with them; and shall send-in a Safe-conduct for the coming out and return of yours. As for Hostages, I conceive it needless and dilatory. I expect that the Treaty begin by 8 of

* King's Pamphlets, no. 464, art. 2, pp. 15, 16.

the clock this evening, and end by 12; during which time only will I grant a Cessation. Expecting your speedy answer, I rest, your servant, OLIVER CROMWELL.*

Governor answers, at a late hour: Time is too short; impossible to end so soon; 'your Trumpeter did not arrive till *nine*:'—Commissioners are 'Major John Crawford, Captain 'David Turnbull, James Cowley Esq. Recorder of this City, 'and Edward Rothe Merchant;' these will meet yours, where specified, at six tomorrow morning,—'so as Hostages be sent 'for their safe return; for without Hostages the Gentlemen 'will not go.'

LETTER CXXVIII.

To the Governor of Kilkenny.

SIR, 'Before Kilkenny,' 27th March 1650.

The reason of the so late coming of my answer was because my Trumpeter was refused to be received at the North end of the Town; and where he was admitted, was kept long upon the Guard.

I have sent you a Safe-conduct for the Four Commissioners named by you; and if they be such as are unwilling to take my word, I shall not, to humour them, agree to Hostages. I am willing to a Treaty for four hours, provided it be begun by 12 of the clock this morning: but for a Cessation, the time last appointed for it being past, I shall not agree unto 'it,' to hinder my own proceedings. Your servant, OLIVER CROMWELL.†

After which straightway, with official Warrant, signed both by the City Governor and by the Castle one ('Ja. Welsh'), come the Four Commissioners; and then speedily the Treaty perfects itself: City and Garrison surrender wholly; City to pay ransom of 2,000*l.* at specified short dates, Recorder Cow-

* King's Pamphlets, no. 464, art. 2, pp. 15, 16. † Ibid.

ley and Merchant Rothe remaining 'hostages till it be paid:' Soldiers to march out, 'bullet in bouch,' with all the honours of war; but at the end of two miles to put bullet out of bouch, arms and war-honours wholly down, and, 'except 100 muskets and 100 pikes allowed them for defence against the Tories,' go off in an entirely pacific form. Thus go they;—and the Siege of Kilkenny, happily for all parties, for us here among others, terminates.

LETTER CXXIX.

A ROUGH brief Note, on accidental business, 'concerning Cork House;' more interesting to the Boyle Genealogists and Dublin Antiquaries than to us.

The 'Commissioners at Dublin' are Parliamentary Commissioners, of whom there have been various successive sets, the last set just appointed,[4] for various administrative objects, —chiefly, just now, for 'Advancement of the Gospel' by 'Sale of Dean-and-Chapter Lands,' to pay fit Preachers with, and provide right Churches for them. 'Cork House' is not Lismore, but the Family Mansion in Dublin; it stood on Cork Hill then, and has quite vanished now: the 'Dean at Dublin' has or had some interest in it, which might advance the Gospel if bestowed well.

'To the Commissioners at Dublin: These.'

GENTLEMEN, 'Carrick-on-Suir,' 1st April 1650.

Being desired by the Countess of Cork that nothing may be done by way of disposal of such part of Cork House as is holden of the Dean in Dublin (in case my Lord of Cork's interest be determined therein); and that my Lord of Cork may have the refusal thereof before any other, in regard his Father has been at great charge in building thereof, and some part of the same House is[5] my Lord's

[4] 8th March 1649-50 (*Commons Journals*, vi. 379): 'Colonel John Hewson Governor of Dublin, Sir Robert King, William Hawkins, Daniel Hutchinson, William Lawrence, Esqrs., or any three of them, with the consent of the Lord Lieutenant.'

[5] 'being' in orig.

inheritance, and in that respect the other part would not be so convenient for any other:

Which motion I conceive to be very reasonable. And therefore I desire you not to dispose of any part of the said House to any person whatsoever, until you hear farther from me; my Lady having undertaken, in a short time, as soon as she can come at the sight of her writings 'so as' to be satisfied what interest my Lord of Cork hath yet to come therein, my Lord will renew his term in the said House, or give full resolution therein. I rest, your loving friend, OLIVER CROMWELL.*

'My Lady of Cork,' the second Earl's Wife, Lord Broghil's sister-in-law, has good access to the Lord Lieutenant at present:—will find her business drag, nevertheless.[6]

LETTER CXXX.

OFFICIAL Despatch, briefly recapitulating that affair of Kilkenny and some others;—points also towards return to England.

For the Honourable William Lenthall, Esquire, Speaker of the Parliament of England: These.

MR. SPEAKER, Carrick, 2d April 1650.

I think the last Letter I troubled you with, was about the taking of Cahir, since which time there were taken, by beating-up their quarters, two Colonels, a Lieutenant-Colonel, Major, and divers Captains, all of horse: Colonel Johnson,[7] Lieutenant-Colonel Laughern, and Major

* Old Copy, 'The Coppie of my Lord Lieutenant's Letter to the Commissioners at Dublin concerninge Corke House;' now in the possession of Sir W. Betham, Ulster King of Arms.

[6] *Commons Journals*, vi. 434; Lodge's *Peerage* (Archdall's), i. 170; &c.

[7] The other Colonel, Randall Claydon, was tried and condemned with the others; but pardoned. See Letter in Appendix, No. 20; and Whitlocke. (*Note of* 1857.)

Simes, were shot to death, as having served under the Parliament, but now taken up arms with the Enemy.

Hearing that Castlehaven and Lieut.-General Ferral were about Kilkenny, with their Army lying there quartered, and about Carlow and Leighlin Bridge; and hearing also that Colonel Hewson, with a good Party from Dublin, was come as far as Ballysonan,[8] and had taken it,—we thought fit to send an express to him, To march up towards us for a conjunction. And because we doubted the sufficiency of his Party to march with that security that were to be wished, Colonel Shilbourn was ordered to go with some troops of horse out of the County of Wexford, which was his station, to meet him. And because the Enemy was possessed of the fittest places upon the Barrow for our conjunction, we sent a Party of seven or eight hundred horse and dragoons and about five-hundred foot, to attempt upon Castlehaven in the rear, if he should have endeavoured to defend the places against Colonel Hewson.

Our Party, being a light nimble Party, was at the Barrow-side before Colonel Hewson could be heard of; and possessed a House, by the Graigue; they marched towards Leighlin, and faced Castlehaven at a pretty distance; but he showed no forwardness to engage. Our Party not being able to hear of Colonel Hewson, came back as far as Thomastown, a small walled Town, and a pass upon the Nore, between Kilkenny and Ross. Which our men attempting to take, the Enemy made no great resistance; but, by the advantage of the bridge, quitted the Town, and fled to a Castle about half a mile distant off, which they had formerly possessed. That night the President of Munster[9] and myself came up to the Party. We summoned the Castle; and, after two days, it was surrendered to us; the Enemy leaving

[8] See Whitlocke, p. 430; Carte, ii. 113.
[9] Ireton (*Commons Journals*, 4th December 1649).

their arms, drums, colours and ammunition behind them, and engaging never to bear arms more against the Parliament of England.

We lay still after this about two or three days. The President went back to Fethard, to bring up some great guns, with a purpose to attempt upon the Granny,[10] and some Castles thereabouts, for the better blocking-up of Waterford; and to cause to advance up to us some more of our foot. In the end we had advertisement that Colonel Hewson was come to Leighlin; where was a very strong Castle and pass over the Barrow. I sent him word that he should attempt it; which he did; and, after some dispute, reduced it. By which means we have a good pass over the Barrow, and intercourse between Munster and Leinster. I sent Colonel Hewson word that he should march up to me; and we, advancing likewise with our Party, met 'him,'—near by Gowran; a populous Town, where the Enemy had a very strong Castle, under the command of Colonel Hammond; a Kentishman, who was a principal actor in the Kentish Insurrection,[11] and did manage the Lord Capel's business at his Trial. I sent him a civil invitation to deliver up the Castle unto me; to which he returned me a very resolute answer, and full of height. We planted our artillery; and before we had made a breach considerable, the Enemy beat a parley for a treaty; which I, having offered so fairly to him, refused; but sent him in positive conditions, That the soldiers should have their lives, and the Commission Officers to be disposed of as should be thought fit; which in the end was submitted to. The next day, the Colonel, the Major, and the rest of the Commission Officers were shot to death; all but one, who, being a very earnest instrument to have the Castle delivered, was pardoned.[12] In the same

[10] Now a ruin near Waterford; he spells it 'Granno.'
[11] In 1648. None of our Hammonds.
[12] Infra, vol. v., Appendix, No. 20, is some farther notice of this one.

Castle also we took a Popish Priest, who was Chaplain to the Catholics in this regiment; who was caused to be hanged. I trouble you with this the rather, because this regiment was the Lord of Ormond's own regiment. In this Castle was good store of provisions for the Army.

After the taking of this Castle, it was agreed amongst us to march to the City of Kilkenny. Which we did upon Friday the 22d of March: and coming with our body within a mile of the Town, we advanced with some horse very near unto it; and that evening I sent Sir Walter Butler and the Corporation a Letter. We took the best view we could where to plant our batteries; and upon Monday the 25th, our batteries, consisting of three guns, began to play. After near a hundred shot, we made a breach, as we hoped stormable. Our men were drawn out ready for the attempt; and Colonel Ewer 'was' ordered, with about one-thousand foot, to endeavour to possess the Irish Town, much about the time of our storming;—which he accordingly did, with the loss of not above three or four men. Our men upon the signal fell on upon the breach: which indeed was not performed with usual courage nor success; for they were beaten off, with the loss of one Captain, and about twenty or thirty men killed and wounded. The Enemy had made two retrenchments or counterworks, which they had strongly palisadoed: and both of them did so command our breach, that indeed it was a mercy to us we did not farther contend for an entrance there; it being probable that, if we had, it would have cost us very dear.

Having possessed the Irish Town; and there being another Walled Town on the other side of the River, eight companies of foot were sent over the River to possess that. Which accordingly was effected, and not above the like number lost that were in possessing the Irish Town. The

Officer that commanded this party in chief attempted to pass over the Bridge into the City, and to fire the Gate; which indeed was done with good resolution;—but, lying too open to the Enemy's shot, he had forty or fifty men killed and wounded; which was a sore blow to us. We made our preparations for a second battery; which was well near perfected: 'but' the Enemy, seeing himself thus begirt, sent for a Treaty; and had it; and, in some hours, agreed to deliver up the Castle upon the Articles enclosed. Which, 'accordingly,' we received upon Thursday the 28th of March. —We find the Castle exceeding well fortified by the industry of the Enemy; being also very capacious: so that if we had taken the Town, we must have had a new work for the Castle, which might have cost much blood and time. So that, we hope, the Lord hath provided better for us; and we look at it as a gracious mercy that we have the place for you upon these terms.

Whilst these affairs were transacting, a Lieutenant-Colonel, three Majors, eight Captains, being English, Welsh and Scotch, with others, possessed of Cantwell Castle,[13]—a very strong Castle, situated in a bog, well furnished with provisions of corn,—were ordered by Sir Walter Butler to come to strengthen the Garrison of Kilkenny. But they sent two Officers to me, to offer me the place, and their service,—that they might have passes to go beyond sea to serve foreign states, with some money to bear their charges: the last whereof 'likewise' I consented to; they promising to do nothing to the prejudice of the Parliament of England. Colonel Abbot also attempted Ennisnag: where were gotten a company of rogues which 'had' revolted from Colonel Jones.[14] The Soldiers capitulated for life, and their two

[13] 'Cantwell,' still known among the peasantry by that name, is now called Sandford's Court; close upon Kilkenny: 'Donkill' seems to be Donhill, a ruined Strength not far from Waterford. Of Pulkerry and Ballopoin, in this paragraph, I can hear no tidings.

[14] The late Michael Jones.

Officers were hanged for revolting. Adjutant-General Sadler was commanded with two guns to attempt some Castles in the County of Tipperary and Kilkenny; which being reduced 'would' exceedingly tend to the blocking-up of two considerable Towns. He summoned Pulkerry, a Garrison under Clonmel; battered it; they refusing to come out, stormed it; put thirty or forty of them to the sword, and the rest remaining obstinate were fired in the Castle. He took Ballopoin; the Enemy marching away, leaving their arms behind them. He took also the Granny and Donkill, two very considerable places to Waterford, upon the same terms.—We have advanced our quarters towards the Enemy, a considerable way above Kilkenny; where we hope, by the gaining of ground, to get subsistence; and still to grow upon the Enemy, as the Lord shall bless us.

Sir, I may not be wanting to tell you, and renew it again, That our hardships are not a few; that I think in my conscience, if moneys be not supplied, we shall not be able to carry on your work:—I would not say this to you, if I did not reckon it my duty so to do. But if it be supplied, and that speedily, I hope, through the good hand of the Lord, it will not be long before England will be at an end of this charge;—for the saving of which, I beseech you help as soon as you can! Sir, our horse have not had one month's pay of five. We strain what we can that the foot may be paid, or else they would starve. Those Towns that are to be reduced, especially one or two of them, if we should proceed by the rules of other states, would cost you more money than this Army hath had since we came over. I hope, through the blessing of God, they will come cheaper to you: but how we should be able to proceed in our attempts without reasonable supply, is humbly submitted and represented to you. I think I need not say, that a speedy period put to this work will break the expectation

of all your enemies. And seeing the Lord is not wanting to you, I most humbly beg it, that you would not be wanting to yourselves.

In the last place, it cannot be thought but the taking of these places, and keeping but what is necessary of them, must needs swallow-up our Foot: and I may humbly repeat it again, That I do not know of much above Two-thousand of your Five-thousand recruits come to us.—Having given you this account concerning your affairs, I am now obliged to give you an account concerning myself, which I shall do with all clearness and honesty.

I have received divers private intimations of your pleasure to have me come in person to wait upon you in England; as also copies of Votes of the Parliament to that purpose. But considering the way they came to me was but 'by' private intimations, and the Votes did refer to a Letter to be signed by the Speaker,—I thought it would have been too much forwardness in me to have left my charge here, until the said Letter came; it being not fit for me to prophesy whether the Letter would be an absolute command, or having limitations with a liberty left by the Parliament to me, to consider in what way to yield my obedience. Your Letter came to my hands upon Friday the 22d of March, the same day that I came before the City of Kilkenny, and when I was near the same. And I understood by Dr. Cartwright, who delivered it to me, that reason of cross winds, and the want of shipping in the West of England where he was, hindered him from coming with it sooner; it bearing date the 8th of January, and not coming to my hands until the 22d of March.

The Letter supposed your Army in Winter-quarters, and the time of the year not suitable for present action; making this as the reason of your command. And your Forces have

been in action ever since the 29th of January; and your Letter, which was to be the rule of my obedience, coming to my hands after our having been so long in action,—with respect had to the reasons you were pleased to use therein, 'I knew not what to do.' And having received a Letter signed by yourself, of the 26th of February,[15] which mentions not a word of the continuance of your pleasure concerning my coming over, I did humbly conceive it much consisting with my duty, humbly to beg a positive signification what your will is; professing (as before the Lord) that I am most ready to obey your commands herein with all alacrity; rejoicing only to be about that work which I am called to by those whom God hath set over me, which I acknowledge you to be; and fearing only in obeying you, to disobey you.

I most humbly and earnestly beseech you to judge for me, Whether your Letter doth not naturally allow me the liberty of begging a more clear expression of your command and pleasure. Which, when vouchsafed unto me, will find most ready and cheerful obedience from, Sir, your most humble servant, OLIVER CROMWELL.*

LETTER CXXXI.

HERE, of the same date, is a Letter to Mayor; and then a Letter to Richard; which concludes what we have in Ireland.

[15] Antea, p. 232.

* King's Pamphlets, no. 464, art. 2; Newspapers (in *Cromwelliana*, pp. 78-81). Printed, this Letter with the others on Kilkenny, by order of Parliament; messenger, 'Richard Lehunt' (Colonel Lehunt, I believe, antea, p. 11), gets 50*l.* (*Commons Journals*, vi. 397, 13th April 1650.)

For my very loving Brother Richard Mayor, Esquire, at Hursley in Hampshire: These.

DEAR BROTHER, Carrick, 2d April 1650.

For me to write unto you the state of our affairs here were more indeed than I have leisure well to do; and therefore I hope you do not expect it from me; seeing when I write to the Parliament I usually am, as becomes me, very particular with them; and usually from thence the knowledge thereof is spread.

Only this let me say, which is the best intelligence to Friends that are truly Christian: The Lord is pleased still to vouchsafe us His presence, and to prosper His own work in our hands;—which to us is the more eminent because truly we are a company of poor weak worthless creatures. Truly our work is neither from our own brains nor from our courage and strength: but we follow the Lord who goeth before, and gather what He scattereth, that so all may appear to be from Him.

The taking of the City of Kilkenny hath been one of our last works; which indeed I believe hath been a great discomposing the Enemy,—it's so much in their bowels. We have taken many considerable places lately, without much loss. What can we say to these things! If God be for us, who can be against us? Who can fight against the Lord and prosper? Who can resist His will? The Lord keep us in His love.

I desire your prayers; your Family is often in mine. I rejoice to hear how it hath pleased the Lord to deal with my Daughter.[16] The Lord bless her, and sanctify all His dispensations to them and us. I have committed my Son to you; I pray counsel him. Some Letters I have lately

[16] In a hopeful way, I conclude! Richard's first child, according to Noble's registers, was not born till 3d November 1652 (Noble, i. 189); a boy, who died within three weeks. Noble's registers, as we shall soon see, are very defective.

had from him have a good savour: the Lord treasure up grace there, that out of that treasury he may bring forth good things.

Sir, I desire my very entire affection may be presented to my dear Sister, my Cousin Ann and the rest of my Cousins,—and to idle Dick Norton when you see him. Sir, I rest, your most loving brother,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

LETTER CXXXII.

For my beloved Son Richard Cromwell, Esquire, at Hursley in Hampshire: These.

DICK CROMWELL, Carrick, 2d April 1650.

I take your Letters kindly: I like expressions when they come plainly from the heart, and are not strained nor affected.

I am persuaded it's the Lord's mercy to place you where you are: I wish you may own it and be thankful, fulfilling all relations to the glory of God. Seek the Lord and His face continually:—let this be the business of your life and strength, and let all things be subservient and in order to this! You cannot find nor behold the face of God but in Christ; therefore labour to know God in Christ; which the Scripture makes to be the sum of all, even Life Eternal. Because the true knowledge is not literal or speculative; 'no,' but inward; transforming the mind to it. It's uniting to, and *participating of*, the Divine Nature (*Second Peter*, i. 4): 'That by these ye might be partakers of the Divine Nature, 'having escaped the corruption that is in the world through 'lust.' It's such a *knowledge* as Paul speaks of (*Philippians*, iii. 8-10): 'Yea doubtless, and I count all things but loss

* Harris, p. 512.

'for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my 'Lord. For whom I have suffered the loss of all things; 'and do count them but dung that I may win Christ, and 'be found in Him,—not having mine own righteousness 'which is of the Law, but that which is through the Faith 'of Christ, the righteousness which is of God by Faith;— 'that I may know Him, and the power of His Resurrection, 'and the fellowship of His sufferings; being made conform- 'able unto His Death.'[17] How little of this knowledge is among us! My weak prayers shall be for you.

Take heed of an unactive vain spirit! Recreate yourself with Sir Walter Raleigh's History: it's a Body of History; and will add much more to your understanding than fragments of Story.—Intend[18] to understand the Estate I have settled: it's your concernment to know it all, and how it stands. I have heretofore suffered much by too much trusting others. I know my brother Mayor will be helpful to you in all this.

You will think, perhaps, I need not advise you To love your Wife! The Lord teach you how to do it;—or else it will be done ill-favouredly. Though Marriage be no instituted Sacrament, yet where the undefiled bed is, and love, this union aptly resembles 'that of' Christ and His Church. If *you* can truly love your Wife, what 'love' doth Christ bear to His Church and every poor soul therein,—who "gave Himself" for it and to it!——Commend me to your Wife; tell her I entirely love her, and rejoice in the goodness of the Lord to her. I wish her everyway fruitful. I thank her for her loving Letter.

I have presented my love to my Sister and Cousin Ann &c. in my Letter to my Brother Mayor. I would not have

[17] These sentences,—well known to Oliver; familiar to him in their phraseology, and in their sense too; and never to be *finally* forgotten by the earnest-hearted of the Sons of Men,—are not quoted in the Original, but merely indicated.

[18] Old word for 'endeavour.'

him alter his affairs because of my debt. My purse is as his: my present thoughts are but To lodge such a sum for my two little Girls;—it's in his hand as well as anywhere. I shall not be wanting to accommodate him to his mind; I would not have him solicitous.—Dick, the Lord bless you every way. I rest, your loving Father,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

In the end of this month, 'the President Frigate,' President Bradshaw Frigate, sails from Milford Haven 'to attend his Excellency's pleasure,' and bring him home if he see good to come. He has still one storm to do there first; that of Clonmel, where 'Two-thousand foot, all Ulster men,' are gathered for a last struggle;—the death-agony of this War, after which it will fairly die, and be buried. A very fierce storm, and fire-whirlwind of last agony; whereof take this solid account by an eye-witness and hand-actor; and so leave this part of our subject. The date is 10th May 1650; 'a Letter from Clonmel in Ireland:'

"Worthy Sir,—Yesterday," Thursday 9th May, "we "stormed Clonmel: in which work both officers and soldiers "did as much and more than could be expected. We had, "with our guns, made a breach in their works;—where, after "an hot fight, we gave back a while; but presently charged "up to the same ground again. But the enemy had made "themselves exceeding strong, by double-works and traverse, "which were worse to enter than the breach; when we came "up to it, they had cross-works, and were strongly flanked "from the houses within their works. The Enemy defended "themselves against us that day, until towards the evening, our "men all the while keeping up close to their breach; and "many on both sides were slain." The fierce death-wrestle, in the breaches here, lasted four hours: so many hours of hot storm and continuous tug of war, "and many on both sides "were slain. At night the Enemy drew out on the other side,

* *Memoirs of the Protector Oliver Cromwell*, by Oliver Cromwell, Esquire, a Descendant of the Family (London, 1822), i. 369. An incorrect, dull, insignificant Book; contains this Letter, and one or two others, 'in possession of the Cromwell Family.'—Another Descendant, Thomas Cromwell Esquire's *Oliver Cromwell and his Times* (London, 1821), is of a vaporous, gesticulative, dull-*aërial*, still more insignificant character; and contains nothing that is not common elsewhere.

" and marched away undiscovered to us ; and the inhabitants " of Clonmel sent out for a parley. Upon which, Articles were " agreed on, before we knew the Enemy was gone. After " signing of the Conditions, we discovered the Enemy to be " gone ; and, very early this morning, pursued them ; and fell " upon their rear of stragglers, and killed above 200,—besides " those we slew in the storm. We entered Clonmel this morn- " ing ; and have kept our Conditions with them. The place " is considerable ; and very advantageous to the reducing of " these parts wholly to the Parliament of England."[19] Whitlocke has heard by other Letters, 'That they found in Clonmel 'the stoutest Enemy this Army had ever met in Ireland ; and 'that there was never seen so hot a storm, of so long con- 'tinuance, and so gallantly defended, either in England or 'Ireland.'[20]

The Irish Commander here was Hugh O'Neil, a kinsman of Owen Roe's : vain he too, this new brave O'Neil ! It is a lost Cause. It is a Cause he has not yet seen into the secret of, and cannot prosper in. Fiery fighting cannot prosper in it ; no, there needs something other first, which has never yet been done ! Let the O'Neil go elsewhither, with his fighting talent ; here it avails nothing, and less. To the surrendered Irish Officers the Lord Lieutenant granted numerous permissions to embody regiments, and go abroad with them into any country not at war with England. Some 'Five-and-forty Thousand' *Kurisees*, or whatever name they had, went in this way to France, to Spain, and fought there far off ; and their own land had peace.

The Lord Lieutenant would fain have seen Waterford surrender before he went : but new Letters arrive from the Parliament ; affairs in Scotland threaten to become pressing. He appoints Ireton his Deputy, to finish the business here ; rapidly makes what survey of Munster, what adjustment of Ireland, military and civil, is possible ;—steps on board the President Frigate, in the last days of May, and spreads sail for England. He has been some nine months in Ireland ; leaves a very handsome spell of work done there.

At Bristol, after a rough passage, the Lord Lieutenant is received with all the honours and acclamations, 'the great guns

[19] Newspapers (in *Cromwelliana*, p. 81). [20] Whitlocke, p. 441.

firing thrice;' hastens up to London, where, on Friday 31st May, all the world is out to welcome him. Fairfax, and chief Officers, and Members of Parliament, with solemn salutation, on Hounslow Heath: from Hounslow Heath to Hyde Park, where are Trainbands and Lord Mayors; on to Whitehall and the Cockpit, where are better than these,—it is one wide tumult of salutation, congratulation, artillery-volleying, human shouting;—Hero-worship after a sort, not the best sort. It was on this occasion that Oliver said, or is reported to have said, when some sycophantic person observed, "What a crowd come out to see your Lordship's triumph!"—"Yes, but if it were to see me hanged, how many more would there be!"[21]—

Such is what the Irish common people still call the "Curse of Cromwell;" this is the summary of his work in that country. The remains of the War were finished out by Ireton, by Ludlow: Ireton died of fever, at Limerick, in the end of the second year;[22] and solid Ludlow, who had been with him for some ten months, succeeded. The ulterior arrangements for Ireland were those of the Commonwealth Parliament and the proper Official Persons; not specially Oliver's arrangements, though of course he remained a chief authority in that matter, and nothing could well be done which he with any emphasis deliberately condemned.

There goes a wild story, which owes it first place in History to Clarendon, I think, who is the author of many such: How the Parliament at one time had decided to 'exterminate' all the Irish population; and then, finding this would not quite answer, had contented itself with packing them all off into the Province of Connaught, there to live upon the moorlands; and *so* had pacified the Sister Island.[23] Strange rumours no doubt were afloat in the Council of Kilkenny, in the Conventicle of Clonmacnoise, and other such quarters, and were kept up for very obvious purposes in those days; and my Lord of Clarendon at an after date, seeing Puritanism hung on the gallows and tumbled in heaps in St. Margaret's, thought it safe to write with considerable latitude respecting its procedure. My Lord had, in fact, the story all his own way for about a hundred-and-fifty years; and, during that time, has set afloat

[21] Newspapers (in Kimber, p. 148); Whitlocke, p. 441.

[22] 26th November 1651 (Wood *in voce*): Ludlow had arrived in January of the same year (*Memoirs*, i. 322, 332, &c.).

[23] *Continuation of Clarendon's Life* (Oxford, 1761), p. 119 &c.

through vague heads a great many things. His authority is rapidly sinking; and will now probably sink deeper than even it deserves.

The real procedure of the Puritan Commonwealth towards Ireland is not a matter of conjecture, or of report by Lord Clarendon; the documentary basis and scheme of it still stands in black-on-white, and can be read by all persons.[24] In this Document the reader will find, set forth in authentic business-form, a Scheme of Settlement somewhat different from that of 'extermination;' which, if he be curious in that matter, he ought to consult. First, it appears by this Document, 'all husbandmen, ploughmen, labourers, artificers and others of the 'meaner sort' of the Irish nation are to be,—not exterminated; no, but rendered exempt from punishment and question, as to these Eight Years of blood and misery now ended; which is a very considerable exception from the Clarendon Scheme! Next, as to the Ringleaders, the rebellious Landlords, and Papist Aristocracy; as to these also, there is a carefully-graduated scale of punishments established, that punishment and guilt may in some measure correspond. All that can be proved to have been concerned in the Massacre of Forty-one; for these, and for certain other persons of the turncoat species, whose names are given, there shall be no pardon:—'extermination,' actual death on the gallows, or perpetual banishment and confiscation for these; but not without legal inquiry and due trial first had, for these, or for any one. Then certain others, who have been in arms at certain dates against the Parliament, but not concerned in the Massacre: these are declared to have forfeited their estates; but lands to the value of one-third of the same, as a modicum to live upon, shall be assigned them, where the Parliament thinks safest,—in the moorlands of Connaught, as it turned out. Then another class, who are open Papists and have *not* manifested their good affection to the Parliament: these are to forfeit one-third of their estates; and continue quiet at their peril. Such is the Document; which was regularly acted on; fulfilled with as much exactness as the case, now in the hands of very exact men, admitted of. The Catholic Aristocracy of Ireland have to undergo this fate, for their share in the late miseries; this and no other: and as for all 'ploughmen, husbandmen, artifi-

[24] Scobell, Part ii. p. 197 (12th August 1652); see also p. 317 (27th June 1656).

cers and people of the meaner sort,' they are to live quiet where they are, and have no questions asked.

In this way, not in the way of 'extermination,' was Ireland settled by the Puritans. Five-and-forty thousand armed 'kurisees' are fighting, not without utility we hope, far off in foreign parts. Incurably turbulent ringleaders of revolt are sent to the moorlands of Connaught. Men of the Massacre, where they can be convicted, of which some instances occur, are hanged. The mass of the Irish Nation lives quiet under a *new* Land Aristocracy; new, and in several particulars very much improved indeed: under these lives now the mass of the Irish Nation; ploughing, delving, hammering; with their wages punctually paid them; with the truth spoken to them, and the truth done to them, so as they had never before seen it since they were a Nation! Clarendon himself admits that Ireland flourished, to an unexampled extent, under this arrangement. One can very well believe it. What is to hinder poor Ireland from flourishing, if you will do the truth to it and speak the truth, instead of doing the falsity and speaking the falsity?

Ireland, under this arrangement, would have grown-up gradually into a sober diligent drabcoloured population; developing itself, most probably, in some form of Calvinistic Protestantism. For there was hereby a Protestant *Church* of Ireland, of the most irrefragable nature, preaching daily in all its actions and procedure a real Gospel of veracity, of piety, of fair dealing and good order, to all men; and certain other 'Protestant Churches of Ireland,' and unblessed real-imaginary Entities, of which the human soul is getting weary, would of a surety never have found footing there! But the Ever-blessed Restoration came upon us. All that arrangement was torn-up by the roots; and Ireland was appointed to develop itself as we have seen. Not in the drabcoloured Puritan way;—in what other way is still a terrible dubiety, to itself and to us! It will be by some Gospel of Veracity, I think, when the Heavens are pleased to send such. This 'Curse of Cromwell,' so-called, is the only Gospel of that kind I can yet discover to have ever been fairly afoot there.

ADJOINED TO VOLUME SECOND.

SQUIRE PAPERS

(FROM FRASER'S MAGAZINE).

THE following Article in *Fraser's Magazine* had not the effect intended for it,—of securing in printer's types a certain poor defaced scantling of Cromwell Letters, which had fallen to my charge under circumstances already sorrowful enough; and then of being, after some slight peaceable satisfaction to such as took interest in it, forgotten by the public; I also being left to forget it, and be free of it. On the contrary, the peaceable satisfaction to persons interested was but temporary; and the public, instead of neglecting and forgetting, took to unquiet guessing, as if there lay some deeper mystery in the thing, perhaps foul-play in it: private guessing, which in a week or two broke out into the Newspapers, in the shape of scepticism, of learned doubt too acute to be imposed upon, grounding itself on antiquarian philologies (internal evidence of anachronisms), 'cravat,' 'stand no nonsense,' and I know not what. The unwonted circumstances of the case, and the unsatisfactory though unavoidable reticences in detailing it, threw a certain enigmatic *chiaroscuro* over the transaction, which, as it were, challenged the idle mind. Since the public had not neglected and forgotten, the public could do no other than guess. The idle public, obstinately resolute to *see* into millstones, could of course see nothing but opacity and *its* wide realms; got into ever deeper doubt, which is bottomless, 'a sphere with infinite radius,' and very easily arrived at; could get into no certainty, which is a sphere's *centre*, and difficult to arrive at; continued fencing with spectres, arguing from antiquarian philologies, &c. in the Newspapers;— whereby, echo answering echo, and no transparency in millstones being attainable, the poor public rose rapidly to a height of anxiety on this unexpected matter, and raised a noise round itself, which, considering the importance of the subject, might be called surprising. In

regard to all which, what could an unfortunate Editor of Cromwell Letters do, except perhaps carefully hold his peace? The ancient housekeeper, in some innocent first-floor, in the still night-time, throws a potsherd which is in her way into the street of the village: a most small transaction, laudable in its kind; but near by, starts the observant street-dog, who will see farther into it: "Whaf-thaf? Bow-wow!"—and so awakens, in what enormous geometrical progression is well known, all the dogs in the village, perhaps all the dogs in the parish, and gradually, even in the county and in the kingdom, to universal vigilant observant "Bow-wow, Whaf-thaf?" in the hope of seeing farther into it. Under which distressing circumstances, the ancient housekeeper understands that her one course is patience and silence; that the less she says or does, the sooner it will end!—This Squire Controversy did not quite terminate by nature, I think; but rather was suddenly quenched by that outburst of the European revolutions in the end of the February then passing, which led the public intellect into fruitfuler departments.

This is not a state of matters one would wish to reawaken! Scepticism, learned doubt, in regard to these Squire Papers, I understand is still the prevailing sentiment; and also that silence, and the reflection how small an interest, if any whatever, is involved in the matter, are the only means of removing doubt, and of leading us to the *least* miraculous explanation, whatever that may be. To myself, I confess, the phenomenon is, what it has always been, entirely inexplicable, a miracle equal to any in *Bollandus* or *Capgravius*, unless these Squire Letters are substantially genuine: and if their history on that hypothesis is very dim and strange,—on the other hypothesis they refuse, for me at least, to have any conceivable history at all. Antiquarian philologies, &c. such as appeared in the late universal "Whaf-thaf?" or grand "Squire Controversy" never to be revived, had naturally no effect in changing one's opinion, and could have none. I have since had a visit, two visits, from the Gentleman himself; have conversed with him twice, at large, upon the Letters, the burnt Journal, and all manner of adjacent topics: and certainly, whatever other notion I might form of him, the notion that he either would or could have himself produced a Forgery of Cromwell Letters, or been the instrument (for any consideration, much more for none) of another producing it, was flatly inconceivable once for all. Nay to hint at it, I think, would not be altogether safe for Able-Editors within wind of this gentleman! So stands it, as it has always stood, with myself, in regard to this small question.

At the same time, I am well enough aware, the Gentleman's account of proceedings in the business has an amazing look; which only the personal knowledge of him could perhaps render less amazing. Doubt, to strangers, is very permissible; nay to all, these Letters, by the very hypothesis, are involved everywhere in liability to incorrectness; irrecoverably stript of their complete historical authenticity,—and not to be admitted, but to be rigorously excluded, except on that footing, in any History of Cromwell;—

and, on the whole, are in the state of an absurd entanglement, connected with a most provoking coil of such. Out of which there is only this good door of egress: That they are intrinsically of no importance in the History of Cromwell; that they alter nothing of his Life's character, add nothing, deduct nothing; can be believed or disbelieved, without, to him or to us, any perceptible result whatever;—and ought, in fine, to be dismissed and sent upon their destinies by all persons who have serious truth to seek for, and no time for idle guesses and riddle-ma-rees of the Scriblerus and Nugatory-Antiquarian sort.

Accordingly I had decided, as to these Squire Papers, which can or could in no case have been incorporated into any documentary Life of Cromwell, not to introduce them at all into this Book, which has far other objects than *they* or their questions of antiquarian philology can much further! But, on the other hand, it was urged by friends who believe, like myself, in the fundamental authenticity of Squire, that hereby would arise a tacit admission of Squire's spuriousness, injustice done by me to Squire and to the antiquarian philologers; that many readers, disbelievers or not, would have a certain wish to see the Squire Papers;—that, in fine, under the head of the semi-romantic or Doubtful Documents of Oliver's History, and at all events as an accidental quite undoubtful Document in the history *of* Oliver's History, they would have a certain value. To all which arguments, not without some slight weight, the Printer now accidentally adds another, That he has room for these Squire Papers, and even need of them to preserve his symmetries; that he can maintain an impassable wall between them and the Book, can insert them at the end of Volume Second and yet not *in* the Volume, with ease and with advantage. Here accordingly these astonishing Squire Papers are: concerning which I have only one hope to express, That the public, thinking of them (in silence, if I might advise) exactly what it finds most thinkable, will please to excuse me from farther function in the matter; my duty in respect of them being now, to the last fraction of it, done; my knowledge of them being wholly communicated; and my care about them remaining, what it always was, close neighbour to nothing. The Reprint is exact from *Fraser's Magazine*, except needful correction of misprints, and insertion of two little Notes, which have hung wafered on the margin this long while, and are duly indicated where they occur.

7th May 1849.

FRASER'S MAGAZINE FOR DECEMBER 1847: ART. I.

THIRTY-FIVE UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF OLIVER CROMWELL.

ON the first publication of *Oliver Cromwell's Letters and Speeches*, new contributions of Cromwell matter, of some value, of no value and even of less than none, were, as the general reader knows, diligently forwarded to me from all quarters; and turned to account, in the Second Edition of that work, as the laws of the case seemed to allow. The process, which seemed

then to all practical intents completed, and is in fact very languid and intermittent ever since, has nevertheless not yet entirely ceased; and indeed one knows not when, if ever, it will entirely cease; for at longer and longer intervals new documents and notices still arrive; though, except in the single instance now before us, I may describe these latter as of the last degree of insignificance; hardly even worth 'inserting in an Appendix,' which was my bargain in respect of them. Whence it does, at last, seem reasonable to infer that our English Archives are now pretty well exhausted, in this particular; and that nothing more, of importance, concerning Oliver Cromwell's utterances of himself in this world will be gathered henceforth. —Here, however, is a kind of exception, in regard to which, on more accounts than one, it has become necessary for me to adopt an exceptional course; and if not to edit, in the sense of elucidating, the contribution sent me, at least to print it straightway, before accident befall it or me.

The following Letters, which require to be printed at once, with my explicit testimony to their authenticity, have come into my hands under singular circumstances and conditions. I am not allowed to say that the Originals are, or were, in the possession of Mr. So-and-so, as is usual in like cases; this, which would satisfy the reader's strict claims in the matter, I have had to engage expressly not to do. "Why not?" all readers will ask, with astonishment, or perhaps with other feelings still more superfluous for our present object. The story is somewhat of an absurd one, what may be called a farce-tragedy; very ludicrous as well as very lamentable;—not glorious to relate; nor altogether easy, under the conditions prescribed! But these Thirty-five Letters are Oliver Cromwell's; and demand, of me especially, both that they be piously preserved, and that there be no ambiguity, no avoidable mystery or other foolery, in presenting of them to the world. If the Letters are not to have, in any essential or unessential respect, the character of voluntary enigmas; but to be read, with undisturbed attention, in such poor twilight of intelligibility as belongs to them, some explanation, such as can be given, seems needful.

Let me hasten to say, then, explicitly once more, that these Letters are of indubitable authenticity: farther, that the Originals, all or nearly all in Autograph, which existed in June last, in the possession of a private Gentleman whose name I am on no account to mention, have now irrecoverably perished;—and, in brief, that the history of them, so far as it can be related under these conditions, is as follows:

Some eight or ten months ago, there reached me, as many had already done on the like subject, a letter from an unknown Correspondent in the distance; setting forth, in simple, rugged and trustworthy, though rather peculiar dialect, that he, my Unknown Correspondent,—who seemed to have been a little astonished to find that Oliver Cromwell was actually not a miscreant, hypocrite, &c. as heretofore represented,—had in his hands a stock of strange old Papers relating to Oliver: much consumed by damp, and other injury of time; in particular, much "eaten into by a vermin" (as

my Correspondent phrased it),—some moth, or body of moths, who had boarded there in past years. The Papers, he said, describing them rather vaguely, contained some things of Cromwell's own, but appeared to have been mostly written by one SAMUEL SQUIRE, a subaltern in the famed Regiment of Ironsides, who belonged to "the Stilton Troop," and had served with Oliver "from the first mount" of that indomitable Corps, as Cornet, and then as "Auditor,"—of which latter office my Correspondent could not, nor could I when questioned, quite specificate the meaning, but guessed that it might be something like that of Adjutant in modern regiments. This Auditor Squire had kept some "Journal," or Diary of Proceedings, from "the first mount" or earlier, from about 1642 till the latter end of 1645, as I could dimly gather; but again it was spoken of as "Journals," as "Old Papers," "Manuscripts," in the plural number, and one knew not definitely what to expect: moth-eaten, dusty, dreary old brown Papers; bewildered and bewildering; dreadfully difficult to decipher, as appeared, and indeed almost a pain to the eye,—and too probably to the mind. Poring in which, nevertheless, my Unknown Correspondent professed to have discovered various things. Strange unknown aspects of affairs, moving accidents, adventures, such as the fortune of war in the obscure Eastern Association (of Lincoln Norfolk &c.), in the early obscure part of Oliver's career, hitherto entirely vacant and dark in all Histories, had disclosed themselves to my Unknown Correspondent, painfully spelling in the rear of that destructive vermin: onslaughts, seizures, surprises; endless activity, audacity, rapidity on the part of Oliver; strict general integrity too, nay rhadamanthine justice, and traits of implacable severity connected therewith, which had rather shocked the otherwise strong but *modern* nerves of my Unknown Correspondent. Interspersed, as I could dimly gather, were certain *Letters* from Oliver and others (known or hitherto unknown, was not said); kept, presumably, by Auditor Squire, the Ironside Subaltern, as narrative documents, or out of private fondness. As proof what curious and to me interesting matter lay in those old Papers, Journals or Journal, as my Unknown Correspondent indiscriminately named them, he gave me the following small Excerpt; illuminating completely a point on which I had otherwise sought light in vain. See, in *Oliver Cromwell's Letters and Speeches*, Letter of 5th July 1644; which gives account of Marston-Moor Battle, and contains an allusion to Oliver's own late loss, "Sir, you know my own trials this way,"—touching allusion, as it now proves; dark hitherto for all readers:—Meeting Colonel Cromwell again after some absence, just on the edge of Marston Battle (it is Auditor Squire that writes), 'I thought he looked sad 'and wearied; for he had had a sad loss; young Oliver got killed to death 'not long before, I heard: it was near Knaresborough, and 30 more got 'killed.'[1]

Interesting Papers beyond doubt, my Unknown Correspondent thought. On one most essential point, however, he professed himself at a painful pause: How far, or whether at all, these Papers ought to be communicated

[1] But see vol. i. p. 41 n. (*Note of* 1857.)

to the Public, or even to myself? Part of my Correspondent's old kindred had been Roundheads, part had been Royalists; of both which sorts plentiful representatives yet remained, at present all united in kindly oblivion of those old sorrows and animosities; but capable yet, as my Correspondent feared, of blazing-up into one knew not what fierce contradictions, should the question be renewed. That was his persuasion, that was his amiable fear. I could perceive, indeed, that my Correspondent, evidently a simple and honourable man, felt obscurely as if, in his own new conviction about Oliver's character, he possessed a dangerous secret, which ought in nowise to be lightly divulged. Should he once inconsiderately blab it, this heterodox almost criminal secret, like a fire-spark among tinder and dry flax;—how much more if, by publishing those private Papers, confirmatory of the same, he deliberately shot it forth as mere flame! Explosion without limit, in the family and still wider circles, might ensue.—On the whole, he would consider of it; was heartily disposed to do for me, and for the interests of truth (with what peril soever) all in his power;—hoped, for the rest, to be in London soon, where, it appeared, the Papers were then lying in some repository of his; would there see me, and do as good will guided by wise caution might direct.

To all which I could only answer with thanks for the small valuable hint concerning young Oliver's death; with a desire to know more about those old Papers; with astonishment at my Correspondent's apprehension as to publishing them, which I professed was inconceivable, and likely to fly away as a night-dream if he spoke of it in intelligent circles;—and finally with an eager wish for new light of any authentic kind on Oliver Cromwell and his acts or sayings, and an engagement that whatever of that sort my Correspondent did please to favour me with, should be thankfully turned to use, under such conditions as he might see good to prescribe. And here, after a second or perhaps even a third letter and answer (for several of these missives, judged at first to be without importance, are now lost), which produced no new information to me, nor any change in my Correspondent's resolutions, the matter had to rest. To an intelligent Friend, partly acquainted in my Correspondent's country, I transmitted his letters; with request that he would visit this remarkable possessor of old *Manuscripts;* ascertain for me, more precisely, what he was, and what they were; and, if possible, persuade him that it would be safe, for himself and for the universe, to let me have some brief perusal of them! This Friend unfortunately did not visit those my Correspondent's localities at the time intended: so, hearing nothing more of the affair, I had to wait patiently its ulterior developments; the arrival, namely, of my Correspondent in Town, and the opening of his mysterious repositories there. Not without surmises that perhaps, after all, there might be little, or even nothing of available, in them; for me nothing, but new dreary labour, ending in new disappointment and disgust; tragic experience being already long and frequent, of astonishingly curious old Papers on Oliver, vouchsafed me, with an effort and from favour, by ardent patriotic corre-

spondents,—which, after painful examination, proved only to be astonishing old bundles of inanity, dusty desolation and extinct stupidity, worthy of oblivion and combustion: surmises tending naturally to moderate very much my eagerness, and render patience easy.

So had some months passed, and the affair been pretty well forgotten, when, one afternoon in June last, a heavy Packet came by Post; recognisable even on the exterior as my Unknown Correspondent's: and hereby, sooner than anticipation, and little as I could at first discern it, had the catastrophe *arrived*. For within there lay only, in the mean while, copied accurately in my Correspondent's hand, those Five-and-thirty Letters of Oliver Cromwell which the Public are now to read: this, with here and there some diligent though rather indistinct annotation by my Correspondent, where needful; and, in a Note from himself, some vague hint of his having been in Town that very day, and even on the point of calling on me, had not haste and the rigour of railways hindered; hints too about the old dangers from Royalist kindred being *now* happily surmounted,—formed the contents of my heavy Packet.

The reading of these old Cromwell Letters, by far the most curious that had ever come to me from such a source, produced an immediate earnest, almost passionate request to have sight of that old "Journal by Samuel Squire," under any terms, on any guarantee I could offer. Why should my respectable obliging Correspondent still hesitate? These *Letters*, I assured him, if he but sold the Originals as Autographs, were worth hundreds of pounds; the old *Journal of an Ironside*, since such it really seemed to be, for he had named it definitely in the singular, not "Journals" and "Papers" as heretofore,—I prized as probably the most curious document in the Archives of England, a piece not to be estimated in tens of thousands. It had become possible, it seemed probable and almost certain, that by diligent study of those old Papers, by examination of them as with microscopes, in all varieties of lights, the veritable figure of Cromwell's Ironsides might be called into day, to be seen by men once more, face to face, in the lineaments of very life! A journey in chase of this Unknown Correspondent and his hidden Papers; any journey, or effort, seemed easy for such a prize.

Alas, alas, by return of post, there arrived a Letter beginning with these words: "What you ask is impossible, if you offered me the Bank of England for security: the Journal is *ashes*,"—all was ashes! My wonderful Unknown Correspondent had at last, it would appear, having screwed his courage to the sticking place, rushed up to Town by rail; proceeded straight to his hidden repositories here; sat down, with closed lips, with concentered faculty, and copied me exactly the Cromwell Letters, all words of Cromwell's own (these he had generously considered *mine* by a kind of right);—which once done he, still with closed lips, with sacrificial eyes, and terrible hand and mood, had gathered all his old Puritan Papers great and small, Ironside "Journal," Cromwell Autographs and whatever else there might be, and sternly consumed them with fire. Let

Royalist quarrels, in the family or wider circles, arise now if they could; —"much evil," said he mildly to me, "hereby lies buried." The element of "resolution," one may well add, "is strong in our family;" unchangeable by men, scarcely by the very gods!—And so all *was* ashes; and a strange speaking Apparition of the Past, and of a Past more precious than any other is or can be, had sunk again into the dead depths of Night. Irrecoverable; all the royal exchequer could not buy it back! That, once for all, was the fact; of which I, and mankind in general, might now make whatsoever we pleased.

With my Unknown Correspondent I have not yet personally met; nor can I yet sufficiently explain to myself this strange procedure of his, which naturally excites curiosity, amid one's other graver feelings. The Friend above alluded to, who has now paid that visit, alas too late, describes him to me as a Gentleman of honourable frank aspect and manners; still in his best years, and of robust manful qualities;—by no means, in any way, the feeble, chimerical or distracted Entity, dug-up from the Seventeenth Century and set to live in this Nineteenth, which some of my readers might fancy him. Well acquainted with that old *Journal*, "which went to 200 folio pages;" and which he had carefully, though not with much other knowledge, read and again read. It is suggested to me, as some abatement of wonder: "He has lived, he and his, for 300 years, under the shadow of a Cathedral City: you know not what kind of Sleepy Hollow that is, and how Oliver Cromwell is related to it, in the minds of all men and nightbirds who inhabit there! This Gentleman had felt that, one way or other, you would inevitably in the end get this MS. from him, and make it public; which, what could it amount to but a new Guy-Faux Cellar, and Infernal Machine, to explode his Cathedral City and all its coteries, and almost dissolve Nature for the time being? Hence he resolved to burn his Papers, and avoid catastrophes."

But what chiefly, or indeed exclusively, concerns us here, is that, from the first, and by all subsequent evidence, I have seen this Gentleman to be a person of perfect veracity, and even of scrupulous exactitude in details; so that not only can his Copies of the Cromwell Letters be taken as correct, or the correctest he could give, but any remark or statement of his concerning them is also to be entirely relied on. Let me add, for my own sake and his, that, with all my regrets and condemnations, I cannot but dimly construe him as a man of much real worth; and even (though strangely *inarticulate*, and sunk in strange environments) of a certain honest intelligence, energy, generosity; which ought not to escape recognition, while passing sentence;—least of all by one who is forced unwillingly to relate these things, and whom, as is clear, he has taken great pains, and made a strong effort over himself, to oblige even so far.—And this is what I had to say by way of Introduction to these new Letters of Oliver Cromwell, which are now all that remains to the world or me from that adventure.

With regard to the Letters themselves, they may now be read without farther preface. As will be seen, they relate wholly to the early part of Oliver's career; to that obscure period, hitherto vacant or nearly so in all Histories, while "Colonel Cromwell" still fought and struggled in the Eastern Association, under Lord Grey of Groby, under the Earl of Manchester, or much left to his own shifts; and was not yet distinguished by the public from a hundred other Colonels. They present to us the same old Oliver whom we knew, but in still more distinct lineaments and physiognomy; the features deeply, even coarsely marked,—or, as it were, *enlarged* to the gigantic by unexpected nearness. It is Oliver left to himself; stript bare of all conventional draperies; toiling, wrestling as for life and death, in his obscure element; none looking over him but Heaven only. He "can stand no nonsenses;" he is terribly in earnest; will have his work done,—will have God's Justice done too, and the Everlasting Laws observed, which shall help, not hinder, all manner of work! The Almighty God's commandments, these, of which this work is one, are great and awful to him; all else is rather small, and not awful. He has pity,—pity as of a woman, of a mother, we have known in Oliver; and rage also as of a wild lion, where need is. He rushes direct to his point: "If resistance is made, pistol him;" "Wear them (these uniforms), or go home;" "Hang him out of hand; he wantonly killed the poor widow's boy: God and man will be well pleased to see *him* punished!" The attentive reader will catch not only curious minute features of the old Civil War, in these rude Letters; but more clearly than elsewhere significant glimpses of Oliver's character and ways: and if any reader's nerves, like my Correspondent's, be too *modern*,—all effeminated in this universal, very dreary, very portentous babble of "abolishing Capital Punishments" &c. &c., and of sending Judas Iscariot, Courvoisier, Praslin, Tawell, and *Nature's* own Scoundrels, teachable by no hellebore, "to the schoolmaster," instead of to the hangman, or to the cesspool, or somewhere swiftly out of the way (said "schoolmaster" not having yet overtaken all his *other* hopefuler work, by any manner of means!)—perhaps the sight of a great natural Human Soul once more, in whom the stamp of the Divinity is *not* quite abolished by Ages of Cant, and hollow Wiggery of every kind, ending now in an age of "Abolition Principles," may do such reader some good! I understand, one of my Correspondent's more minute reasons for burning the Ironside Journal was, that it showed Cromwell uncommonly impatient of scoundrels, from time to time; and might have shocked some people!—

I print these Letters according to their date, so far as the date is given; or as the unwritten date can be ascertained or inferred,—which of course is not always possible; more especially since the accompanying "Journal" was destroyed. With some hesitation, I decide to print with modern spelling and punctuation, there being no evidence that the partially ill-spelt Copies furnished me are exact to Oliver's ill-spelling; which at all events is insignificant, the sense having nowhere been at all doubtful. Commentary, except what Auditor Squire and his Transcriber have afforded, I cannot

undertake to give; nor perhaps will much be needed. Supplementary words added by myself are marked by single commas, as was the former wont; annotations, if inserted in the body of the Letter, are in Italics within brackets.—And now to business, with all brevity.

Nos. I.—VI.

The first Six Letters are of dates prior to the actual breaking-out of the Civil War, but while its rapid approach was too evident; and bring to view, in strange lugubrious *chiaroscuro*, Committees of "Association for mutual Defence" (or however they phrased it), and zealous Individuals, SAMUEL SQUIRE among others, tremulously sitting in various localities,—tremulous under the shadow of High Treason on the one hand, and of Irish Massacre on the other;—to whom of course the honourable Member's communications, in such a season, were of breathless interest. The King has quitted his Parliament; and is moving northward, towards York as it proved, in a more and more menacing attitude.

I. The address, if there ever was any except a verbal one by the Bearer, is entirely gone, and the date also; but may be supplied by probable conjecture:

'*To the Committee of Association at Huntingdon.*'

DEAR FRIENDS, 'London, March 1641.'

It is not improbable that the King may go through Huntingdon on his way to Stamford. Pray keep all steady, and let no peace be broken. Beg of all to be silent; or it may mar our peaceable settling this sad business. Such as are on the County Array bid go; all of you protect, at cost of life, the King from harm, or foul usage by word or deed,—as you love the Cause.—From your faithful—[*word lost?*]

OLIVER CROMWELL.

The Transcriber, my Unknown Correspondent, adds from the burnt *Journal* this Note: 'Journal mentioned a sad riot at Peterborough on the King's going to Stamford, between the Townsmen and the Array.' March 1641, as is known, means 1642 according to the modern style: Newyears-day is 25th March.

II. The date exists, though wrong written, from haste; but the address must be supplied:

'*To the Committee of Association at Stilton.*'

DEAR FRIENDS, Ely, April 11th day, 1641 [*for* 1642; *miswritten, Newyears-day being still recent*].

The Lord has hardened his [*the King's*] heart more and more: 'he has' refused to hear reason, or to care for our Cause or Religion or Peace.

Let our Friends have notice of the sad news. I will be with you at Oundle, if possible, early next week; say Monday, as I return now to London this day. Things go on as we all said they would. We are all on the point of now openly declaring ourselves: now may the Lord prosper us in the good Cause!

Commend me in brotherly love to our chosen Friends and vessels of the Lord: I name no one, to all the same. I write myself your Friend in the Lord's Cause, O.

P.S. Be sure and put-up with no affronts. Be as a bundle of sticks; let the offence to one be as to all. The Parliament will back us.

III. *To Mr. Samuel Squire* [subsequently Cornet and Auditor Squire].

DEAR FRIEND, London, 3d May 1642.

I heard from our good friend W. [*Wildman?*] how zealous in the good Cause you were. We are all alive here, and sweating hard to beat those Papists: may the Lord send to us His holy aid to overcome them, and the Devils who seek to do evil.

Say to your Friends that we have made-up our Demands to the control of the Navy, and Trainbands of the Counties' Militia, also all Forts and Castles: and, with God's aid, we will have them if he [*the King*] likes or dislikes. For he is more shifty every day. We must do more also, unless he does that which is right in the sight of God and man to his People.

I shall come to Oundle, in my way down, this time; as I learn you live there a great time now. So may you prosper in all your undertakings, and may the Lord God protect and watch over you. Let them all know our mind.—From your Friend, O. C.

IV. *To the Committee of Association 'at Cambridge.'*

GENTLEMEN, London, 'June 1642.'

I have sent you, by Hobbes's Wain, those you know of. You must get lead as you may:—the Churches have enough and to spare on them! We shall see the Lord will supply us. Heed well your motions [*learn well your drill-exercise*]: and laugh not at Rose's Dutch tongue; he is a zealous servant, and we may go farther and get worse man to our hand than he is.

I learn from R. you get offences from the Bullards at Stamford.[2] Let them heed well what they are about, or [*ere*] they get a cake more than they bargain for, for their penny.—V. says that many come ill to the time fixed for muster: pray heed well their loss of time; for I assure you, if once we let time pass by, we shall seek in vain to recover it. The Lord helpeth those who heed His commandments: and those who are not punctual in small matters, of what account are they when it shall please Him to call us forth, if we be not watchful and ready? Pray beat-up those sluggards.—I shall be over, if it please God, next Tuesday or Wednesday. I rest, till then, your Friend and Wellwisher, O. C.

My Correspondent, who rather guesses this Letter to have gone to *Huntingdon*, subjoins in reference to it, the following very curious Note gathered from his recollections of the burnt *Journal*:—"Huntingdon regiment of Horse. Each armed and horsed himself; except Mr. Olr Cromwell's Troop of Slepe Dragoons, of some 30 to 40 men, mostly poor men or very small freeholders: these the Journal mentioned often; I mean the Slepe Troop of hard-handed fellows, who did as he told them, and asked no questions. The others, despite all that has been said and written, armed themselves and horsed also. I mean the celebrated *Tawnies* or *Ironsides*. They wore brown coats,—as did most Farmers and little country Freeholders; and so do now, as you or me may see any day.—Oliver had some 200 foot also armed by him, who did great service."

V. No date, no address now left. Probably addressed to the Committee at Cambridge, or whichever was the *central* Committee of those

[2] *Note to the Reprint.* 'Bullards,' printed in *Fraser* with a mark of interrogation, has attracted the notice of a helpful Correspondent, or of more than one. 'Bullards,' equivalent to *Bull-wards*, I now find, is an old name or nickname for the Stamford people; Stamford being famous for bull-baiting, and gifted with bequests to promote that branch of enterprise: 'for which legacy,' says one Mr. Lowe of those parts, 'every *Bullard*, in gratitude, ought to drink the joint memory of'—two heroes named by Mr. Lowe: see Hone's *Every-Day Book*, i. 1482.

Associations; and, to judge by the glorious *ripeness* to which matters have come, dated about the beginning of July. A very curious Letter. We have prospered to miracle; the Eastern Fen regions are all up or rising, and Royalism quite put down there, impossible as that once seemed. Miraculous success;—and greater is yet coming, if we knew it!

'*To* ——— ———.'

DEAR FRIENDS, 'London, July 1642.'

Your Letters gave me great joy at reading your great progress in behalf of our great Cause.

Verily I do think the Lord is with me! I do undertake strange things, yet do I go through with them, to great profit and gladness, and furtherance of the Lord's great Work. I do feel myself lifted on by a strange force, I cannot tell why. By night and by day I am urged forward on the great Work. As sure as God appeared to Joseph in a dream, also to Jacob, He also has directed —— [*some words eaten out by moths*] —— Therefore I shall not fear what man can do unto me. I feel He giveth me the light to see the great darkness that surrounds us at noonday. — to my —ht —ly [*five words gone, by moths*], I have been a stray sheep from the Fold; but I feel I am born again; I have cast off —— [*moths again; nearly three lines lost*]——

'I have' sent you 300 more Carbines and 600 Snaphances; also 300 Lances, which when complete I shall send down by the Wain with 16 barrels Powder.

We [*of the Parliament*] declare ourselves now, and raise an Army forthwith: Essex and Bedford are our men. Throw-off fear, as I shall be with you. I get a Troop ready to begin; and they will show the others. Truly I feel I am Siloam of the Lord; my soul is with you in the Cause. I sought the Lord; and found this written in the First Chapter of Zephaniah, the 3d verse: 'See, I will consume,' &c. [*Here is the rest of the passage:* 'Consume man and beast; I will consume the 'fowls of heaven, and the fishes of the sea, and the stumbling-'blocks with the wicked; and I will cut-off man from off the 'land, saith the Lord.']

Surely it is a sign for us. So I read it. For I seek daily, and do nothing without first so seeking the Lord.

I have much to say to you all, when I do see you. Till I so do, the Lord be with you; may His grace abound in all

your houses. Peace be among you, loving Friends: so do I pray daily for your soul's health. I pray also, as I know you also 'do,' for His mercy to soften the heart of the King. — — [*moth-ruins to the end; the signature itself half-eaten: indistinctly guessable to have been:*]

I 'shall be at' Godmanchester, 'if it please the Lord, on' Monday. OLIVER CROMWELL.

VI. No date; presumably, August 1642, at Ely or somewhere in that region; where Parliament musters or 'surveys' are going on, and brabbles with recusant Royalists are rife,—in one of which the excellent Mr. Sprigg has got a stroke. My Correspondent, the Transcriber, thinks '*house* at Peterborough' must mean merely *quarters* in a house there, the house or home of Squire appearing in a late Letter to be at Oundle.

To Mr. Squire, at his House, Peterborough.

SIR, [*No date.*]

I regret much to hear your sad news. I regret much that worthy vessel of the Lord, Sprigg, came to hurt.

I hope the voice of the Lord will soften the Malignant's heart even yet at the eleventh hour: we rejoice at the 'hope' much;—but do keep it quiet, and not to take air.

We had a rare survey about us; and did much good. I expect to see you all at Stilton on Tuesday. To prevent hindrance, bring your swords and + [*hieroglyph for muskets?*].—From your Friend, O. C.

Nos. VII.—XXIV.

VII. Keinton or Edgehill Battle, the first clear bursting into flame of all these long-smouldering elements, was fought on Sunday 23d October 1642. The following Eighteen Letters, dated or approximately dateable all but some two or three, bring us on, in a glimmering fitful manner, along the as yet quite obscure and subterranean course of Colonel Cromwell, to within sight of the Skirmish at Gainsborough, where he dared to beat and even to slay the Hon. Charles Cavendish, and first began to appear in the world.

'*To Auditor Squire.*'

DEAR FRIEND, Wisbeach, this day, 11th Nov. 1642.

Let the Saddler see to the Horse-gear. I learn, from one, many are ill-served. If a man has not good weapons,

horse and harness, he is as naught. I pray you order this :— and tell Rainsborough I shall see to that matter 'of his;' but do not wrong the fool.—From your friend, O. C.

VIII. The following is dated the same day, apparently at a subsequent hour, and to the same person :

'To Auditor Squire.'

November 11th day, 1642.

Take Three Troops, and go to Downham ; I care not which they be. OLIVER CROMWELL.

IX. 'Stanground' is in the Peterborough region ; 'Alister *your Music*' means 'Alister your Trumpeter,' of whom there will be other mention. Oliver finds himself at a terrible pinch for money ; — there are curious glimpses into that old House by Ely Cathedral too, and the 'Mother' and the 'Dame' there !—

To Mr. Samuel Squire, at his Quarters at Stanground.

DEAR FRIEND, 29th November 1642.

I have not at this moment Five Pieces by me ; loan I can get none ; and without money a man is as naught. Pray now open thy pocket, and lend me 150 Pieces until my rent-day, when I will repay,—or say 100 Pieces until then. Pray send me them by Alister your Music ; he is a cautious man.

Tell W. I will not have his men cut folk's grass without proper compensation. If you pass mine, say to my Dame I have gone into Essex : my house is open to you ; make no scruple ; do as at your house at Oundle, or I shall be cross.— If you please ride over to Chatteris, and order the quartering of those [*that*] Suffolk Troop, —I hear they have been very bad ;—and let no more such doings be. Bid R. horse[3] any who offend ; say it is my order, and show him this.

Pray do not forget the 100 Pieces ; and bid Alister ride haste. I shall be at Biggleswade at H. Send me the accounts of the week, if possible by the Trumpet ; if not, send them on by one of the Troopers. It were well he rode to Bury, and wait [*waited*] my coming.

[3] That is, *wooden-horse* (used as a verb).—'Do military men of these times under-'stand the wooden horse ? He is a mere triangular ridge or roof of wood, set on four 'sticks, with absurd head and tail superadded ; and you ride him bare-backed, in face 'of the world, frequently with muskets tied to your feet,—in a very uneasy manner !' —*Cromwell's Letters and Speeches*, antea, p. 113.

I hope you have forwarded my Mother the silks you got for me in London; also those else for my Dame. If not, pray do not fail.—From your Friend,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

'W.' I suppose means Wildman, 'R.' Rainsborough. My Correspondent annotates here: "The *Journal* often mentioned trouble they" (the officers generally) "got into from the men taking, without leave, hay and corn from Malignants, whom Oliver never allowed to be robbed,—but paid for all justly to friend and foe."

X. *To Cornet Squire, at his Quarters, Tansor: These.*

SIR, Huntingdon, 22d January 1642.

News has come in, and I want you. Tell my Son to ride over his men to me, as I want to see him. Tell White and Wildman also I want them. Be sure you come too: do not delay.

I have ill news of the men under my Son: tell him from me I must not have it. Bring me over those Papers you know of. Desborow has come in with good spoil,—some 3,000*l.* I reckon. Your Friend, O. ['C.' *rotted off.*]

Dated on the morrow after this, is the celebrated Letter to *Robert Barnard, Esquire*, now in the possession of Lord Gosford:[4] "Subtlety may deceive you, integrity never will!"—

XI. Refers to the Lowestoff exploit;[5] and must bear date 12th March 1642-3,—apparently from Swaffham, Downham, or some such place on the western side of Norfolk.

For Captain Berry, at his Quarters, Oundle. Haste.

DEAR FRIEND, [*Date gone by moths*]—'12th March 1642.'

We have secret and sure hints that a meeting of the Malignants takes place at Lowestoff on Tuesday. Now I want your aid; so come with all speed on getting this, with your Troop; and tell no one your route, but let me see you ere sundown.—From your Friend and Commandant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

Auditor Squire had written in his *Journal*, now burnt: "He" (Oliver) "got his first information of this business from the man that sold fish to the

[4] *Letters and Speeches*, vol. i. p. 111. [5] Ibid. vol. i. p. 117.

Colleges" (at Cambridge), "who being searched, a Letter was found on him to the King, and he getting rough usage told all he knew."

XII. Date and address have vanished; eaten by moths; but can in part be restored. Of the date, it would appear, there remains dimly "the last figure, which looks like a 5:" that will probably mean 'March 15,' which otherwise one finds to be about the time. The scene is still the Fen-country; much harassed by Malignants, necessitating searches for arms, spy-journeys, and other still stronger measures! 'Montague,' we can dimly gather, is the future Earl of Sandwich; at present "Captain of the St. Neot's troop," a zealous young Gentleman of eighteen; who, some six months hence, gets a commission to raise a regiment of his own; of whom there is other mention by and by.

'*To Cornet Squire.*'

DEAR FRIEND, '—— 15th March 1642.'

I have no great mind to take Montague's word about that Farm. I learn, behind the oven is the place they hide them [*the arms*]; so watch well, and take what the man leaves;—and hang the fellow out of hand [*out-a-hand*], and I am your warrant. For he shot a boy at Pilton-bee by the Spinney, the Widow's son, her only support: so God and man must rejoice at his punishment.

I want you to go over to Stamford: they do not well know you; ride through, and learn all; and go round by Spalding, and so home by Wisbee [*Wisbeach*]. See 15, 8, 92; and bring me word.—Wildman is gone by way of Lincoln: you may meet; but do not know him; he will not you.

I would you could get into Lynn; for I hear they are building a nest there we must rifle, I sadly fear.—You will hear of me at Downham: if not, seek me at Ely; my Son will say my Quarters to you.—From your Friend, O. C.

XIII. No date, no address; the Letter itself a ruined fragment, "in Oliver's hand." For the rest see *Letters and Speeches*, vol. i. p. 121. 'Russell,' I suppose, is Russell of Chippenham, the same whose daughter Henry Cromwell subsequently married.

'*To Cornet Squire.*'

SIR, [*No date*] 'Cambridge, (23d?) March 1642.'

Send me by Alister a list of the Troop, and the condition of men and horses; also condition of the arms. Ride

over to St. Neot's, and see Montague his Troop, and my Son's Troop; and call on your way back at Huntingdon, and see to Russell's (I hear his men are ill provided in boots); and bid them heed a sudden call: I expect a long ride.

I shall want 200 Pieces: bring me them, or else send them by a sure hand.—You mentioned to my Wife of certain velvets you had in London, come over in your Father's ship from Italy: now, as far as Twenty Pieces go, buy th—— — [*torn off, signature and all*]. 'OLIVER CROMWELL.'

XIV. *To Mr. Squire, at his Quarters, Godmanchester.*

Cambridge, 26th March 1642 [*miswritten for* 1643; *Newyears-day was yesterday*].

SIR,

Since we came back, I learn no men have got the money I ordered. Let me hear no more of this; but pay as I direct,—as we are about hard work, I think. Yours to mind,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

The 'hard work' of this Letter, and 'long ride' of last, refer to the same matter; which did not take effect after all, much as Colonel Hampden urged it.

XV. "Direction gone; Letter generally much wasted." Refers, seemingly, to those 'Plunderers' or 'Camdeners' from the Stamford side, concerning whom, about the beginning of this April, there is much talk and terror, and one other Letter by Cromwell, already printed.[6] 'Berry' is the future Major-General; once "Clerk in the Ironworks," Richard Baxter's friend; of whom there was already mention in the Lowestoff affair.

To Cornet Squire.'

Ely, this 30th day [*rest rotted off*], 'March 1643.'

——— hope you to bring me that I want in due time,—we shall, if it please God, be at Swaffham;—and hear of me at 11 [*name in cipher*], who will say to you all needful.

Mind and come on in strength, as they are out to mischief, and some —— [*guess at their number, illegible*] —— Troops, but ill-armed. Tell Berry to ride in, also Montague; and cut home, as no mercy ought to be shown those rovers, who are only robbers and not honourable soldiers.——Call at Cosey: I learn he has got a case of arms down; fetch them off; also

[6] *Letters and Speeches*, vol. i. p. 123.

his harness,—it lies in the wall by his bedhead: fetch it off; but move not his old weapons of his Father's, or his family trophies. Be tender of this, as you respect my wishes of one Gentleman to another.

Bring me two pair Boothose, from the Fleming's who lives in London Lane; also a new Cravat:—I shall be much thankful. I rest your Friend, OLIVER CROMWELL.

'London Lane,' I understand, is in Norwich. Let us hope 'the Fleming' has a good fleecy-hosiery article there, and can furnish one's Cornet; for the weather is still cold!—

From Norwich and the Fleming, by faint reflex, we perceive farther that 'Cosey' must be *Costessey*, vernacularly 'Cossy,' *Park;* seat of the old Roman-Catholic Jerninghams (now Lords Stafford), who are much concerned in these broils, to their heavier cost in time coming. Cossy is some four miles east of Norwich; will lie quite handy for Squire and his Troop as they ride hitherward, being on the very road to Swaffham.[7]

XVI. *Mr. Samuel Squire, at his Quarters, Peterborough, in Bridge-street there: Haste.*

DEAR SIR, St. Neot's, 3d April 1643.

I am required by the Speaker to send up those Prisoners we got in Suffolk [*at Lowestoff &c.*]; pray send me the Date we got them, also their Names in full, and quality. I expect I may have to go up to Town also. I send them up by Whalley's Troop and the Slepe Troop; my Son goes with them. You had best go also, to answer any questions needed.

I shall require a new Pot [*kind of Helmet*]; mine is ill set. Buy me one in Tower-street; a Fleming sells them, I think his name is Vandeleur: get one *fluted*, and good barrets; and let the plume-case be set on well behind. I would prefer it lined with good shamoy leather to any other.

I have wished them return [*the two Troops to return*] by way of Suffolk home; so remind them. Do see after the 3 [*undecipherable cipher*]. 81 is playing fox: I hold a letter of his he sent to certain ones, which I got of one who carried it. If you light on him, pray take care of him, and bring him on to me. I cannot let such escape; life and property is lost by such villains. If resistance is given, pistol him. No nonsense

[7] This Paragraph is due to a Correspondent (Jan. 1848), after *Fraser*, where 'Cosey' was printed with a *quære*, 'Cosey (?)'—(*Note to the Reprint*, 1850).

can be held with such: he is as dangerous as a mad bull, and must be quieted by some means. This villain got our men into a strife near Fakenham, some three weeks since; and two got shot down, and nine wounded; and the others lost some twenty or thirty on their side; and all for his mischief.

Let me see you as soon as needs will allow. Mind Henry come to no ill in London; I look to you to heed him.—From your Friend, OLIVER CROMWELL.

Squire endorses: "We went up with the Treasure; and got sadly mauled coming back, but beat the ruffians [*ruffinns*] at Chipping, but lost near all our baggage."

XVII. These plundering 'Ca'ndishers,' called lately 'Camdeners,' from Noel Viscount Camden their principal adherent in these Southern parts, are outskirts or appendages of the Marquis of Newcastle's Northern or 'Papist' Army, and have for Commander the Hon. Charles Cavendish, Cousin of the Marquis; whence their name. They are fast flowing Southward at present, in spite of the Fairfaxes,—to the terror of men. Our first distinct notice of them by Oliver; the *last* will follow by and by.

To Mr. Squire, at his Quarters, Oundle: These. Post haste, haste.

SIR, Stilton, 12th April this day, '1643.'

Pray show this to Berry, and advise [*signify to*] him to ride in, and join me, by four-days time; as these Ca'ndishers, I hear, are over, tearing and robbing all, poor and rich. ——[*moths*]—— Many poor souls slain, and cattle moved off. Stamford is taken, and Lord Noel [*Nole*] has put some 300 to garrison it.

Send on word to Biggleswade, to hasten those slow fellows. We are upon no child's-play; and must have all help as we [*they*] may.——At same time, I will buy your Spanish Head-piece you showed me; I will give you Five Pieces for it, and my Scots one: at all rates, I will fain have it.—So rest, your Friend, O. C.

The East Foot [*from Suffolk &c.*] are come in, to some 600 men, I learn. Say so to those Biggleswade dormice.

Squire has jotted on this Letter: "writ 12th April 1642" (meaning 1643), "as we were upon our Lincoln riding."

XVIII. *To Mr. Squire, at his Quarters, Oundle: These. Haste.*

SIR, Ely, this 13th day April 1642 [*for* 1643].

I got your Letter and the Headpiece [*See Nos.* 16, 17]. I find we want much ere we march. Our Smiths are hard 'on' work at shoes. Press me Four more Smiths as you come on: I must have them, yea or nay; say I will pay them fee, and let go after shoeing,—home, and no hindrances.

I am glad Berry is of our mind; and in so good discipline of his men,—next to good arms, sure victory, under God.—I am your Friend, O. C.

XIX. *To Mr. S. Squire, at his Quarters, Oundle: These. Haste.*

SIR, Ely, this day, Monday '—— 1643.'

The Pay of the three Troops is come down; therefore come over by Twelve tomorrow, and see to it. I can hear nothing of the man that was sent me out of Suffolk and Essex. I fear he is gone off with the money. If so, our means are straitened beyond my power to redeem;—so must beg of you to lend me 200 Pieces more, to pay them; and I will give you the order on my Farm at Slepe, as security, if Parliament fail payment, which I much doubt of.

I got the money out of Norfolk last Friday: it came, as usual, ill; and lies at my Son's quarters safely: also the Hertfordshire money also [*sic*], which lies at his quarters also. The money which was got from the man at Boston is all gone: I had to pay 20 *per centum* for the changing it, and then take Orders on certain you know of, which will reduce it down to barely 60*l.* in the 100:—which is hard case on us who strive, thus to lose our hard earnings by men who use only pens, and have no danger of life or limb to go through.

Bring me the Lists of the Foot now lying in Garrison. I fear those men from Suffolk are being tried sorely by money from certain parties,—whom I will hang, if I catch playing their tricks in my quarters; by law of arms I will serve them. Order Isham to keep the Bridge (it is needful), and shoot any one passing who has not a pass. The Service is one that we must not be nice upon, to gain our ends. So show him my words for it.

Tell Captain Russell my mind on his men's drinking the poor man's ale and not paying. I will not allow any plunder: so pay the man, and stop their pay to make it up. I will cashier officers and men, if such is done in future.

So let me see you by noon-time; as I leave, after dinner, for Cambridge.—Sir, I am your Friend,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

"Isham," who is to keep the Bridge on this occasion, "left the regiment at the same time as Squire did" (the First War being ended), "and went to sea, as did many others: so said *Journal*." (*Note by the Transcriber.*)

XX. Address torn off, date eaten by moths; the former to be guessed at, the latter not.

'*To Mr. Squire.*'

DEAR FRIEND, '— — 1643.'

'I pray you'[8] send a Hundred Pounds to 81 at Ipswich; also a Hundred Pounds to 92 in Harwich; also Fifty-two Pounds to 151 at Aldborough;—and do not delay an hour. W. [*Wildman?*] is returned: they are all fit to burst at news come in; and, I much fear, will break out. So I am now going over to clip their wings. I shall be back in five days, if all be well.

Henry has borrowed of you Fifty Pieces, I learn. Do not let him have any more; he does not need it; and I hope better of you than go against my mind.—I rest, your Friend,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

XXI. *To Mr. Squire, at his Quarters, Chatteris: Haste, haste.*

SIR, Headquarters, Monday daybreak.

Wildman has seen one who says you have news. How is this I am not put in possession of it? Surely you are aware of our great need. Send or come to me by dinner.—I am your Friend, OLIVER CROMWELL.

XXII. *To Mr. Squire, at his Quarters, Downham.*

DEAR FRIEND, [*No date*] '1643.'

I learn from Burton (112) that one landed at the Quay from Holland, who was let-go, and is now gone-on by

[8] Some such phrase, and the half of '*Friend*,' have gone by moths.

way of Lynn. I hear he has a peaked beard, of a blue-black colour: of some twenty-five years old: I think from my letters, a Spaniard. See to him. He will needs cross the Wash; stop him, and bring him to me. I shall lie at Bury, if not at Newmarket: so be off quickly.—From your Friend,

O. CROMWELL.

Haste,—ride on spur.

Squire has endorsed: "Got the man at Tilney, after a tussle, two troopers hit, and he sore cut, even to loss of life. Got all."

XXIII. Mr. Waters is some lukewarm Committee-man; whose lazy backwardness, not to say worse of it, this Colonel can endure no longer. Squire (by whatever chance the Letter came into Squire's hand) has endorsed as memorandum: "146 [*and other cipher-marks*] lives at his house,"—which perhaps may explain the thing!

To Mr. Waters, at the Cross Keys: These in all speed.

SIR, Lincoln, 25th July 1643.

If no more be done than you and yours have done, it is well you give over such powers as you have to those who will. I say to you now my mind thereto: If I have not that aid which is my due, I say to you I will take it. And so heed me; for I find your words are mere wind: I shall do as I say, if I find no aid come to me by Tuesday.—Sir, I rest, as you will, OLIVER CROMWELL.

XXIV. Here are the Ca'ndishers again; scouring the world, like hungry wolves: swift, mount, and after them!

To Captain Montague or Sam Squire: Haste, haste, on spur.

SIR, Wisbeach, this day, — 'July 1643.'

One has just come-in to say the Ca'ndishers have come as far as Thorney, and done a great mischief, and drove-off some threescore fat beasts.

Pray call all in, and follow them; they cannot have got far. Give no quarter; as they shed blood at Bourne, and slew three poor men not in arms. So make haste.—From your Friend and Commander, OLIVER CROMWELL.

Here, too, is a Letter from Henry Cromwell, copied by my Correspondent from Squire's old Papers; which is evidently of contiguous or slightly prior date, and well worth saving.

'*To Captain Berry, at his Quarters, Whittlesea: These in all haste.*

'SIR, —— 18th July 1643.

'There is great news just come in, by one of our men who has 'been home on leave. The Ca'ndishers are coming on hot. Some say 80 'troops, others 50 troops. Be it as it may, we must go on. Vermuyden 'has sent his Son on to say, We had better push-on three troops as scouts, 'as far as Stamford; and hold Peterborough at all costs, as it is the Key to 'the Fen, which if lost much ill may ensue. Our news says, Ca'ndish has 'sworn to sweep the Fens clear of us. How he handles his broom, we will 'see when we meet: he may find else than dirt to try his hand on, I think! 'Last night came in Letters from the Lord General; also money, and am-'munition a good store.

'Our men being ready, we shall ride in and join your Troop at dawn. 'Therefore send out scouts to see. Also good intelligencers on foot had 'better be seen after; they are best, I find, on all occasions. Hold the 'Town secure; none go in or out, on pain of law of arms and war.—Shar-'man is come in from Thrapstone: there was a Troop of the King's men 'driving, but got cut-down to a man,—not far from Kettering, by the Bed-'ford Horse, and no quarter given, I hear.

'Sir, this is all the news I have. My Father desires me to say, Pray be 'careful!—Sir, I rest, your humble Servant, HENRY CROMWELL.'

On the same sheet follow four lines of abstruse cipher, with a signature which I take to mean 'Oliver Cromwell:' apparently some still more secret message from the Colonel himself.

On Friday 28th July 1643, precisely ten days after this Letter, occurred the action at Gainsborough, where poor General Cavendish, 'handling his broom' to best ability, was killed; and a good account, or good instalment of account to begin with, was given of these Ca'ndishers.[9]

Nos. XXV.—XXXV.

Our last batch consists of Eleven Letters; all of which, except two only, bear date 1643; and all turn on the old topics. Squire's more intimate relation to Oliver naturally ceased as the sphere of action widened,—as the 'valiant Colonel,' having finished his Eastern-Association business, emerged as a valiant General into Marston Battle, into England at large. After 1643, there is only one Letter to Squire; and that on personal business, and dated 1645.

[9] *Letters and Speeches*, vol. i. p. 133.

XXV. *To Mr. Squire, at his Quarters, Wisbeach, at Mr. Thorne's House there: by my Son Henry.*

SIR, August, 2d day, 1643.

My Lord Manchester has not the power to serve me as you would [*as you wish*] for York: but I will see if I can do it for him, to serve you in my Kinsman's [*Whalley's, Desborow's, Walton's?*] troop.

I will give you all you ask for that Black you won last fight. —I remain, yours, OLIVER CROMWELL.

'Last Fight' is Gainsborough with the Ca'ndishers; which occurred a week ago,—and has yielded Squire a horse among other things.

XXVI. *To Mr. S. Squire, at his Quarters, the Flag.*

SIR, This day, 3d August 1643.

These are to require you to bring the Statements of the Troopers who were on the road, when they stopped the Wains containing the Arms going from [*word illegible; my Correspondont writes "Skegness"*] to Oxford: that they be paid their dues for the service.

I learn from Jackson that some of the Suffolk Troop requires Passes to return home to Harvest. Now, that is hardly to be given; seeing we are after Lynn Leaguer, and require all aid needful to surround them [*the Lynn Malignants*]:—Say I cannot grant their requesting. Have they not had great manifesting of God's bounty and grace, in so short a time? I am filled with surprise at this fresh requiring of these selfish men. Let them write home, and hire others to work. I will grant no fresh Passes: the Lord General is against it; and so am I, fixed in my mind.

Do you ride over to Swaffham, and buy Oats for 2000 horse: we shall require as many, to come on to Gaywood, by order, as needed. Also see to the Hay;—and let your servants see well that no imposition is practised. I must insist on due weight and measure for man and horse; or let the chapmen look to their backs and pouches! I stand no rogue's acts here, if they are tolerated in London. I will have my pennyworth for my penny.

Send on a Trooper to Norwich and Yarmouth for news.

Bid them call at 112 and 68, and ask Mr. Parmenter after 32: he is fox, I hear. I fear Burton is double.—I am, your Friend,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

I sent a Pass to your Kinsman.

XXVII. '*To Mr. Squire.*'

'17th August 1643.'

Bid three Troops go on to Downham, and come by way of Wisbeach. Tell Ireton my mind on his shooting that Spy without learning more. I like it not. His name is Nickols, I hear. It were well no news took air of it. O. C.

"From Col. Cromwell on his way to Siege of Lynn, 17th August 1643:" so Squire dockets; which enables us to date. Farther in regard to 'Ireton's matter' (the well-known Ireton), there stood in the *Journal*, says my Correspondent: "This man was shot in Thorney Fen: he was a spy, and had done great injury. He had 500 Gold Pieces in his coat, and a Pass of Manchester's and one of the King's." To which my Correspondent adds in his own person: "Shooting spies, and hanging newsmongers, was very often done; and to me very horrible was the news I read often in the *Journal* of such doings."

XXVIII. The 'great work on hand'—is a ride to Lincolnshire; which issued in Winceby Fight, or Horncastle Fight, on Wednesday next.

'*To Auditor Squire.*'

DEAR FRIEND, Ely, this day [*moths*] October '1643.'

Hasten with all speed you may, and come on the spur to me at Ely: we have a great work on hand, and shall need us all to undertake it. May the Lord be with us.—Hasten your men. I must see you by tomorrow sunset, as we start next day.—From yours, OLIVER CROMWELL.

"Came by the Colonel's Music," so Squire endorses.—For Winceby Fight, which followed on Wednesday next, see *Letters and Speeches*, vol. i. pp. 154-7.

XXIX. Home at Ely again; in want of various domestic requisites,—a drop of mild brandy, for one.

To Mr. S. Squire, at his Quarters, Dereham, or elsewhere: Haste, haste.

SIR, Ely, 15th November 1643.

With all speed, on getting this, see Cox; his Quarters are at the Fort on the South End. Tell him to send me two Culverins, also a small Mortar-piece, with match, powder and shot; also a Gunner and his mates, as I need them.

Buy of Mr. Teryer a case of Strong-waters for me;—and tell the Bailiff to order-on such Volunteers as we can: we need all we can get. Also get a cask of cured Fish for me.—Do not fail sending on, with good speed, the Cannons; we stay for them. In haste, yours, OLIVER CROMWELL.

XXX. *To Mr. S. Squire, at his Quarters.*

SIR, This day, Friday noon, '— Nov. 1643.'

Your Letter is more in the Lord General's business than mine; but to serve you am well pleased at all times. I have writ to the Captain at Loughborough to mind what he is about: at the same time, if your Kinsmen are Papists, I do not know well how I dare go against the Law of Parliament to serve them. I have, to oblige you, done so far: Take a Pass, and go over and see to this matter, if you are inclined. But I think they, if prudent, will get no farther ill.

I shall want the Blue Parcel of Papers you know of: send them by your Music.—Sir, I am your Friend,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

Squire endorses: "My Cousin would not leave the Nunnery, so left her."—But see next Letter, for a wiser course.

XXXI. *To Mr. S. Squire, at his Quarters, Fotheringay.*

DEAR FRIEND, Peterborough, this day, 2d Dec. 1643.

I think I have heard you say that you had a relation in the Nunnery at Loughborough. Pray, if you love her, remove her speedily; and I send you a Pass,—as we have orders to demolish it, and I must not dispute orders [*no!*]:—There is one of the Andrews' in it; take her away. Nay give them heed to go, if they value themselves. I had

rather they did. I like no war on women. Pray prevail on all to go, if you can. I shall be with you at Oundle in time.—From your Friend, OLIVER CROMWELL.

Squire has written on the other side: "Got my Cousin Mary and Miss Andrews out, and left them at our house at Thrapstone, with my Aunt, same night; and the Troops rode over, and wrecked the Nunnery by order of Parliament."

XXXII. Some Cathedral or other Church duty come in course; at which young Montague, Captain of the St. Neot's Troop, would fain hesitate! Readers may remember Mr. Hitch of Ely,—about a fortnight after the date here.[10] 'Monuments of Superstition and Idolatry,' they must go: the Act of Parliament, were there nothing more, is express!

'To Mr. Squire.'

SIR, Christmas Eve, '1643.'

It is to no use any man's saying he will not do this or that. What is to be done is no choice of mine. Let it be sufficient, it is the Parliament's Orders, and we to obey them. I am surprised at Montague to say so. Show him this: if the men are not of a mind to obey this Order, I will cashier them, the whole Troop. I heed God's House as much as any man: but vanities and trumpery give no honour to God, nor idols serve Him; neither do painted windows make man more pious. Let them do as Parliament bid them, or else go home,—and then others will be less careful to do what we had done [*might have done*] with judgment.

I learn there is 4 Men down with the Sickness, in the St. Neot's Troop now at March. Let me hear: so ride over, and learn all of it.—Sir, I am your Friend,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

Squire has endorsed: "They obeyed the Order."

XXXIII. This Letter, in my Copy of it, is confidently dated "Stilton, 31st *July* 1643;" but, for two reasons, the date cannot be accepted. First, there is a Letter long since printed, which bears date *Huntingdon*, instead of Stilton, with precisely the same day and year,—the Letter concerning Gainsborough Fight, namely.[11] Secondly, in the Letter now before us there is allusion to 'Horncastle' or Winceby Fight, which had not happened in

[10] *Letters and Speeches*, vol. i. p. 158. [11] Ibid. vol. i. p. 133.

'July,' nor till 11th October following. If for *July* we read *Jany*, January 1643-4, there is a better chance of being right.

'To Auditor Squire.'

DEAR SIR, Stilton, 31st 'January' 1643.

Buy those Horses; but do not give more than 18 or 20 Pieces each for them: that is enough for Dragooners.

I will give you 60 Pieces for that Black you won at Horncastle (if you hold to a mind to sell him), for my Son, who has a mind to him.—Dear Sir, I am your Friend,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

15 is come in.

XXXIV. Red coats for the first time! My Correspondent gives the following annotation: "I remember, in *Journal*, mention of all the East men" (Association men) "wearing red coats,[12] horse and foot, to distinguish them from the King's men; and it being used after by the whole Army. And I think it was after Marston Battle;—but the *Journal* was full of the rowes of the men, and corporals' cabals."

To Mr. Russell, at his Quarters, Bromley by Bow.

SIR, [*No date at all*] '1643.'

I learn your Troop refuse the new Coats. Say this: Wear them, or go home. I stand no nonsense from any one. It is a needful thing we be as one in Colour; much ill having been from diversity of clothes, to slaying 'of friends by friends.' Sir, I pray you heed this. OLIVER CROMWELL.

XXXV. Cornet or Auditor Squire, it would appear by my Correspondent's recollections of the lost *Journal*, was promoted to be Lieutenant for his conduct in Naseby Fight: "he afterwards got wounded in Wales or Cornwall; place named *Turo*, I think,"—undoubtedly at Truro in Cornwall, in the ensuing Autumn. Here, next Spring, 1645-6, while the Service is like to be lighter, he decides on quitting the Army altogether.

To Lieutenant Squire, at his Quarters, Tavistock: These.

SIR, 3d March 1645.

In reply to the Letter I got this morning from you,—I am sorry you 'so' resolve; for I had gotten you your

[12] *Letters and Speeches* vol. i. p. 137.

commission as Captain from the Lord General, and waited only your coming to give it you. Think twice of this. For I intended your good; as I hope you know my mind thatwise. But so if you will,—I will not hinder you. For, thanks be given to God, I trust now all will be well for this Nation; and an enduring Peace be, to God his glory and our prosperity.

Now there is between you and me some reckoning. Now I hope to be in London, say in three weeks, if God speed me in this matter. Call at the Speaker's, and I will pay you all your due. Pray send me a List of the Items, for guide to me [*for me to guide*]. Let me know what I owe your Brother for the Wines he got me out of Spain to my mind.—Sir, let me once more wish you 'would' think over your resolution, that I may serve you. Your Friend, OLIVER CROMWELL.

Squire, in his idle moments, has executed on this sheet a rude drawing of a Pen and Sword; very rude indeed; with these words: "Ten to one the Feather beats the Iron:" that is Squire's endorsement on this his last remaining Letter from Oliver; indicating a nascent purpose, on the part of Squire, to quit the Army after all.

With which nascent purpose, and last Letter, we should so gladly take our leave of him and his affairs; were it not that there still remain, from the burnt *Journal*, certain miscellaneous Scraps, transitory jottings of Lists and the like, copied by our Correspondent,—which, though generally of the character of mere opaque ashes, may contain here and there some fragment of a burnt bone, once a hero's; and claim to be included in this which may be called the *Funeral Urn of the Ironsides*, what is left to us of them after the fire. These Scraps too, let us hastily shoot them in, therefore; and so end.

Scrap 1.

On a Slip of Paper in Squire's hand first, but ending with a line in Oliver's:

Ely, this 12th day of March 1643.

Sick:

M. Kearnes
T. Allen

Wounded:

P. Jenkins
P. Frisby
Tab. Tomlins
Sh. Wales

4 horses want new shoes; 14 bridles want repairs [*turns the leaf*]; 4 greaves want repair. Paid for Hay for Horses 50 shillings.

The rest all well.

SAML. SQUIRE.

[*Bottom of the Paper.*]

Sixth Troop to go to Downham.

O. C.

Scrap 2.

My Correspondent says: "These Names are written on a sheet of Paper, folded, and marked *Troops*,"—probably, as my Correspondent guesses elsewhere, the names of the original Ironside Captains; well worth preserving indeed!

Cromwell
Aires
Berry
Wright
Evanson
Collins
Rainsforth
Clarke
Lawsell
Freshwater
Woolward
Spriggs
Sheppherd
Fairside
Weston
Flutter
Stebbings
Walton
Campin
Deane
Buckell
Larance
Wauton
Walden
Jones
Whalley
Cook
Fountain
Norton (*idle Dick*)
Langley
Barnard
Dodsworth
Richardson
Russell
White
Rawlins
Sidne (*Algernon ?*)
Cromwell, H.
Cromwell, O. (*Junior*)
Ireton
Rich
Montague (*Sandwich*)
Cults
Chambers.

Scrap 3.

Names written on a Paper marked "St. Neot's Troop."

Speechley
Tebbutt (*the Saddler ?* in Scrap 7)
Wright
Ellis
Barnard
Hunt
Pickering
Dawson
Butler
Cox
Wauton, V. (*Valentine, young Walton, killed at Marston-Moor ?*)
Russell, John
Cromwell, Rd. (*idle Richard !*)
Cromwell, Thos.
Montague
Halles, Ambrose
Andres
Spencer, junr.

Scrap 4.

On a Sheet in Squire's hand:

The Names of those who joined us at Siege of Lynn, and came riding in full armed, and went into our second regiment; and who left us, many of them, after Marston Fight, on fancies of conscience, and turned Quackers

(*Quakers*);—and suchlike left us at Newmarket, and went home with the Eastmen's foot, to garrison Lynn and Yarmouth.

No. 1.

Allen, Robert
Ames, Simeon
Anger, Josua
Beales, Constantine
Beart, Hiram
Bullard, Octavius
Ball, Frank
Buddery, Isaac S
Breckenham, Edward
Complin (*or* Camplin), Judah
Camon, Joseph
Cornish, Caleb
Dunton, Saml.
Dormer, James
Downeing, Saml.
Daynes, Danyel
Eccles, Thomas (music)
Elsegood, Zachary
Ellis, John
Fuller, Jacob
Fydeman, John
Fyncham, Saul
Fenn, Aaron
Goodwyn, Robert
Gogney, Symon
Greenwood, Japhet
Goss, Jacques
Hutcherson, Levi
Hewet, Jacob
Hunt, Isaiah
Howard, Timon
Jeunes le, Jonathan S
Kinge, Philip
Kiddell, Mores
Kett, Reuben S
Kett, Aminadab
Keckwicke, Josiah
Lowger, Thos. Christian
Munck, Wm.
Myleham, Henry
Matthewman, Thomas
Mason, Alwyn
Mylum, Abraham C
Medcalf, Leonard C
Mayhew, Hezekiah
Neave, Aram
Neale, Jacques
Northen, Christian
Osborn, Zatthu
Price, Ahimelech
Panke, Sheckaniah
Pike, Henry
Patterson, Paul
Roe, Tobias C
Ransom, Icheil (*or* Jeheil)
Roe, Zechariah
Rust, Christian
Rose, Selah
Read, Price Stephen
Reeve, Manna
Soames, Aaron, Major
Stangroom, Eleazer
Sheringham, Walter
Shepperd, Charles
Sharpen, Jacobus
Snell, Robert
Starlin, Edward
Sewell, Samuel
Swann, Josua S
Thurton, Wm. Valentine
Todd, Stephen
Tillet, Ishmael
Taylor, Vilellius
Tizack, Christopher
Tuby, Zered
Toll, Israel
Vickers, John
Vankamp, Hubert
Ward, Willm.
Waymour, Wm.
Wharle, Nicholas
Weeds, Amphilius
Woods, John C
Waters, Bartolemew
Waddelow, Philip
Weasey, John
Wilkerson, Wm.
Willemons, Gabriel
Wasey, Antoney
Waynford, Antony
Youngs, Francis
Yewell, Gordon
Ypres, Cornelius
Yabbs, Peter
Yewells, Christian
Youngman, Gregory
Yeames, Robert
Yorkshire, Samuel

["I suppose S and C means Sergeants and Corporals."—*Correspondent.*]

No. 2.

Allwurd Promise	Peter A. Money	Julius Stannard
Cladius Batson	Israel Meeks	Danl. Staffort
Gilead Barker	Will Martin	Natl. Steele
Valentine Barker	John Mills	James Thompson
Henricus Clarke	Cristr. Mead	Jos. Watts
Alec Caulfield	Robert Mead	Malec Wats
James Culling	Hall Markston	Je'sophat Warnes
Sim Cross	Fred. Mallet	Henry Willson
Zack Dulwick	Mark Nicholls	Saul Wensun
Alfred Damant	Egbert Oaks	Oliver Weston
Kesiah Dannell	Caleb Pede	Isachar Watts
Joshua Flint	David Pascal	Thos. Zobell
Mathias Fox	John Pulfrey	Adolff Zobell
Will Gowan	Amos Pull	Shem Quarles
Paul Hales (*or* Halls)	Pious Stone	John Yellows
Septimus Lefranc	Walter Smidt	Alfred Love
Richard Lome	Ludwig Smidt	Simeon Waite

"To these names nothing farther is written, beyond names of their Troops. I have written them *alphabetically* from my List, which is not so arranged." (*Note by my Correspondent.*)

Scrap 5.

"These are written on a Strip of Paper was enclosed in a Letter." (*Correspondent.*)

OC.	DC.	RC.	HC.	Ireton	Cole
HC.	JC.	VW.	D.	Rawlings	York
A.	B.	E.	J.	Rainsboro	Mewburn
		R.		Castle	Frisby
				White	Mossop
				Husbands	

"Copied as they stood in the original Paper. About the treasure going to London" (see antea, No. 16); "and I think, from the contents, took [*had taken*] College treasure." (*Correspondent.*)

Scrap 6.

"List of Names written on a Paper marked *Hearty*. I have written them alphabetically for convenience, but they were not so in the Original." (*Correspondent.*)

Alister	Biglande	Buckel
Barnard, J.	Boucher	Barnard, R.
Butler	Bussey	Castles
Boyle	Berry	Chambers, J.

Compton	Hobbard	Rawlen
Carter	Holland	Reede
Claypol	Hewitson	Ricketts
Collins	Hawkins	Russell, J.
Clarke	Henderson	Ireton
Campin	Hunt	Russell, R.
Cooke	Hart	Russell, F.
Cutts	Handley	Reynolds
Chambers, W.	Isham	Rainsforth
Cox	Ingolsby	Richardson, J.
Castel	Ireton, J.	Rawlinges
Cole	Jones	Rich
Chapman	John	Ayscogh
Cromwell, O. senr.	Ingoldsby	Reachlous
Cromwell, R	Kincome	Steward
Cromwell, Thos.	Knightley	Sprigges
Cromwell, O. junr.	Lemmen	Stebbings
Cromwell, Richd.	Lawsell	Sidney
Cromwell, Henry	Langley	Speechley
Desborow	Moulle	Squire
Desborow	Mewburn	Tebbut
Deane, H.	Montague	Thornton
Deane, R.	Montague, H.	Warters
Dinch	Marten	Walls
Dodsworth	Masham	Wauton, V.
Dawson, T.	Larance	Whally
Dawson, S.	Ayscouw	Whitston
Dawson, H.	Montague	Wright
Everard, B.	Norton	White
Everard, R.	Neale	Walden
Everson	Neve	Woolward
Ellis	Nelson	Weston
Freshwater	Ord	Walton
Farside	Poulton	Wauton, J.
Flutter	Powell	Walden
Frisby	Pye	Wright
Fischer	Pickerin	Warnes
Garland	Pede	White
Hodges	Ayres	Vanderay
Halles	Richardson, R.	York
Hunt	Rose	Yewson

"These several Lists are all that I copied; but I think the List 3" (*Scrap* 2 as given here) "contains names of the original Captains [*and Subalterns*] of Troops in the Ironsides; but I cannot say for certain. The large List" (*Scrap* 4) "was too far gone to touch, as it was perfectly red with damp, and rotten; so was burnt. These were in Letters and odd Papers. I have no others copied that I can find in my travelling Writing-desk; so suppose they are all I took." (*Correspondent.*)

Scrap 7.

"Written on a Letter, and marked *Settled.*" (*Correspondent.*)

Settled.
Collonel O. Cromwell
Cn. [*Captain*] J. Desboro[h]
Leutenant V. Wauton
Cornet E. Whally
Qr. Mr. R. Everard

Corporals:
Cornelius Vanderay
Zosimus Rose [*the Drill-Corporal: Letter No.* 4]

Trumpets:
Levi Allister [*your Music!*]
Thos. Kincome

Clerk:
Saml. Squire [*Self!*

Saddeler:
J. Tebbutt

Chirugeon:
Sl. Moule

Farrier:
Rd. Richardson.

Scrap 8.

"Memorandums on a Piece of Paper," in Squire's hand, "copied by me *verbatim.*" (*Correspondent.*)

Buried near the Vestrey:
Enoch Soames
John Purfis
Simeon Wildes
John Liffel
Benjamin Waster
Noah Richardson
Seth Richardson
Levi Richardson
Cornelius Van Œst
Caspar Dorflein

Shot to the Death at Ganesborow.

——50 horses shot to the death.
40 horses soreley wounded.
30 men wounded soreley, yet can Ride.
10 unabel to Ride.

Lent for the use of the Parlement to pay the Souldiers. Hay and Corn . . . .
£160 10 4¾

[*turns the leaf*]

£160 10 4¾

Note for its due payt. secured by Col. O.C.

504 19 6
160 10 4¾
665 9 10¾

Lent to	*s.*	
Hiram Dawson	10	
Capn. Desboro'	60	
Colenl. Cromwell	£10——	
A new Cravatt	7	
A new Spurrs	5	
A feather for my Basnet	2	6
	£14	4 6
A new Staffe for y[e] Coloures	1	4
	14	5 10

Scrap 9.

Squire's Conspectus of the "St. Neot's Troop" is to be seen in *Scrap* 3. Captain Montague obtained Commission to raise a regiment of his own, "on the 20th August 1643," says Collins[13]—which I think, as "20th August" was a *Sunday*, can hardly have been the exact day! However, raise a regiment he did, and even regiments; and here is Note of the first of them, —in Squire's handwriting:

Joined Montague's Lanciers.

Walter [*his name illegible*]	Wm. Partrige	Gabriel Womac
John Palmer	Collins Collins	Lemuel Gilbert
Saul Cobbham	John Skipon	Charles Hurst [*or* Harst]
Martin Saul	Walter Reachlous	Wm. Waters
Wolsey Clarke	John Evanson	May 24, 1644.
Stephen Willis	Wm. Ellis	
	Henry Johnson	

Explicit Squirus noster; as all things do end! Some three other Notes, written in abstruse cipher, and two of them bearing what I take to be Oliver's occult signature, and plainly Squire's address,—these I keep back, as too abstruse for any printer or any reader. And herewith let us close the Funeral Urn of the Ironsides, with its burnt bones of heroes, and ashes of mere wood; and, with deathless regrets against my Unknown Correspondent, and for the present some real thankfulness to Heaven, wash our hands of this melancholy affair.

T. CARLYLE.

London, 2d Nov. 1847.

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[13] *Peerage* (1741), ii. 281.

END OF VOL. II.

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